

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, 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 bait
His catacomb has got me by the chin
This body's left the soul
Could we have known
Never would I, helped to nail down
With nothing to gain
Here's the clincher, this should be you
Now saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate
And touch
Now saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate
The earth
Now saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate
The earth
Could we have known
Never would I, helped to nail down
With nothing to gain
Here's the clincher, this should be you
This happened to be never changing
Holding inside,
The phobia made cold and crippled, ending it all
Now saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate
The earth
Now saturate
Now saturate
Now saturate

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