

Soilent Green

"Soilworker's Song Of The Damned"

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Postironic we laugh dream in sonic
Diamond overload
Drenched in fear by strike of lightning
Cause we're only listening with one ear now
This organism rips us apart, it feasts on us

Chorus

Song of the damned, never ends, so don't pretend
We are condemned where we stand, where we stand

This machine creates
What in some people's mouth is called art
Too hard to comprehend
Too hard but we will not bend.

So why are we trusting all those cynical souls
Bleeding, aching, bleeding, aching, bleeding with
hearts
Open wide all so cold
Live for the moment get killed for the thrill
Bleeding, aching, bleeding, aching, bleeding for
nothing
For we've seen it all

Fast and furious we're riding with serpent speed
Through the essence, through the greed
Forcing ourselves to overcome this mystery
This restless degradation
Temptation and our endless lust
Will bring us down - will bring us deeper down!

So why are we trusting all those cynical souls
Bleeding, aching, bleeding, aching, bleeding with
hearts
Open wide all so cold
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(Repeat)

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