Dead Industrial Atmosphere

Leatherface

There's dark satanic mills and there's green and pleasant hills
Could be riding through Lancashire with all it's
Witchcraft dead industrial air
You can hear a melancholy desert song
And smell George Orwell as a funeral goes on
There's plenty with a license to prostitute
And room to develop the ultimate building
The air in here is dead industrial and so austere
The air round here smells of religion and Vauxies beer
We are this world we watch the sands drain from our hands
We're naive but happy or so it seems
We've all seen the big red bus faces gazing expressionless
The breakfast joint to kill the beast helps sow the
Seed for all manner of dangerous things
Here it goes again as melancholy as the last one
And when you feel as dogmatic as the next
It's time to read into what it is that you do
The air in here is dead industrial and so austere
The air round here smells of religion and Sunday dinner
We are this world we watch the sands drain from our hands
This is our world we are the waters that we learned to work
You can hear a melancholy desert song
And smell George Orwell as the funeral goes on
There's plenty with a license to prostitute
And room to develop the ultimate building
The air in here is dead industrial and so austere
The air round here smells of religion and Vauxies beer
We are this world the sand drains from our very hands
We're naive but happy or so it seems
The air in here is dead industrial and so austere
The atmosphere smells of religion and Vauxies beer
This is our world we are the waters
That learned to work you smell the others
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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