

Byrdesdale Garden City

Fucked Up

Byrdesdale Garden city
Turned paradise into a factory
Where the seasons never change
There's no sun, only rain
From the dark clouds in the sky
But the soil is still dry

All the people shrug like weeds
Since they can't get what they need
There is nothing to fill the cup
So their hopes just shrivel up

We sit in shadows all alone
Work our fingers to the bone
In those wretched factories
That uprooted all of our dreams

Looking backwards, I can see it coming:
The first cracks we all could see forming
The smoke that should have been a warning
Give me back the town I was born in
We were born upon a spring;

We used to love, we used to sing
A charming life, we used to say
Until it all crumbled away
The community
Collapsed, we fight each other
For the scraps
We don't belong here anymore
This town is on the brink of war

Looking backwards, I can see it coming:
The first cracks we all could see forming
The smoke that should have been a warning
Give me back the town I was born in

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