Rumblin' Underground

GBH

Broken glass is everywhere, crunchin' underfoot,
the windswept streets preparing for the flood.
A priest with a bible is doing all the plugs,
jobs now are seconary to sex and drugs.Honesty is our only weapon,
walls come tumbling down.
There's a panic in the West,
and there's a rumblin' underground.Sniff the air it only brings a stench of the Neu Smell.
Faceless icebergs burnin' down in Hell.
"Don't worry son you know you'll go far",
Daddy's gonna' buy you a brand spanking new guitar.Sometimes I think the whole world's against me,
somethimes I think I'm gonna' win.
In the depths of the quagmire,
the only thing is never to give in.Subterranean vibrations as the masses start to rise.
Pseudo zombies can't believe their eyes.
Light a fire in our hearts, things begin to boil,
energy comes draining down, soaking through the soil.

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