

The 77S "Renaissance Man"

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He's the high priest of the future
Controlled experiments are his specialty
Sewing up questions with mental sutures
Trying to make some sense out of reality

A renaissance man
Tearing himself from The Rock
A renaissance man
Tearing himself from The Rock

It's from "star stuff" that he's made
It's the cosmos that gave him life
How does that help him feed the poor
How does that help him love his wife

Chorus

He's cast away all thoughts of heaven
His science is full of preconceptions
His answers make me ask more questions
How many can wait on evolution

Chorus

He needs to live
On the sides of the north
In the city of Reformation
That's where he'll find his life

Chorus

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