

# 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

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