

Complete and Utter

The Wolfgang Press

Allen - Cox

Complete and utter...

Complete and utter...

When you talk and then you see it's all under control.

And you will never be the same

Never the same

Complete boredom is my last stand

Crusade to the point of bondage

Shouting in the name of God

Greatness comes from within...

From above

I beat you with words

You cosh me with logic

Complete and utter boredom is my last stand

Venture to America

Then venegate.

These monuments mean everything

Sticking nails in my head confines my thought

These houses have been built for your satisfaction

For your satisfaction

Complete and utter ignorance of my situation is no excuse at all Michael Allen: Bass, Percussion, Voice

Mark Cox: Synthesizer, Percussion

Richard Thomas: Drums

Andrew Gray: Guitar

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>