

## **Crionics "Hell Earth"**

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Down, into the mines!  
That's the way your evolution is going...  
Closer and closer to the very bottom...  
Wasted chances and possibilities to create  
The better and more organised

So many years have we trodden on your face  
Forgive us our ignorance and egoism  
Let us go back to the times of symbiosis  
Our dearest mother earth!

Work, don't think!  
You were the masters of your own face  
Now it's time for you to be  
What you are best at being  
Pyode Amedha (soft scum)

So many years have you trodden on her face  
Your sins have been judged  
Work, don't think  
Your hell earth

Unanswered prayers  
Empty words, so many years without change  
... amen...

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