

Bruce Cockburn

"Facist Architecture"

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Fascist architecture of my own design
Too long been keeping my love confined
You tore me out of myself alive
Those fingers drawing out blood like sweat
While the magnificent facades crumble and burn
The billion facets of brilliant love
The billion facets of freedom turning in the light
Bloody nose and burning eyes
Raised in laughter to the skies
I've been in trouble but I'm ok
Been through the wringer but I'm ok
Walls are falling and I'm ok
Under the mercy and I'm ok
Gonna tell my old lady
Gonna tell my little girl
There isn't anything in the world
That can lock up my love again

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