

Expatriate

"Down Below"

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My ears are filled with a deafening roar
A howling wind and the temperature soars
The houses crack the city falls
A deadly dust brings death to all
IN THE SHELTERS DOWN BELOW THEY COULDN'T CARE
LESS THEY DON'T WANT TO KNOW
IN THE SHELTERS DOWN BELOW
THEY COULDN'T CARE LESS THEY DON'T
WANT TO KNOW
Adults and children wander through the streets
They scream with pain with blistered feet
You're all going to die a horrible death
A living death that will eat your flesh
As your eyes melt they drink champagne
While your body burns they feel no pain
You're all going to die for a government cause
But why should we die for the chosen few

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