

Fossil Genera - A Feed from Cloud Mountain

Between the Buried and Me

Beyond the satellites:

Sweet candy populous... a worry free entrance into the world's history

Never underestimate... never think beyond their thoughts.

The satellites have been tapped and Cloud Mountain will carry on the commands of our ancestors

Indeed we work from here. We have for centuries... hearing every breath... watching every disease

(You must accept this truth)

Below the satellites:

The leaders are driving to the farthest retreat. Sit back, relax, enjoy the ride.

They have been speaking for years.

Every night while you're asleep they have been discussing what the future holds for us all.

The outer space takeover. Worlds collide in a dreary predetermined idea brought by our fellow night owls.

Their stories have been mocked... their ideas have been crushed ... but after last night they control every idea we think from here on out.

A GOVERNMENT OVERTHROWN...

We have come to tell you all that we could have prepared for this.

The night owls speak overhead:

The apocalypse (at least our apocalypse) will happen sooner than we think

if we don't read the journals our station has prepared for you all.

We call ourselves the "night owls". We've roamed the earth for years and kept your world afloat.

We've made it so you stay comfortable in your precious homes.

While you sleep, we discuss. Discuss our future... your future.

Our journals give detailed instructions on the machines and weapons we must build.

These are weapons that none of you would even begin to think could harm the outside world...

Everything you know is false... your first instinct is now your last.

Like I've said before... we have been discussing and planning this for decades. (Trust is essential)

We don't have time to explain everything, but just know that everything will soon change.

Trust us and we will all be safe. We are the new government.

Before the satellites:

In simple times we must take control.

With simple skies we create... more sky.

A simple land we must change... for man... is god.

How fast we grow...

We must move on.