

# The Granulating Dark Satanic Mills

Carcass

From the weeping womb to the tomb  
Towering fuming smokestacks loomed  
Aloft the emancipated industrial  
mercantile maroon

Your heirs will be deprived this fate  
A penitentiary as consumer villeins  
Never to enter through  
the grim rusting factory gates

Six, zero, two, six  
Nine, six, one

Torn apart in the soul destroying...

Six, zero, two, six  
Nine, six, one

The granulating dark satanic mills...

Subsisting shackled drudgers & drones  
Disassembly line of skin & bone  
Collieries not beaches  
lie beneath the paving stones

When chattel black turned to white  
Rigid binding chains were hidden from sight  
The unborn will quench  
the thirstful smouldering kiln\'s fires

Six, zero, two, six  
Nine, six, one

Torn apart in the soul destroying...

Six, zero, two, six  
Nine, six, one

Sweat & no redemption in the dark satanic mills

An existence, subservient, binded you\'ll see  
\"A working class hero is something to be\"  
An existence, subservient, blinded you\'ll seed  
A working class hero is something to bleed