

The Temple

"An Ear For Baby"

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Pull out your dead roots
Pull out your best suit
It's time to inspect the subjects
Lose your intentions
Lose your common sense
It's time to groom you for judgement

Stick to a numb stare
Strip to your underwear
It's time for you to be cleansed
Keep your eye's straight
For Christ's sake
Remember we're your friends

Good luck getting over the fence
Good luck running even a dead end
The mission, the plan
Just breath you don't need to understand

Can you hear me? The siren's on
Let the water run, leave the light's on
An ear for baby if you need it
Can you hear me? I'll repeat it

Draw the bridges, dig the ditches steep
We're gonna need a new border
Get thyself in line, it's time for reassignment
Time for a new first world order

We got a job to do
We don't ask we tell you
Work is freedom, sloth is sin
So pull out your dead roots
Pull out your best suit
You know the one they're gonna bury you in

Good luck getting God on the phone
Good luck getting even a tone
You can trust me, it's not a test
And I won't leave you with this mess, any questions?

You in the back
Can you hear me? The siren's on
Let the water run, leave the light's on
An ear for baby if you need it
Can you hear me? I'll repeat it

Good luck getting over the fence
Good luck running even a dead end
The mission, the dream
The body, the blood the machine

Can you hear me? The siren's on
Let the water run, leave the light's on
An ear for baby if you need it
Can you hear me? I'll repeat it

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