

# Mouth

## Fear Before the March of Flames

Sluts in skirts, scattered all over this scrabble board  
And it's no wonder very few words worth using are being played.  
All this unintelligible squawking is drowning out anything  
Worth listening to, so we're dumbing down everything  
And using huge hand gestures trying to get a point across  
To the deaf and blind. Chubby disgusting infants  
In a giant damp crib teething and in dire need of a mothers  
Rum soaked digit. Anything to numb anything to encourage  
Ignorance. Anything to put us to sleep.  
Someone, anyone, take off your shirt and pacify.  
Make it easy for us to eat, easy for us to sleep.  
I think we deserve it rephrased!  
Someone, anyone, take us out back and put us down!  
I think we deserve it.  
Because it's not far from pleasure island where this  
Pink flesh gets it's fur. It's there that the noise you speak  
Can finally be heard. It will make sense to the rest of  
Your four-legged stench-ridden gluttonous kin.  
You can feel comfortable in your skin.  
You will feel comfortable in your skin.  
We're trying to speak clearly but our voices get  
Drowned out by the over-excessive braying and  
The always open mouth...

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>