

Agents of the Underground

Strung Out

No longer will we betray ourselves to carry the weight of the world.
Our hearts are alive with the sound.
We are the Agents of the Underground.

The beat of the clock and the body re-align.
Perspective shifts to the right of my mind.
Abstraction becomes true direction.
We are the sands in the oceans of time.

Carnations in the graveyard slowly dying all alone.
Two lovers underwater weighted, a promise set in stone.
Breathe in, breathe out.
We are ghosts of modern man.
The beat of the clock and the body re-align.
Waiting for our chance to live again.

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No longer just an echo in some lost forgotten song.
The possibility of our demise, it keeps us fighting on and on.
So hollow the earth and set this in, it's a revolution now.
A secret plan to make a break to define the love we take.
Breathe in, breathe out.
We are ghosts of all we had.
The beat of the clock and the body re-align.
But just threw away so easily.

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WE HAVE NO TIME!
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