

Spain

"Chant No 1"

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I checked the time, it was almost time
A curious smell, an intangible crime
I'm washing my clothes, but the stain still grows
Cover your eyes, the stain still shows
I feel the gaze against my skin
I feel the gaze against my skin
I know this feeling is a lie
I know this feeling is a lie
There's a guilt within my mind
There's a guilt within my mind
I don't need this pressure on
Oh I should question not ignore
Oh I should question not ignore
Songs are always buried deep
Songs are always buried deep
There's a lion in my arms
There is a motion in my arm
Oh I should question not ignore
I should believe and not ignore
I don't need this pressure on
You go down, down
Pass the talk of town
You go down greek street
Then it's underground
Well it's soho life
For this mobile knife
It's the place to shoot
Friday night beat route

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