

## Primitive Radio Gods

### "The Underground Solution"

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The niece of ice shines...isn't it time?  
Agents of bliss, in the dim light-very old

Protecting the plot, evading the shots

Wherever you go, the whizz kid follows you  
You think we don't know...until your numbers up

Did it feel all right? Did you put up a fight?  
Those golden rays aren't far behind you  
You're sick and you're tired of the blood and the fire  
Those golden rays aren't far behind you

Confectioned eyesight, expressing and thinking  
With more than I eat, with more than I swallow  
It's fast and it's cheap than going anywhere

You've seen it before...so see it some more  
Those golden rays aren't far behind you  
If you're sick and you're tired of the blood and the fire  
Those golden rays aren't far behind you, behind you

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