

The Underground Solution

Primitive Radio Gods

The niece of ice shines
Isn't it time?
Agents of bliss
In the dim light very old

Protecting the plot
Evading the shots

Wherever you go
The whizz kid follows you
You think we don't know
Until your number's up

Did it feel all right?
Did you put up a fight?
Those golden rays aren't far behind you
You're sick and you're tired of the blood and the fire
Those golden rays aren't far behind you

Confectioned eyesight
Expressing and thinking
With more than I eat
With more than I swallow
It's fast and it's cheap than going anywhere

You've seen it before
So see it some more
Those golden rays aren't far behind you
If you're sick and you're tired of the blood and the fire
Those golden rays aren't far behind you, behind you