

## Grave Concern

Powderfinger

Somebody screaming that the end is nigh  
Never seen nobody with hopes so high  
Uneasy feeling creeping up on me  
Justify a weary trinity

And I can hardly contain my joy  
Let me hear just a little bit more  
Will its release ever set me free

Creepy feeling easing up on me  
And I'm covered in a shroud of mediocrity  
No entry to the place where answers lie  
It's a language unavailable to you and I

And I can hardly contain my joy  
Let me hear just a little bit more  
Will its release ever set me free  
Does it devour everything I believe  
Every fear and superstition I breed  
I can hardly contain my

Sliding now - goodbye hesitation and doubt  
Sliding down - down the hollow that swallows the rules that I follow

Is there a turnaround?  
Will the spirit rise from a corpse that's been rotten' in the ground?

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Sliding down - down the hollow that swallows the rules that I follow

Is there a turnaround?  
Will the spirit rise from a corpse that's been rotten' in the ground?