

*We hack from dusk till dawn,  
Our arms pulsing with pain,  
The light not grazing our skin,  
Underground, underlife...*

*Iron and wood are the end of our arms,  
Eating at solid black rock,  
Our faces are dark and wet,  
Underground, underlife...*

*We are all day in the cold,  
Hacking like mindless robots,  
We feel no pain, or do we?  
Underground, underlife...*

*A shrill high bell rings like music to my ears,  
I drop my iron extension,  
I pick up a metal box,  
"See ya tomorrow, Greg."*