

Subterranean Trench Rabbit

We fight the machines with the weapons of sound

We kill when we have to we live underground

If you don't believe that its all coming down

Then not much of you will be left to be found

Tear down the concrete with rhymes and these strong beats

They kill the land, populate and expand

You watch TV so you don't understand

How they make up the supply and demand

Chemical overload put in your food

Corporate criminals never get sued

Resources taken and never renewed while political servants gets lobbied and wooed

Uncivilized bloody meat on the knife

We smash the machines cause they threaten our life

We kill when we have to, we bark and we bite

Cause the nuclear sunrise was terribly bright

Nobody listened but I heard it coming

War in the streets when the faucets stopped running

Money meant nothing with no food to buy

It was kill or go hungry you fight or you die

Survive on your own without import supply

And return to the landbase that we had sucked dry!

Antihero we got hip hop in the speaker

With armies of underground poets and teachers

Survivalists who thrive on this planet

Organic manuscripts to bang your shit

And kill your style cause you can't even handle it

Or manage it

Through multi-media machines

I refuse to let their lack of culture paralyze my dreams

I don't want raise my children under your regime

We storm the data bases and smash computer screens

We live inside the wilderness with mountains lakes and streams

We broadcast the message but you don't know what it means

Your way of life is governed by a culture of machines.