

Strike

"Postcards From Home"

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If you could see
In the dark hallways old lights flicker
Stobelight shows of gurneys silver and rust
Refrigeration stalled
When the fuse box blew
The medicine needed to save you
Holding tight to a weapon
In the place of a toy or your mother's hand
White diamonds red earth I
T's slavery understand
Home now is the place
Between right and this
The blast still sings t
He bullets blaze
The target missed
Atrocity calmly
In your narcotic bliss
This last harvest of our innocence

Holding tight to a weapon
In the place of a toy or your mother's hand
White diamonds red earth is slavery understand

Postcards from post colonies,
Post kingdoms
Progress twisted
From sea to sea

Postcards from post colonies
Post kingdoms
Progress twisted for you and me

You can't walk
The light will follow you
You can't walk away
Because you're so conditioned (like me)
You can't walk away
This land will follow you
You can't walk away
'Cause this is home

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