

Architects

"Devil's Island"

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This is your country,
This is your home,
Here is the house where you grew up alone.
This is your country,
This is your home,
Here is the house where you grew up alone.

The city streets,
you used to love,
are bruised and broken,
are black and blue.
On our TV's, miles away.
On our doorsteps with no reason why.

Take it back, take it back, take it back.
Take it back, take it back, take it back.

This is your country,
This is your home,
Here is the house where you grew up alone.
Remember this, remember this for what it was.
Remember this, remember this for what it was.
Remember this, remember this.

Take it back, take it back, take it back.

You want a voice,
but your voices sound like violence.
You don't, you don't deserve this life.

This is your country,
This is your home,
Here is the house where you grew up alone.
Remember this, remember this for what it was,
a bleak projection of absent minds.

You want a voice,
but your voices sound like violence.
You shout so loud but all I hear is silence.
The city streets that you show no love,
are bruised and broken,
because of you.
Because of you.
Because of you.

This is your country,

This is your home,
Here is the house where you grew up alone.
This is your country,
This is your home,
Here is the house where you grew up alone.

Remember this, remember this for what it was.
Remember this, remember this for what it was.

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