Moving Stones

Hazmat Modine

Well I got to carpe diem
in a limestone mausoleum
I'm a chain gang breaking stone
I build my temple all alone

When I'm climbing up that ladder
I serve'm on a silver platter
heaving up another boulder:
Sisyphus when he gets older

Down came the prophecy
he told me build it up higher
and if it's coming down on me
well then I'm nothing but a sac-ri-fice

When I take my poison ivy
scaffold and I'll be climbing
deer tick and holy-rollers
stacking stones that grind like molars

beer glass and broken mirrors
Sent down from bygone eras
construct a stony palace:
built with love and tons of malice
(CHORUS)

Well here I've been sequestered
or else I'd be arrested
for crimes of arts and science
standing on the back of giants

Iâ€™ll get my bricks and mortar
Iâ€™ll be closing off that border
you're garden was forgotten:
I had your fruit: it was rotten
(CHORUS)

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