

Clutch, (In The Wake Of) The Swollen Goat

No horizon is obscured by the clouds. Settlements make nary a sound.
And there were black birds singing and fish floating on the sea.
While the bells of the buoys all rang in harmony.

Bury your treasure, burn your crops,
Black water rising and it ain't gonna stop.

The governor he been long gone, anchor dropped on his front lawn.
Build a keep and dig a moat, the return of the Swollen Goat.
Can you hear the fife and drums, barnacles barking at the sun.
Ain't no chance, so don't you try, now everybody got to die.

Bury your treasure, burn your crops,
Black water rising and it ain't gonna stop.

WE DO NOT DESIRE TRIBUTES.
WE DESIRE INFORMATION.
WE SEEK THE WORM DRINK WHO HAS LATELY BETRAYED HIS NATION

Albatross on your neck and a hooker on the shore,
Dog-men to the deck, there's a hooker on the

IN THE WAKE OF THE SWOLLEN GOAT

Bury your treasure, burn your crops,
Black water rising and it ain't gonna stop.