

The Animal (Not Big Enough)

Waterdeep

When I was a little one, they told me
that he lived in flames
That he raped and stole and killed and maimed
and that he loved to curse our names
That he came in fire and the smell of hell
and he only took the evil folk
That he'd snort and breathe the flesh of dead
and that you knew him by the smoke
that he left behind

Well, then animal is bigger than I thought
I said the animal is bigger than I thought
Well, the animal is bigger- way bigger than I'd ever
thought before
but I'll tell you this my friend, he won't win in the end
cause he's not big enough

Well, I'm a little bit older now, and
I think I'm just beginning to see
that he hides in your pocket in the evening sun
slides in your home at the turn of the key
That he smiles in his suit as he shakes your head
and he asks about the baseball game
That he dresses in the latest, and he knows all the phrases
and he never forgets a name
And if you come to him with an armload of sin
and a life that's a total mess
he'll tell you you're okay. You didn't do nothing wrong
and you're experiencing too much stress

He'll tell you you work hard three hundred days a year
for the money in your bank account
and there ain't no reason that he can think of
that you should give any of it out
Well, those people on the street are all shiftless and lazy
They ain't worth the clothes they fit
He'll tell you you're so right and you can feel okay
because at church you always give a little bit

We'll he'll whisper in your ear when you're tired
and he'll inform you of some regret
or he'll slide and he'll slither in a sexy way
off the glass on your television set
He'll pull your gaze off of someone's eyes
right to another place
He'll hand you glossy dreams of some earthly queen
in leather and chains or lace
You'll say, "there's nothing I can do
I got to go down you know the passion is way too strong"
He'll tell you that's okay. Don't let yourself
cause that passion'll make you live longer

He'll tell you now "You can believe anything you want
and there's no such thing as truth
And as soon as something real even touches your soul
well, he'll throw away the proof
He says that reason is the thing that makes you human

Without it, you will die
And that Faith is a farce for the foolish and the feeble
who have fallen for an opium lie
Now that's not your game, he'll dictate to you
You know that stuff ain't real
And they may have paid Judas thirty pieces of silver
But that Jesus guy wasn't worth steel