

## (the Way We Treat) The Animals

Piano Magic

The way we treat the animals  
Will govern how we're judged  
And if you slay the animals  
Your soul, it will be dust  
But no, the bloodless hunter  
Makes light of precious words  
He clears the land of wondrous beast  
He decimates the birds

He pays no heed to august plume  
He cares not for its grace  
He cocks and shoots with disregard  
He lays the swan to waste  
The way we treat the animals  
Will govern how we're judged  
And if you slay the animals  
Your soul, it will be dust

I've tried to comprehend the type  
That must annihilate  
That cannot leave a life to live  
That must obliterate  
But come the fateful morning  
When silence rules the world  
We wiped it clean of every beast  
We wiped it clean of every bird  
The way we treat the animals

Will govern how we're judged  
And if you slay the animals  
Your soul, it will be dust