

# The Tour

## Crimpshrine

Over fences and through backyards  
We tiptoe past empty boxcars  
So as not to wake the bums inside  
Industry that once thrived now is gone  
Abandoned factories and tracks trains ran on  
Are all that's left from those days  
Through barbed wire fence we see sculptures in a field  
We find some maps at the front gate  
And walk inside to investigate  
Following a stream, it leads a path  
To sewer's entrance and a raft  
Ever wonder how it looks down under the concrete?  
Over murky water we ride  
Through concrete tubes we float inside  
Our voices echoing through the endless darkness  
Oblivious to life above  
Our minds are clear (no mental spewage)  
The voice in my head is dead, maybe he drowned in the sewage  
When we emerge though darkness sunlight seeps  
And we all go home to sleep  
Concluding the tour for this day  
Other sights we've never seen  
And places that we've never been  
We'll find when things get stagnant again  
Come on, let's go outside  
And take a look and see what we can find in this city  
Leave these four walls far behind  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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