

The Meat Lady

by Jerry Ratch

After all our morals
And ethics of distrust
Have been ripped out
And discussed

There's still the Meat Lady
At the end of the day
Standing around
in the midst of the crowd

Handing out her meat
In little morsels
on a toothpick

After all the quiet and mistrust
There's still the Meat Lady
Handing out her meat
And it's what we eat

You go dividing up
The religions of man
And where we stand
But it's the cow and the lamb

It's just the cow and the lamb
That we're after

We live and we die
Like fireflies in the night
But by daylight
We are surprised
To find our wings

Are on fire
And bring us back to the night
To survive

And about truth
It's highly over-rated
It's just the cow and the lamb
That we're after
The cow and the lamb
That we're after

