Ten a.M. (Good Morning, Mr. Coelacanth)

Snapcase

The opposition
Carcinogenic sweat that hides
The persecution
These hidden walls keep us aligned
Yeah, they keep us in line
Fourteen hours more
Covert tonight
The operation
A covert plan to get outside
The consecration
An archetype of a will that shines
Shining alive
Will you die or can we keep you alive?
When there is a machine gun on every corner
You won't see me
When there is a federal eye in every household
You won't see me
When your every move is monitored
You won't see me
And when it's all too late
You won't see me

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