

# Chevelle, The Clincher

Touch!!

I'll stand for nothing less

Or never stand again.

These are the limits when one's buried.

This body's left the soul.

Could we have known?

Never would I, have helped to nail down.

Careful of drifting off.

Now losing taste and touch.

Turning a pale blue

Leaning in to say

This body's left the soul.

The brain needs oxygen.

Can't sneak around this gate.

His catacomb has got me by the chin.

This body's left the soul.

(Chorus)

Could we have known?

Never would I, have helped to nail down.

With nothing to gain

Here's the clincher, this should be you.

Now saturate, now saturate

Now saturate, now saturate...

And touch!

Now saturate, now saturate

Now saturate, the earth!

Now saturate, now saturate

Now saturate, the earth!!

(Last Chorus)

This happened to be, never changing

Holding inside, the phobia viewed

Made cold and crippled, ending it all