

Lack-lustre vacuum magnetises the land,
scopeless material in ruthless demand,
concrete spectacle superficially grand,
divine animation buried in sight.

We'll rise from the ashes of stagnation,
crystal warriors of damnation.

Nullified grafters manufactured from the womb,
out of the repro-clinic into household tomb.
Drag the nothing tiring through coal-dark underground,
drive the wheels of iron round and round.

Scouring eyes sear through that book of lies,
and to the truth, well our search is dignified.
Whilst the yawny drone of physical machinery
march in robot mode to terminal destiny.
Microscopic observance, forsaken innerland,
spiritual inertia, absorbed in bland,
well our significance shan't sink in their charade,
'cos through their drab pantomime I say we're gonna ride!

[Repeat Chorus.]