

High Caliber Consecrator

Clutch

We Have Been Waiting And It Has Begun
So Humble Thyself, And Hold Thy Tongue
We Have Been Waiting And It Has Begun
Prostrate Yourself, Your Time Has Come

We Have Been Waiting And It Has Begun
Look Boldly, Look Boldly, Look Boldly On
We Have Been Waiting And It Has Begun
So Humble Thyself, And Hold Thy Tongue

Knelt At The Crossroads, Knelt At The Leather Bound Pew
Felt The Pain Of Labor, And Of Sons Overdue
In Full Submission We Are Reborn
We Are The Ploughshare, And Yet We Are The Sword

We'll Thresh The Psyche And Till The Pride
Distill The Blood, Proclaim The Gun Divine
Damn The Foul Ego, Praise The Promised Swarm
We Are The Ploughshare, And Yet We Are The Sword

So We're Lock, Stock, And Barrel
Hook, Line, And Sinker
Your Freedom Was Your Master
And Your Liberties The Flint For
A Double Barrel Sunrise, A Double Standard Land
You Gave Birth To The Baby, But Put A Gun Into Its Hands

So The Fruits Of Your Labors Have Fermented Into Wine
And The Sweat That Was Dripped Is Now The Honey Of The Hive
The City Is A Burning Sun And We Are Blooming Flowers
The Fire, The Flame, The Passion, The Power

Too Little, Too Late
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