

The Age Of Vulture Culture

Diablo Swing Orchestra

Take all my honour and throw me away
Spit on me, tell me I do not belong here
Haunt me and make me run for my life
Set my home on fire and burn it down to ash

Meet my eyes or look away now
No love is hiding behind those words
I beg 'cause of exclusion
And dream a distant dream
Where insensibility is history

Let us love, let us be
Release and set us free
To find us a place to call our own
Once a thought in a mind
Now it's a labelled genocide
To find us a place to call our home
Fight for a place to call our own

You give me nothing more than just lies
Wrapped up in those beautiful words
Haunt me and make me a fugitive searching
For dignity
The say - You've got yourself to blame!

Take my hand or turn away now
Tell a story so they can hear
For those who run because of persecution
And dream a distant dream
Where insensibility is history

Let us love...
Now sleep
the world I know is callous
They blame the people they don't know
Awake in times of deception
And dream a distant dream
Where insensibility is history

Let us love...