

The Clincher

Chevelle

Touch

I'll stand for nothing less

Or never stand again

These are the limits when one's buried

This body's left the soul

(Well) Could we have known

Never would I (have) helped to nail down

Careful of drifting off

Now losing taste and touch

Turning a pale blue leaning in to say

This body's left the soul

The brain needs oxygen

Can't sneak around this bait

His catacomb has got me by the chin

This body's left the soul

(Well) Could we have known

Never would I (have) helped to nail down

With nothing to gain

Here's the clincher, this should be you

Now saturate (4x) and touch

Now saturate (3x), the earth

Now saturate (3x), the earth

(Well) Could we have known

Never would I (have) helped to nail down

With nothing to gain

Here's the clincher, this should be you

(Made cold and crippled)

This happened to be never changing

Holding inside, the phobia viewed

Made cold and crippled, ending it all

Now saturate (4x), the earth

Now saturate (3x)