

# 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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