

Things Don't Look Good

Genghis Tron

Roots spread under the mud
Drags the steel sprawl out towards the sea
Pile these cold souls so tight
They'll hardly breathe
Flames will walk the earth

Let them roam
They don't need what can spend so easily
Make this wretched mass work for their gloom
Flames will walk the earth
And nothing will change

Pack ourselves so tight
We can't breathe on their grief
We cast our roots deep
The grid extends its reach
Things don't look good

As we feel the ground wake
Nothing will change
Flames will walk the earth
And nothing will change