

Lowground

Solas

Hit the asphalt hard, gone burning down
Spit and broken teeth, blood on the ground
Raw are the hours, blackened out is the sun
My lover is gone, my lover is gone
Live in the lowground, lay in the low ground
Make your way through the lowground, lonesome
Live in the lowground, lay in the lowground
Make your way through the lowground, lonesome
Still black sorrow and bitter fermented
The puddle of the poet's tears, forgot the more they meant it
The cry of a whip, the crack of a gun
I'll never love another one, never love another one
Live in the lowground, lay in the low ground
Make your way through the lowground, lonesome
Live in the lowground, lay in the lowground
Make your way through the lowground, lonesome
There's a place I know, I've been there before
Where the river cuts deep through the canyon
In the wilderness I will clear my soul
Up to the silence, to the thunder that rolls
And the rain, it will drench me and cut to my bones
And I'll leave clean and I'll leave whole
And I'll set out again to find my home
Glass furnace hard, and a stupor of loss
Squall of surrender and paying the cost
For a blindness for blindness, too late now I see
Love, I come back to me, I come back to me
Live in the lowground, lay in the low ground
Make your way through the lowground, lonesome

Live in the lowground, lay in the lowground

Make your way through the lowground, lonesome

Lonesome...