

Gloria  
Don't ask me when I'm coming home  
I'm workin it out  
Where the devils of my country roam

On the backs of a billion strong  
Disconnected by a void  
With a tendency to explode

Cover me with my enemy no more  
Between the lines of desperate times  
Where good men try and good men fade away

Gloria  
Don't ask me when I'm coming home  
Don't leave your light on  
Don't wait up for me here anymore

It's a general strike between the left and right  
Between the master's hand and the appetite  
Between the rich and the poor that don't care no more  
Between you and me and our dirty war

Bury me with all hell to pay no more  
I've suffocated on freedom  
And I don't need your civil war

Woah, like a man without a home  
Woah, I got only land to roam  
My desolation for a country now  
My reckoning is the hell I own  
Woah, don't wait up for me no more

(Let's go!)

In the space of broken dreams  
You are the serpent, I am the fire  
In the mourning of my heart  
You devour all of me

Woah, like a man without a home  
Woah, I got only land to roam  
My desolation for a country now  
My reckoning is the hell I own  
Woah, don't wait up for me no more