

Golden Cattle

The Low Anthem

As the blind walk the blind through the blackness of freedom
Who writes the songs that we all will be singing
Who writes the books where I lay my hand out open
So to swear myself into your grace

As the blind walk the blind down the borderless highway
Who holds the chain, who bears the load
Don't you be fooled if my spirits are unbroken
I'm told in the next life my fortune is owed

I'm warned not to preach if the sermon I have written
Or stand on some soapbox I've built with my hands
For those who preach well will be bought out by some industry
That herds the golden cattle before insecure eyes