

The Genre Benders

"Dancing With The Stones"

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The sun sets on stone faces, looking out on the sea.
Torches flare in the night air and we start our
ceremony.

We're gonna talk soul, pass the bowl and raise the
energy.

The Gods will talk and statues walk when we set the
magic free

How are you going?
Dancing with the stones.

Stand 'round the sacred ground beneath the
midsummer moon.

An old, grand master man throws the forbidden rune.
Lost art, a crystal heart is beating to an ancient tune.

You'd better jive when it comes alive, ain't nobody
immune

How are you going?
Dancing with the stones.

The whip lands on the slave bands straining at the
yoke.

Stone blocks as big as trucks move with every stroke.
Worker's bones, the grave stones of a culture built on
pain.

A cruel land, desert sand, covers fields of grain.

How are you going?
Dancing with the stones.
Dancing with the stones.

Thirty years beneath the lash. Raise the granite high.
Come and make a place for us that's fit for us to lie.
Wrapped in clinging linen, dressed in precious oil.
Come and take your just reward for centuries of toil.

How are you going?
Dancing with the stones.

The world turns, people turn and they face a brave new
world.

There's a wild unborn child beneath the belly curled.
In her trance giants dance. They dance the steps of
dread.
That's a dance that's gonna grind your bones to make
their bread.

How are you going?
Dancing with the stones.
Said you're dancing with the stones.

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