

Clutch, 10,000 Witnesses

After defying the grip on the hangman's noose
And recovering my cognizance,
Spun the compass North by Northwest
And took Liberty out for a long slow dance.
Took a good look around, what did I see?
A big red tent and people coming in like the tide of the sea.
I ducked in to catch some shade,
Preacher jump up all ablaze.

They say this year rock is coming back, Jack.
White gnashing teeth like wolves in the pack.
Carnivorous, no mercy son.
There is plenty here for everyone so come get you some!

10,000 Witness, show 'em how it's done, son.
Fist full of cottonmouth, rock that podium.
Walk on ashes, no half stepping, kid.
Their fans are flashing in expectations.
All right now!

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Living on the lamb and all cut loose,
Number of the saints walk on in.
Gonna find my executioners
And show them exactly what it means to live.

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