

Bass Camp

We cultivate life, in the wake of the sun
Bass camp where we from cause the war has begun
We celebrate life at the doorstep of death
Cause the force that we've kept is the source of our breath

Systems of tunnels and deep rooted furrows
Pathways and trailheads the deeper it burrows
It thorough, we live off the landbase legit
Eco-systems we thrive in the nitch where we fit
What we build, what we break, what we kill, what we take
What we plant in the ground for community's sake
Let the earth be the source of the peace that we've found
Treehouse bungalow, zip line, getting down
Free love with respect, sunshine on the deck
The machines hate it all but that's what we'd expect
Specialized labor, dedicated groups, but this ain't no nine to five
With a tie and a suit
In the end, it's the way that we all used to live
I don't wanna feed poisonous food to my kid
Border of the outlands, fuck mechanopolis
Campfire stories in the woods, when we offer this
Selfless autonomy, free-trade economy in the true sense of the way that it oughta be
On going odyssey, warfare dichotomy, struggle doesn't bother me
Cause we seen it all
Machines have no soul, it's the source of the fall

We cut the power now, it ain't a question of how
The death of the landbase we just can't allow
Like we said yo we live by the gun and the plow
Everyday is a blessing, the past, we're assessing
The future is clear there ain't no need for stressing
We cultivate life so we always die well
We eat what we take from the land where we dwell

Mechanopolis tropolis city of the dead
Antihero Underground lives in the shadow of your bed
Building villages from pillages of missions that we led
Our community invisible to microchips in your head
Its base camp, constructed by the edge of the forest
Where we dance around fires, and erupt into chours
War songs, rituals, learned from those before us
Living the free life, no hierarchies to whore us
We hunt and we gather and grow our own food
No conveyor bet additives alter our moods
We gather all we need from what's around us
No imports no exports reliance has bound us
No need here for jails judges or jails
Our society don't promote personal gain
Simple and plain future-primitive campaign
Nourish the eco system we will sustain
Live through the war that we fight with machines
Watch your city crumble nightly in dreams

Send out the task force to carry out schemes

Dismantle Mechanopolitan regimes

Mechanopolitan, on semi-human being

Hunt us down but we fight to kill, you won't see us fleeing

Killing for a way of life

Liberating strife

Anti-Hero living by the earth spirit and the knife