

Never Let Go of the Microscope

Enter Shikari

Like Socrates I only graze on the slopes
Of the summit of my own ignorance
Like Hippocrates I can affirm that the method of science
Is an appliance that emancipates us from dogma
And slant
And bias
The seasons are changing
Ah, the seasons are changing

The velocities at which we now evolve
Mean we got to dissolve unchecked tradition
But atrocities go untouched under the guise of culture
Committed on another mind another heartbeat
Heartbeat
Heartbeat
Ah, the seasons are changing...
I've got a sinking feeling
I've got a sinking feeling
I've got a sinking feeling

Like Sophocles we now wield the paintbrush
So keep a tight grip on a magnifying glass
Our priorities now that we hold the torch
Mean we got to hold it high to illuminate the dark
And archaic
And vile
The seasons are changing
Ah, the seasons are changing

I've got a sinking feeling... (12x)

We swear allegiance to no one,
We swear allegiance to no one!

We'll never let go of the microscope
No matter how callous the shells

We'll harness the heat of the sun
And we'll burn you out of fucking existence