

## Roots Manuva

### "Day Of Pigs"

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Saturday

I could feel the crowd's dismay  
They've acquired quite a fire  
To burn the profane on a funeral pyre  
Voices shrill  
Cutting silence like they mean to kill  
Some pep rally where we scream His name  
Like God was losing in a football game

[Chorus:]

I don't want to waste His name this time  
I will never cast Him to the swine  
(Grasping at some feeling you once knew  
Is nothing sacred ever safe with you?)

Silver tongues

All the spirit of an iron lung  
Selling highs as if we needed one  
Flash the lights so not be outdone  
Counterfeit  
Wanting joy so much we take a hit  
Like a tapeworm deep in hunger digs  
Waste the sacred just to feed these pigs

If this is real, then you must find it  
Between the space of grace and grim  
It's nothing you can manufacture  
Your walls cannot contain Him

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