



**THE DIGGER'S CURSE - LIFE OF A MINER**

No sun in a month has touched our sick eyes,  
We search and we scour through the deeps for your prize.  
SoroSuub, we're digging your rocky grave!  
We're digging six inches for every slave!  
We're digging! We're digging!

A prize to engorge you, to hang from your neck  
And stuff your vile throat with our meager paycheck.  
SoroSuub, we're digging your rocky grave!  
We're digging a whole foot for every slave!  
We're digging! We're digging!

You lured us with dreams of fair work and fair pay,  
But it's scarce food and beatings and deaths every day!  
SoroSuub, we're digging your rocky grave!  
We're digging a meter for every slave!  
We're digging! We're digging!

Some blame for ourself, the dumbs and naives,  
To get trapped and buried by corporate thieves!  
SoroSuub, we're digging your rocky grave!  
We're digging one man deep for every slave!  
We're digging! We're digging!

Our curse be upon you, oppressors and slavers,  
We're dying here slowly, and no one can save us.  
SoroSuub, we're digging your rocky grave!  
We're digging down deeper for every slave!  
We're digging! We're digging!