

The Clincher

Chevelle

Touch!
I'll stand for nothing less
Or never stand again.
These are the limits when one's buried.
This body's left the soul.
Could we have known?
Never would I, have helped to nail down.
Careful of drifting off.
Now losing taste and touch.
Turning a pale blue
Leaning in to say
This body's left the soul.
The brain needs oxygen.
Can't sneak around this bate.
His catacomb has got me by the chin.
This body's left the soul.
(Chorus) Could we have known?
Never would I, have helped to nail down.
With nothing to gain
Here's the clincher, this should be you.
Now saturate, now saturate
Now saturate, now saturate...
And touch!
Now saturate, now saturate
Now saturate, the earth!
Now saturate, now saturate
Now saturate, the earth!
(Last Chorus) This happened to be, never changing
Holding inside, the phobia viewed
Made cold and crippled, ending it all
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>