

The Honshu Underground

No Trigger

Here's to the day when all the skies turned white.
Warm powder coated parking lots, familiar thoughts,
most higher forms of life.
And all the commotion must have scared away the sun,
but not before it took its vengeance on us all. The idiots with the vacuum switch left us behind.
Repeat again, they got it all and gave back nothing.
Yeah, another anthem subterranean resides right beneath 1945.
With my arms glued securely to my sides,
all that I can do is yell my guts dry. Buttons and citizens left red and depressed.
Countdowns and businessmen all dressed up,
dead inside and it's gone. It's all gone.
New cultures built of dirt and flames
look to the sky and point to blame us all. While the men have gone away to fight,
the innocent huddle in the cool pacific moonlight.
Shadows of this place softly congregate
but never show their faces to the other monster races. Yeah, another anthem subterranean resides right beneath
1945.
Walking streets hidden underneath the streets.
Whiffing ash and metal, this time we're left behind.
We're left behind. So now we sing the new refrain.
We sing sub-terrain, sub-terrain, sub-terrain.

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