

Clutch "Amazing Kreskin"

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In the raining park the chessmen play
The faithful atheists refuse to pray
The steam-works weep, the addicts do not care
Crowd of cold people stand by and stare

The garbage eaters, their many retainers
Come to collect all the foul remainders
The smoke hangs heavy, the wrecking ball swings
In the clockwork of a collapsing thing

Wasted plastic empire's golden age
Chemical wedding
Citizens in their refineries
Cheer the nuptial bedding

The hourglass is turning
Turning, turning, turning, turning

On a shore of iron, cutters and clippers
Paper, rock, rock, paper and scissors
On a road of skulls their story moves on
It's a bumpy ride and very, very, very long

Wasted plastic empire's golden age
Chemical wedding
Citizens in their refineries
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The hourglass is turning
Turning, turning, turning, turning

In the blue sky the seagulls fly over garbage
In the blue sky the seagulls fly over garbage

Are we the ocean? Are we the desert?
Are we the garbage? Who's to say?
Are we the ocean? Are we the desert?
Are we the garbage? Who's to say?

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