

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