

Necropolis

Cold ass concrete
Don't nothin' survive
Chemicals pollute machines keep you alive

Machines keep you alive
Chemicals pollute machines keep you alive

You don't kill your own meat you use air-conditioned heat
Third world sweatshops keep the shoes on your feet
Domestically adapted
Held captive
Active theory and practice
Telephones and faxes

Microwave generation
Push button demands
You no longer feel the warmth of the soil in your hands
The food that you eat is processed in a can
Internet access
Nanosecond attention span

You aint got no connection to your animal senses
The trees that you see are planted behind fences
Manicured existence
Denial of the Real
Buried in the concrete
Crushed beneath the wheel

Chorus

WE lived differently before the days of the empire
Killing our food
Staring into the fire

The air we used to breath
Wasn't diseased
No bank account money
No parking lot fees

In the bosom of mother nature

Until we tried to rape her
Now we're the only species that kills for pieces of paper
Not even paper anymore
Invisible credit numbers
Accumulating in savings accounts for oil and lumber

City of the dead
Concrete necropolis
Civilized zombies
Manifest apocalypse

Four horsemen riding through streets of the depraved
Skyscraper tombstones
You live inside your grave

Chorus

The human animal lost touch with its roots
Segregated separated into groups
Food clothes and shelter to the extreme
Society was born
Welcome to the machine

Science was created to destroy the mystery
Great cities were built and we forgot our history
Emotional divorce from the natural sources
Purchasing products that the machine endorses

The further we detach
The further we will fall
Feeding the machines
Shopping at the mall
Electric stoves panty hoes and things you don't need
Creatures of comfort creating a new breed
Destroying the environment paralyzed with greed
Selling your children to machines that don't bleed

Chorus