

Tankard, Underground (Atmosphere Hostile)

Long time ago
We found this place
Thousands of years
We crossed the interstellar space
World after world
Sowing the seeds
Another planet
For a new genetic breed

This atmosphere is hostile
That's why we have to meet
Underground
You're like a death-bringing storm
Come, see your ancestors
Underground

We gave them mind
Taught our love
And then retired deep down
To the planet's core
Over the time
Their cultures grew
But they developed violence,
And that was new

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Religion is the root of sin
Killing the weak
They let the genocide begin
They know no bounds
They learned to lie
The human race has failed
And now they're gonna die

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You had the earth for a while
Destroyed it all, mile for mile
And so you're gonna die
Our wrath will cover the sun
Because we have to move on
Your corpses will remain
Underground