

Harmlessly passing your time
in the grassland away
Only dimly aware of a certain
unease in the air
You better watch out there maybe dogs about
Well, I've looked over Jordan and I've seen
Things are not what they seem

What do you get for pretending
the danger's not real
Meek and obedient you follow the leader

Down well trodden corridors
into the valley of steel
What a surprise, a look of terminal shock in your eyes
Now things are really what they seem
No, this is no bad dream

The Lord is my shepherd
I shall not want
He makes me down to lie
Through pastures green
He leadeth me the silent waters by
With bright knives
He releaseth my soul
He maketh me to hang on hooks
in high places
He converteth me to lamb cutlets
For lo he hath great power and great hunger
When cometh the day we lowly ones
Through quiet reflection and great dedication
Master the art of karate

Lo we shall rise up
And then we'll make the buggers eyes water
Bleating and babbling we fell
on his neck with a scream

Wave upon wave of demented avengers
March cheerfully out of obscurity into the dream
Have you heard the news
The dogs are dead
You better stay home and do as you're told
Get out of the road if you want to grow old