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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