

Transistors of Mercy

Polkadot Cadaver

[feat. Neil Fallon of Clutch]

Overtuned, the scarab begins to panic
Pleading to a desert moon
Mercy arrives, in the form of captive stepford wives
In rapture, the scarab tumbles down the blazing dune
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Latched together into sad little heards
Behind them a trail of bits and broken pieces
Vicious apes drag them onward with whips and with words

Transistors of mercy
Guide us in this darkest hour
Protect us from the whim of the simian beast
Grant us the sacrament
Grant us the power

Hunters of the dawn, emerging from the fog
Crawling, head their calling and obey

In sand, the scarab leads scriptures
For the captives to stare at to no end
The ape has his god's and is the king of liars
And you have no god and cannot pretend

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Alien time travel evolution attack
Ape men to the the left, right, front and back
Planetary quakes shift just as I turn
Galactic expansion fuel exhausting the burn

Weathered widows, missionaries
Conducted impulse once miscarried
The message with a wink and a nod
Delivered to the hands of god

Missing link of future inventions
The result of evolutions intentions
Bread and water, blood and wine
Yawn and stretching out the dawn of time

Transistors of mercy
Guide us in this darkest hour
Protect us from the whim of the simian beast
Grant us the sacrament
Grant us the power to conquer and devour

As you roll out hieroglyphics across the sky
Soul transforming body and mind
Remaining only tooth and bone
Hallowed be thy name written stone