Colony

808 State

A cry for help, a hint of anesthesia
The sound from broken homes
We used to always meet here
As he lays asleep, she takes him in her arms
Some things I have to do but I don't mean you harm
A worried parent's glance, a kiss, a last goodbye
Hands him the bag she packed, the tears she tries to hide
Cruel wind that blows down to our lunacy
And leaves him standing cold here in this colony
I can't see why all these confrontations
I can't see why all these dislocations
No family life, this makes me feel uneasy
Stood alone here in this colony
In this colony, in this colony, in this colony, in this colony
Dear God in His wisdom took you by the hand
God in His wisdom made you understand
God in His wisdom took you by the hand
God in His wisdom made you understand
God in His wisdom took you by the hand
God in His wisdom made you understand
God in His wisdom took you by the hand
God in His wisdom made you understand
In this colony, in this colony, in this colony, in this colony

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