

## Blackfield

### "Exile"

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While you were sleeping they waged a war  
Didn't tell you 'till they came to your door  
While you were sleeping they stole your freedom  
Made sure the odds werent even  
There's blood on the hands of time  
A lie cheapens the vision  
Did you read between the lines  
Or did they teach you not to question?  
There's blood on the hands of time  
They've taken it all away  
Buried the past with lies  
But the pain is still felt today

While you were sleeping they dug you a grave  
Gave you a # instead of a name  
While you were sleeping they stole your dreams  
Beat you out of your beliefs

There's blood on the hands of time  
And in the pages of your books  
Blood paints the heavens  
For all the lives that you took  
There's blood on the hands of time  
I still hear the screams  
These wounds haven't healed  
They've massacred my dreams

Exiled in the land of the free

While you were sleeping they took the words from your  
mouth  
And bound your hands  
So when you tried to reach out  
Noone would understand  
While you were sleeping they glorified the past  
Tried to cover up their lies  
We will never forget  
There's blood on the hands of time!

Exiled in the land of the free

It's in the eyes of the homeless and the abused  
Like it's in the way that I live with this truth...  
An outcast in my land, in my home, and in my mind  
Guilty 'till proven innocent and I'm still doing the time

My head is crowded with these screams  
My mind is massacred by these images...  
Those who couldn't keep up with the rest  
Weren't worth the bullet  
Something I'll never forget  
Not worth the bullet  
I'm not gonna forget  
Not worth the bullet

There's blood on the hands of time  
We will not forget  
Our people marched in Exile  
Not worth the bullet

...there's blood on the hands of time

Exiled in the land of the free

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