

# The Underground Solution

Primitive Radio Gods

The niece of ice shines  
Isn't it time?  
Agents of bliss  
In the dim light very old

Protecting the plot  
Evading the shots

Wherever you go  
The whizz kid follows you  
You think we don't know  
Until your number's up

Did it feel all right?  
Did you put up a fight?  
Those golden rays aren't far behind you  
You're sick and you're tired of the blood and the fire  
Those golden rays aren't far behind you

Confectioned eyesight  
Expressing and thinking  
With more than I eat  
With more than I swallow  
It's fast and it's cheap than going anywhere

You've seen it before  
So see it some more  
Those golden rays aren't far behind you  
If you're sick and you're tired of the blood and the fire  
Those golden rays aren't far behind you, behind you