Remains (Mute Studio Session)

Algiers

And the chained man
Sang in a sigh
"I feel like going home"
And the chained man
Sang in a sigh
"I feel like going home"
And the dokhtar fell
Holding the shell of her child
And said, "I feel like going on"
While the captors boast
On how they lower your costs
The rich men gamble
At the foot of the cross
We're your careless mistakes
We're the spirits you raised
We are what remains...
And one by one
They made the ants march down
Down into the killing fields
And I know more than one place
Where you might never come back
If you show how you really feel
But there's a brand new show
For you to watch today
So all the Western eyes
Can look the other wayWe're your careless mistakes
We're the spirits you raised
We are what remains...

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