

# Abney Park, Kine

Bring a line of the people  
Bring it down, scoop 'em up.  
Take the life from the people,  
Go down, move up.

This is were I reveal myself,  
Were I show that I'm not fine.  
Not one of the cattle people,  
Not one of the Kine.

This is were I reveal myself,  
Were I show that I'm not fine.  
Not one of the cattle people,  
Not one of the Kine.

Still I pray, that I'll escape one day.  
Still I pray, that I'll escape one day.

No food for the soul, no faith, no goal  
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Bring it down, scoop 'em up.  
Take the life from the people,  
Go down, move up.

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Bring it down, scoop 'em up.  
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Go down, move up.

This is were I redeem myself,  
Were I show that I'm not blind.  
I'm not one of your party's people,  
I'm not one of your kind.

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Were I show that I'm not blind.  
I'm not one of your party's people,  
I'm not one of your kind.

Still I pray, that I'll escape one day.  
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This is were I reveal myself  
This is were I redeem myself

[indistinct chanting]