

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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