The Granulating Dark Satanic Mills

Carcass

From the weeping womb to the tomb
Towering fuming smokestacks loomed
Aloft the emancipated industrial
mercantile maroonYour heirs will be deprived this fate
A penitentiary as consumer villeins
Never to enter through
the grim rusting factory gatesSix, zero, two, six
Nine, six, oneTorn apart in the soul destroying...Six, zero, two, six
Nine, six, oneThe granulating dark satanic mills...Subsisting shackled drudgers & drones
Disassembly line of skin & bone
Collieries not beaches
lie beneath the paving stonesWhen chattel black turned to white
Rigid binding chains were hidden from sight
The unborn will quench
the thirstful smouldering kiln's firesSix, zero, two, six
Nine, six, oneTorn apart in the soul destroying...Six, zero, two, six
Nine, six, oneSweat & no redemption in the dark satanic millsAn existence, subservient, binded you'll see
"A working class hero is something to be"
An existence, subservient, blinded you'll seed
A working class hero is something to bleed

Songwriters
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