

Nocturnus

Newsted

I want to stay below the streets
I want to play behind the scenes
I shy away from surface freaks
I stay below

Thirty stories below daylight
in the channels it is always night
Between the flush of the rush hours when the surface dwellers are away from
their showers
In the tunnels that slake the cities thirst
so full of shit sometime they are going to break or burst
The stench of it would send you reeling
cold concrete ceiling a safe warm feeling
Nocturnus

Six thousand volt third rail leads me to home
My piece of the world where no other man goes
I don't need a torch anymore to see
A Satan on his porch
This ain't for the weak
On the street I see you all stressed and screaming
While in my place I lay dreaming
Fight for the space on the terra dwell
I'm keeping to my heaven under your hell

Without the underworld there would be no above
Without the other-world there would be no above
Without the underworld there would be no above

I want to stay below the streets
I want to play behind the scenes
I shy away from surface freaks
I stay below

Without the underworld there would be no above
Your precious topsoil would be one big flood the creepy crawler Nocturnus
They try to drive us out and burn us
they are the invaders
Not we of the underbelly
life above left me no room
I laugh and slither down forty flights to my womb

Without the underworld there would be no above
Without the other-world there would be no above
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I want to stay below the streets
I want to play beneath your feet
I shy away from the surface freaks
I stay below
I play below
I want to stay below the streets
I want to play beneath your feet
I shy away from the surface freaks
I stay below
I pray below
I stay below

just lay me low
I stay below