

## **A Silver Mt. Zion "Microphones In The Trees"**

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Microphones in the trees  
Cameras in the sky  
Antennas in the canyon  
And the lobby's full of spies  
For us who are like bulldozers  
Sleeping in the sun  
For us who are like lightning  
Buried in the mud

Don't! Give! Up!  
Don't! Give! In!

Our time will come  
'Cause we are the flood

So grab my hand  
Let's set some fires  
The city's piss  
All hung with wires  
To kiss a tit  
Or have one's tit kissed  
On bended knee  
It's all you need  
Let's build ships  
Let's drift away  
Our mighty fleet must float again

We are the flood

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