

Psycroptic, Beneath The Ground We Dwell

Living underground, away from society
Never having to face your conformed reality
A tribe all alone, living their own way
Incredible below ground fortress
Constructed by our own hands
Five unknown generations
Following an ancient plan
We plan to live below until above is wiped out
You who think you are going forward
Are really going back
Your plans for evolution will just be your demise
Now is the time to realise you're all going to die
We have gone against your ways
Our existence is assured
Our cavernous living space has what we
need to survive
We have our own growing rooms
With naturally produced light
We have a room full of animals
To provide our meat
There's nothing more we need
We don't want your poison
We worship our own earth god
Created by the ancient ones
The soil holds the secret to all evolution
We hold ceremonies every day
Worshipping the soil
We sacrifice our nightly meal
On the altar of dirt
We have a point to work to
To make our nation huge
Make our home stretch around the world
Increase our army too
We must take over the world
Make it our own, the earth we must control
So you can't fuck it any more
You know we will take away
Your pathetic lives, and work to increase the
productivity (of mankind)
Try and set it right