Right Foot

The Washdown

Never did I find a nest for my soul
We have made all the bans we imposed
We have thrown on ourselves
In memory's mannerThe weakened will raise their heads
To mellow their somber faces
This day you will be in your camp
In the streets of your people
[Incomprehensible]You are at the summit of the honored
Decorate yourselves, decorate yourselves
Decorate yourselvesCrazy man, stand to attach
No friends listening
Crazy man, stand to attach
No friends listeningAll I ever wanted was to, all I ever wanted was to
All I ever wanted was to see your face and contemplate
All I ever wanted was to see your face and contemplateNever did I find a nest for my soul
We have made all the bans we imposed
We have thrown on ourselves
In memory's manner

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