

# Hallowed Ground

## Violent Femmes

The profit is a fool, the spirtual man is mad,  
For the multitude of thine inequity, and the great hatred. (hos  
ea 9:7)

Everyone's trying to decide,  
Where to go when there's no place to hide.  
I follow the bombs as they're coming down.  
This must have been hallowed ground.

No matter what they decide to have done.  
Burn up the clouds, block out the sun.  
My hope is in one they can't bring down.  
My soul is in hallowed ground.

I see the fear, it's on the rise.  
Let's catch the enemy by surprise.  
Burry your treasure where it can't be found.  
Burry it deep in hallowed ground.