Blot

Navtey

Welcome stranger, listen in
The presumption of innocence was buried again
Carve up-sell off
Triumphalism gotta be a curse or even worse
It's inherited it's recurring
Oh God
I have walked, I have swum, I've hitchhiked and I've run
Do you know what I mean
I have sat with my beer in the EH Drive-In
Do you know what I've seen?
The triumphalist and narcissist are joined ear
And hip and phone, they're worshiping their chrome
Carve up, sell off
Some people speak with chainsaw tongue
Some just golden arches smile
Some relish others suffering, some just run and hide

I have dreamed, I have schemed, I have made myself clean
Do you know what I mean?
I have sat up and I have strayed got caught up and I prayed
Do you know what I've seen?
The story's just the same but the ending it can change
He wants to build a monument it's everlasting in cement
It's cellular recombinant, he is not lite, he will not die
Carve up-sell off
Gonna pick up all the pieces they're available from species
With all the goat and all the sheep
And all the human bits and pieces
But he'll make you sign the releases, 'Welcome'
In the year of the reign of the real citizen
Kane Wilkommen, the squeeze is on
It's a falling down on thou and I

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