

Mr. Bungle

"Slowly Growing Deaf"

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

Exiled to the inner voice, difference is...
Simultaneous they speak unbeknownst
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 its own audibility
Can't hear the dialogue for the voice

No one is listening
Ears are ringing
Yet 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
To enjoy the breath of silence

When the blood comes naturally
Sacrifice the energy

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

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

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