

## Bread And Circuses

10,000 Maniacs

Crowds gather round kneeling at the feet of common thieves  
Hungry for the word, but God would never speak through such as  
these,  
Such as these  
Who offer healing hands and balms, and redemption, a few would  
cross  
Their palms  
They'll tell your troubles to the Lord for how ever much you ca  
n afford

Hands holding hands in the circle of the sinners and the saints  
Memories that linger from the cradle, placing puzzles in the gr  
ave,  
In the grave  
No mortal skin and bone can live on bread and circuses alone  
The spirit needs, must drive the mystery of why you're alive

They look and their Book and they read  
But their cold hearts say, "Follow me"

Dance in the dust in the frenzy of the desperately in need  
Led by the voices of the men who invoke ritual to hide their gr  
eed,  
Hide their greed  
Come every tongue, every eye across the crumbling earth and cra  
cking skies  
The gates of hell stand open wide, but the path of glory you wa  
lk single  
File

These men make a cage for the very souls that came here to be f  
ree

They turn off their lights for their tents they're fixing to le  
ave

Follow me  
They'll close their Book and leave, but you'll remain still in  
pain