

## State Radio "Camilo"

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Woke him up with a barrel to his head  
His eyes shut tight, bracing for the blow  
Resigning his life to the metal held in another man's  
hand

Twenty days in a concrete fallout  
What life have I to take your own  
Oh, my country, won't you call out  
Doorbells are ringing with boxes of bones

And from another land's war torn corners  
To a prison cell in my own  
Punish me for not taking your orders  
But don't lock me up for not leaving my home

Your words just a bloody fallacy  
A house of cards you painted white  
You tried to recreate Normandy  
But you made up the reason to fight

And now red oil is spilling down on the street  
And your eyes so big, for the belly is weak  
Will you not refuse this currency  
Or is blood money just money to you  
Or is blood money just money to you

'Cause twenty days in a concrete fallout  
What life have I to take your own  
Oh, my country, won't you call out  
Doorbells are ringing with boxes of bones

From another land's war torn corners  
To a prison cell in my own  
Punish me for not taking your orders  
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Twenty days in a concrete fallout  
What life have I to take your own  
Oh, my country, won't you call out  
Doorbells are ringing with boxes of bones

And from another land's war torn corners

To a prison cell in my own  
Punish me for not taking your orders  
But don't lock me up for not leaving my home

Camilo, Camilo  
Leaving my home  
Camilo, Camilo

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