

# Crashdog, Branded

outside encircling walls we stand  
our liberation stories only we will retell  
the voice which will sing our song  
belongs to us alone  
once they forced us out but  
now you could not pay us to return

(chorus)

different irons we've all been branded  
ugly, weakling, empty-handed  
a tribe of broken people rebuilt together  
different irons we've all been branded  
permanent misunderstanding  
a union of misfits lasts forever

like ghosts, we haunt the edges of your world  
can you feel the center on which we turn?  
astrocized, unified by what exists  
beyond the cold reductions and the haze they emit

(chorus)

from suffering and sorrow we hold no immunity  
but a hope is now before us beyond futility  
we claim nothing but need alone  
despite all your warnings we found a home

(chorus)