The Factory

Simon Poole

Down in the oxyfactory.
Mould and shattered glass you see.
Safety- dresses ain't of use.
The air is tense of blaring noise.[Chorus:]
Down in the oxyfactory.
Sound is made for you and me.
Down in the oxyfactory.
Howlong sound and ecstasy.Won't close it down or cut off power, due to public nuisance prattle.

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