

## **Mr. Bungle**

# **"Sleep : Slowly Growing Deaf"**

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As the congregation grows  
The lung of solitude deflates  
To my ears the greatest sin  
Feel a bit like Beethoven

Simultaneous they speak unbeknownst  
Exiled to the inner voice, difference is...  
He had no choice

We can't seem to find the air  
To get our message through your heads  
Poor respiration is sure  
To keep clear communication obscure

As if I should care  
As if you are listening out there

The louder you speak the more I can hear  
The less I can understand  
Pound on it, pound it in  
To my ears the greatest sin  
Feel a bit like Beethoven

Paint my lungs so silently  
The darkest color of your noise  
A crowd will contradict it's own audibility  
Can't hear the dialogue for the voice

No one is listening  
Yet ears are ringing

Ears are ringing...

In the morning I will see  
What you were trying to say to me  
As I respond into the sink  
Need not again hear myself think

Ears are ringing...

Wax within my ears has grown  
Just like the snot inside my nose

My interpretation of distorted conversation

I will kill for isolation  
Sacrifice the energy  
To enjoy the breath of silence  
When the blood comes naturally

I have chosen to plug my nose  
Before the threshold of pain has grown  
Mole out from society  
Survive off my soliloquy

Removed I can speak as he has  
Bleeding from nose throat and ears

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