Ride

Cathedral

Oh well, hey, what've you got to say?
When I say we're going to ride
[Incomprehensible]Lack-luster vacuum magnetizes the land
Scopeless material in ruthless demand
Concrete spectacle superficially grand
Divine animation buried in sandWe'll rise from the ashes of stagnation
Crystal warriors of damnationNullified grafters manufactured from the womb
From the repro-clinic into household tomb
Drag the nothing tiring through coal-dark underground
Drive the wheels of iron 'round and 'roundWe'll rise from the ashes of stagnation
Crystal warriors of damnationScouring eyes sear through that book of lies
And to the truth, well, our search is dignified
Whilst the yawny drone of physical machinery
March in robot mode to terminal destiny, oh yeahOoh yeah, we're outOoh, have I got to say the second time?Microscopic observance, forsaken innerland
Spiritual inertia, absorbed in bland
Well, our significance shan't sink in their charade, oh no
'Cause through their drab pantomime I say we're gonna ride, yeah, we'll rideI say we'll rise through the [Incomprehensible] of stagnation
Crystal warriors of damnation, ooh yeah

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