

Clutch, Arny Of Bono

Hold the presses Mikey! Hot news on the wire!
Hundreds see an image of a Guinness drinking choir.
Celebrities and cameras are headed to the scene
While presidents are fleeing to their speeding limousines.

Don't worry, it's just stigmata.
Pass me a napkin and don't you dare tell my mother.

Your local programming interrupted
by the mindless banter of a soulless talking head.
Roll out the red carpet, dripping bloody tongue.
Pay no mind to blue berets and all their shiny guns.

Don't worry, it's just stigmata.
Pass me a napkin and don't you dare tell my mother.

Who you gonna call when the man brings his hammer down?
Goose stepping with a smoking Irish fly.

And when our world is over, children by the fire
Raise their hands and pray that they may see a new Messiah.
And somewhere in the darkness a flag goes running by.
The smell of cigarettes and love are incense for the fly.

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