

Going Equipped

Shriekback

We got the poisons, we got the towels
We got the headsets, we got the flowers and the owls
We got the shovels, we got the gloves
We had the visions, we got approval from above
We licked the mirror, we fed the swine
No use pretending that it wasn't a good time
It was a riot of cheese and string
(Was always gonna be a messy kind of thing)

We got the moisture, we got the cup
There is no question - we got the pressure pushing up
We got the laquer, we got the beer
We have the makings of a phenomenon right here
We had the lecture, we did the tour
We saw the slack mechanic with his terrible allure
We got the sugar, we got the tongs
We know the verse and chorus to a thousand happy songs

We got the sirens, we got the chimes
We have the motives for such enthusiastic crimes
We had the Ice Age and now the feast
We're spooning fondue with the surgeon and the priest
We got the plasma, we got the chrome
Slo-mo explosions in an exstasy of foam
We got the litmus, we got the trowels
Anticipation percolating through the bowels