

# Make a Plan - Golden Swords

## The Psychedelic Ensemble

When your savior doesn't save  
And you've got one foot in the grave  
You better make a plan  
(We better make a plan)  
Make a plan  
(We better make a plan)

When your savior doesn't rise  
And suddenly you recognize it's all just lies  
You better make a plan  
(We better make a plan)  
Make a plan  
(We better make a plan)

When your prophet doesn't hear your cries  
And all at once you surmise it's all just lies  
You better make a plan  
We better make a plan  
We better make a plan

When your prophet doesn't prophesize  
And suddenly you recognize it's all just lies  
You better make a plan  
We better make a plan  
We better make a plan

What plan, I ask, could lead to saving you?  
Without a single sword what can we do?

We shall rise and set their wrong to right  
So tonight we shall rise and fight  
Fear not, people, this is not our end  
On our Golden King you'll see we can depend  
Melt the King and from his golden blood we'll mould  
Swords we'll fashion from his gold!

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Lyrics submitted by Beth Morgan.