

Between The Buried And Me

"Fossil Genera - A Feed From Cloud Mountain"

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Beyond the satellites
Sweet candy populous
A worry free entrance into the world's history
Never underestimate
Never think beyond their thoughts
The satellites have been trapped and Cloud Mountain
will carry on the commands of our ancestors

Indeed we work from here
We have for centuries
Hearing every breath
Watching every disease
(You must accept this truth)

Below the satellites
The leaders are driving to the farthest retreat.
Sit back, relax, enjoy the ride
They have been speaking for years
Every night while you are asleep they have been
discussing what the future holds for us all
The outer space takeover.
Worlds collide in a dreary pre-determined idea brought
by our fellow night owls
Their stories have been mocked
Their ideas have been crushed
But after last night they control every idea we will think
from here on out

A government overthrown
We have come to tell you all that we could have
prepared for this

The night owl speaks overhead
The apocalypse (at least our apocalypse) will happen
sooner than we think
If we don't read the journals our station has prepared
for you all
We call ourselves the "night owls"
We've roamed the earth for years and kept your world
afloat
We've made it so you stay comfortable in your precious

homes
While you sleep,we discuss.
Discuss our future...
Your future

Our journals give detailed instructions on the machines
and weapons we must build
These are weapons that none of you would even begin
to think could harm the outside world...
Everything you know is false
Your first instinct is now your last.
Like I've said before
We have been discussing and planning this for
decades
(Trust is essential)
We don't have time to explain everything,
But just know that everything will soon change.

Trust us and we will all be safe.
We are the new government.

Before the satellites
In simple times we must take control.
With simple skies we create
More sky
A simple land we must change...
For man...
Is god
A simple life we must break...
How fast we grow...
We must move on

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