

The home grown homeland fix  
Keeps all things separate  
Within this place its fate is fixed  
And oil and peace don't mix

Abandon me abandon me

In my war  
In a right white world  
In my war  
Painted light dark burnt  
In my war  
Ever turns the screw  
In my war  
There's no space to grow  
How many people keep coming together to come into to this

The bushman wants them dead  
A world of Christ unlit  
We buy and sell the dread from which  
The skull and bones commit

Abandon me abandon me  
Is this does it think about my missiles, no  
Abandon me abandon me  
I want to be close to this