

Numbers

Miracle Of Sound

True nature in the membrane
Give the memory a nudge
A failure in the mainframe
Set the error, sate the grudge

From the slant of the profile
In the bias inherent
I am a man colored hostile
I'm a virus apparent

Through the eye of the lens
Across the digital pale
We are the cry of dissent
I am the sting in the tail

California curbsides
I rush and I run
Freedom is a backlight
Let's have a little fun

We are the numbers
We are the underground

A current in the cables
A gift before the gates
Diomedes in the diodes
See 'em runnin' for the bait

When the policital code
Is a reality show
Retune the digital flow
To technocrat radio

Inside your soul and your circuits
Watchin' every move
We're sayin' no to the circus
Find a different groove

California curbsides
I rush and I run
Freedom is a backlight
Let's have a little fun

We are the numbers
We are the underground

Dead net
We won't ever forget
Cold sweat
Dead set on the threat

Sate the grudge!!
Go! Go!
Sate the grudge!!
We won't ever forget

We are the numbers

We are the underground