

Steampunk Revolution

Abney Park

We've got a steampunk revolution We're tired of all your so-called evolution We've darted back to 1886 Don't ask us why; that's how we get our kicks

Out with the new In with the old Out with the new In with the old

Our underworld isn't filled with fear Just brass and copper, leather scrap, and rusty gear You can keep your hip-hop techno-pop-rock schleppin-dub I'm on my way to a coal-powered underground vintage pub

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Your subculture shops at the mall We build ours with blowtorch, needle, thread, and leather awl With our antique clock parts we've taken (?) fashion And now we're spreading worldwide to circle the globe with a furious passion

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