

ChemTale

[ohGr](#)

the home grown homeland fix
keeps all things separate
within this place its fate is fixed
and oil and peace don't mix
abandon me abandon mein my war
in a right white world
in my war
painted light dark burnt
in my war
ever turns the screw
in my war
there's no space to grow
how many people keep coming together to come into to this
the bushman wants them dead
a world of christ unlit
we buy and sell the dread from which
the skull and bones commit

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