

# High Caliber Consecrator

Clutch

We Have Been Waiting And It Has Begun  
So Humble Thyself, And Hold Thy Tongue  
We Have Been Waiting And It Has Begun  
Prostrate Yourself, Your Time Has Come

We Have Been Waiting And It Has Begun  
Look Boldly, Look Boldly, Look Boldly On  
We Have Been Waiting And It Has Begun  
So Humble Thyself, And Hold Thy Tongue

Knelt At The Crossroads, Knelt At The Leather Bound Pew  
Felt The Pain Of Labor, And Of Sons Overdue  
In Full Submission We Are Reborn  
We Are The Ploughshare, And Yet We Are The Sword

We'll Thresh The Psyche And Till The Pride  
Distill The Blood, Proclaim The Gun Divine  
Damn The Foul Ego, Praise The Promised Swarm  
We Are The Ploughshare, And Yet We Are The Sword

So We're Lock, Stock, And Barrel  
Hook, Line, And Sinker  
Your Freedom Was Your Master  
And Your Liberties The Flint For  
A Double Barrel Sunrise, A Double Standard Land  
You Gave Birth To The Baby, But Put A Gun Into Its Hands

So The Fruits Of Your Labors Have Fermented Into Wine  
And The Sweat That Was Dripped Is Now The Honey Of The Hive  
The City Is A Burning Sun And We Are Blooming Flowers  
The Fire, The Flame, The Passion, The Power

Too Little, Too Late  
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