

Deep under the darkened cities
Beneath the overcrowded metropolis
All over the living sphere
In labyrinths of olden tunnels
Carved by forgotten forces

A sneaky revolution has taken form
Insidious and unexpected
Plugged into their mechanized training sockets
The Pumpkins are ready to march on mankind

Architects of a unique and healthy master plan
To squash and seed once more
In league to restore a long lost balance
Blueprints are set for a new pulse
And orange shall be the color of salvation

Heroic icons of the vegetable supremacy
A mistreated garden, their ultimate purgatory

They will row
Row without arms, but with fervor
Towards distant clouds of fire
Floating in steam-powered boats
Made of stone, shells and ivy
Grimacing faces at the bow of the vagrant entities

Looming over saturated airwaves
Fields to behold, hordes of barbarians
Sinking in hourglasses of concrete
The Pumpkins are ready to march on mankind

An elitist carnage for the satisfaction of a renewed
greenhouse
But only the heads shall burn!
Hands and legs shall be spared to dance madly
afterwards
Freed from an unfair alliance by grinning ambassadors
Earth's own orange vigilantes
The Pumpkins are ready to march on mankind

When shall rise the Pumpkins
And their organic cohorts
The reign of men as we know it
Will reach its conclusion

And in a parody of ancient ways
Halls of stained glass shall commemorate the past
A festival of altered realities and manipulated
perceptions
Orchestrated by vain, secretive, faceless schemers

And in a parody of ancient ways
Halls of stained glass shall commemorate the past

History repeats itself as usual
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