Murder

Jonathan Bree

Now you don't feel welcome
In your own homeOnce your (?) went to your kind alone
Now you dont feel safe in
Your sweet homeDouble lock every door
They're down the road(Instrumental)You're the embarassment
Bigots calling for the line number
Feeling lost(?) everything
Bigots calling for the line number
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/