

# Right Foot

## Washdown, The

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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