Lord Dog Bird, The "The Gift Of Song In The Lion's Den"

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The lion's den
Is stretching out
Before our eyes
We're in the thick of it
You and I
Must not pretend

When the storm of acid breath
Is raining down
When we're separate, facing the dark
When we're cleaved from the gland
Lost in greed; stumbling through this land
Awaiting your call

I just learned this song For to sing In celebration of this thing That we all share

Falling through the clouds In the only way That we've learned how To shoulder the weight

And the gift of song comes, bringing us all peace Yeah the gift of song comes, bringing us all peace Yeah the gift of song comes

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