

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 a line of the people
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.
Take the life from the people,
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.

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.

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