Clutch, Smoke Banshee

One unworthy worker's version on the verge of vernacular Enter a sour house to do battle with spectacular draculas Lick tall walls to find them all sweeter than a cane Pour the quick elixir in your wounds to ease the pain

Oh

Ooo, plum been running, buck a doz Ooo, smoke banshee's honey bee sting buzz Ooo, plum been running, buck a doz Ooo, smoke banshee's honey bee sting buzz

Medicine of modern miracles, voodoo to those out of focus Experts explain experience -- "Hocus pocus, hocus pocus!" Mouthfuls down in a floating locus, most of us deny Medicine of modern miracles, who knew circles with no foci?

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Trapped in sap, chambered in a tree Shadow of a giant across the centuries Bits of shattered glass scattered on the shore Break the genie bottle and open up the door

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