Harmlessly passing your time in the grassland away,
dimly aware of a certain unease in the air,
You better watch out there may-be 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.
(Spoken:) 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 your told,

Get out of the road if you want to grow old.