

Kine

Abney Park

Bring a line of the people
Bring down, scoop 'em up.
Take the life from the people,
Go down, and move up.

This is were I reveal myself,
Were I show that I'm not fine.
Can't follow the cattle people,
Not one of the Kine.
(repeat)

Verse Two:
This is were I redeem myself,
Were I show that I'm not blind.
Can't follow your party's people,
Not one of your kind.

Still I pray, that I'll escape one day.

No food, for the soul, no friends, no goal
No food, for the soul, no friends, no goal.
No food, for the soul, no friends, no goal
No food, for the soul, no friends, no goal.

Here's your cube
Here's your stall,
Here's your phone,
On the wall.

Bring a line of the people
Take their life, take it all.