

# Where the Nightingale Sings

## Gang of Four

Walk away on London's bitter pride  
In melancholic isolation  
Force-feed yourself, sentimentality  
With golden age mythology  
The feudal lords are ruthless no more  
But in the night, the raven calls False memories, fake history  
Next you'll talk of racial purity Where the nightingale sings  
The knights around all cleave close  
You were abiding  
Well your name is not  
Always one, simple relations  
Walk away from from anonymity  
The feudal lords are ruthless no more  
But in the night, the raven calls (Force-feed yourself sentimentality) False memories, fake history  
False memories  
Fake history  
Next you'll talk of racial purity Where the nightingale sings  
The knights around all cleave close  
You were abiding  
Well your name is not (Force-feed yourself sentimentality) When the nightingale sings  
The knights around all cleave close  
You were abiding  
Well your name is not  
When the nightingale sings  
The knights around all cleave close  
You were abiding  
Well your name is not  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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