

# (in The Wake Of) The Swollen Goat

## Clutch

No horizon is obscured by the clouds  
Settlements make nary a sound  
And there were black birds singing and fish floating on the sea  
While the bells of the buoys all rang in harmony  
Black water rising and it ain't gonna stop  
The governor he been long gone, anchor dropped on his front lawn  
Build a keep and dig a moat, the return of the Swollen Goat  
Can you hear the fife and drums, barnacles barking at the sun  
Ain't no chance, so don't you try, now everybody got to die  
Black water rising and it ain't gonna stop  
We do not desire tributes, we desire information  
We seek the worm drink who has lately betrayed his nation  
Albatross on your neck and a hooker on the shore  
Dog-men to the deck, there's a hooker on the  
In the wake of the swollen goat  
Black water rising and it ain't gonna stop

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