

## **Brave Saint Saturn "Underground"**

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Tiny speakers are mounted into the ceiling  
Barely visible next to the grey-white tiles  
Dripping wet with the syrup sweet production  
Hollow words for the empty in steaming piles

You'll find the truth down in the basement  
Hiding out beneath the pavement  
Just beneath the reach of agendas only seen in green

The vision is underground  
The culture is out of bounds  
It's still a persuasive sound  
The music is still around but its underground

Choreography never replaced conviction.  
Smoke and lighting cannot manufacture style  
Propaganda can make truth sound like fiction  
Greater numbers diluted are not worthwhile

Down below in the resistance  
Sheer defiance builds in cadence  
Pure and passionate that's right  
There's nothing here to lose

Real change doesn't come a mandate  
Real love you cannot legislate.

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