

The Wire

Runrig

The Wire
We listened into the Ice age
And we built up man round the Picts
And the daybreak hammered out warning
To the weak
We dreamed on moor with passion
And on the long lochs bluer than eyes
'Till the mists of bygone ages
heard our cries
I've seen us among thousands
All of one name waiting to run
And when the charge came heather on heartbeat
Steel on gun
The old rock leaves us with fossil
From the ancient pagan rites
From the universal inroads
back to Christ
As we look out over the morning
And the days of this life's spring
And the joy of Gaelic's lifeblood
Made me sing
Watching your beauty on this journey
With the lick of youth in your eyes
Let us sow this olden heartland
Reap in time
Transmitting, transmitting
Breaking down the wire
Transmitting, transmitting
Breaking down the wire