

## Fascist Architecture

Bruce Cockburn

Fascist architecture of my own design  
Too long been keeping my love confined  
You tore me out of myself alive

Those fingers drawing out blood like sweat  
While the magnificent facades crumble and burn  
The billion facets of brilliant love  
The billion facets of freedom turning in the light

Bloody nose and burning eyes  
Raised in laughter to the skies  
I've been in trouble but I'm ok  
Been through the wringer but I'm ok  
Walls are falling and I'm ok  
Under the mercy and I'm ok  
Gonna tell my old lady  
Gonna tell my little girl  
There isn't anything in the world  
That can lock up my love again