

## **Dorsal Atlantica "Misery Spreads"**

Visit "[Misery Spreads](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Clandestine farm hands raise small kitchen gardens in  
The country side of the Drain Traps, there's a black  
Market of natural food without contraceptive drugs.  
The food is used as an unofficial currency.  
Many Undergrounds pay dues of a notebook of the  
Revolutionary war destined to get funds for a  
Revolution in Hierarchic Democracy, that shall permit  
The carries the right of taking part in the future  
Revolutionary government of collision.  
Other Undergrounds believe that these notebooks are  
nothing  
But a governmental trick to choose the food used as  
Currency, regarding that the hard workers earn in  
Kilowatt salary hour.

Some Clandestine are even born due, to the eating of  
purified food and water.  
This being done by female Hardworkers.  
The government is aware of this and in order to take  
hold of the situation tries to  
Extinguish this food with the spraying of Agro-drugs  
In the Undergrounds suburbs.

To tell the truth, they complain but they pay their  
monthly dues.  
Light methods are more worth than a thousand clubs.

### Misery Spreads

The election day is drawing near the promises as well,  
There are two candidates the now president and the  
opposition the  
Military religious ones have given a relief the gangs  
during  
These weeks prior to the elections but posters cover  
bathrooms where  
Houses and loudspeakers in the streets transmit the  
speech of opposition:

"Stand for the new. Amnest to all gangs, new age of  
Progress needs a leader, I'm elected for the first time  
to be the

Father of you all".

Misery spreads in the working class suburbs  
Intelligent Load carries are not interesting to state  
To the hard workers the tools sex as much as they want  
Is enough and they watch the railroad surfen' games  
(So that they feel a little human).

One of the clandestine speaks aloud to stray the  
attention of the others:  
"Many stay in silence uncertainty rounds their thoughts  
Maturity is a kind of obedience what do the years keep  
for you?"

"For us a new life in counter system we need to be  
more united than even before".  
Everybody holds ones another but one of them called  
IAN listens more than speaks  
"Go to next door".

IAN doesn't have much of a conscience of what's  
happening he's  
Never chosen anything in his life his parents decided  
he'd be  
Clandestine the state decided he'd be chased his  
Friends decided he'd be one more time decided he  
wouldn't have more time

Visit [Dorsal Atlantica](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.