

Clutch, Never Be Moved

I know we came here to get our good times on
Hold the whole world in our hand and greet the dawn with open arms
So make a contribution if you have been amused
But before we depart my brothers and sisters I have some heavy news
Oh how it breaks my heart this photograph
Several in the ministry practice a fuzzy math
Some of us wear the robes of righteous
Are a little more next of kin
To the Steelak, the wicked one who makes a meal of our sins.

Ain't not telling how much longer
But we will never be, will never be moved

Woe be the architect of our city, cruel lever, the hillock strangler
Bold pusher of the cold bone index
Through the knotted bowels of the old alleyways
Read the future a false haruspex
Recall how he coaxed us out of the green plains
All of us, dumb eyed at the sheer number. So long ago it does not matter.
Woe be architect in his slumber for the Watcher never sleeps
And on that day there will be rejoicing and dancing streets

Get your evolution on
Good St. Charles Darwin wrote his gospel down
So keep your eyes turned to the sky and your ears down to the ground