

Deep under the darkened cities  
Beneath the overcrowded metropolis  
All over the living sphere  
In labyrinths of olden tunnels  
Carved by forgotten forces

A sneaky revolution has taken form  
Insidious and unexpected  
Plugged into their mechanized training sockets  
The Pumpkins are ready to march on mankind

Architects of a unique and healthy master plan  
To squash and seed once more  
In league to restore a long lost balance  
Blueprints are set for a new pulse  
And orange shall be the color of salvation

Heroic icons of the vegetable supremacy  
A mistreated garden, their ultimate purgatory

They will row  
Row without arms, but with fervor  
Towards distant clouds of fire  
Floating in steam-powered boats  
Made of stone, shells and ivy  
Grimacing faces at the bow of the vagrant entities

Looming over saturated airwaves  
Fields to behold, hordes of barbarians  
Sinking in hourglasses of concrete  
The Pumpkins are ready to march on mankind

An elitist carnage for the satisfaction of a renewed  
greenhouse  
But only the heads shall burn!  
Hands and legs shall be spared to dance madly  
afterwards  
Freed from an unfair alliance by grinning ambassadors  
Earth's own orange vigilantes  
The Pumpkins are ready to march on mankind

When shall rise the Pumpkins  
And their organic cohorts  
The reign of men as we know it  
Will reach its conclusion

And in a parody of ancient ways  
Halls of stained glass shall commemorate the past  
A festival of altered realities and manipulated  
perceptions  
Orchestrated by vain, secretive, faceless schemers

And in a parody of ancient ways  
Halls of stained glass shall commemorate the past

History repeats itself as usual  
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