

# Snapcase, Ten A.M. (Good Morning, Mr. Coelacanth)

The opposition, carcinogenic sweat that hides.

The persecution, these hidden walls keep us aligned.

Yeah, they keep us in line.

Fourteen hours more.

Covert tonight.

The operation, a covert plan to get outside.

The consecration, an archetype of a will that shines.

Shining alive!

Will you die or can we keep you alive?

When there is a machine gun on every corner, you won't see me.

When there is a federal eye in every household, you won't see me.

When your every move is monitored, you won't see me.

And when it's all too late, you won't see me.