

(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