

Empty Glens

Runrig

looking out on all that's been
on all that is and all that's beyond time
I close my eyes in isolation

here's where the word was sown
all that's grown and all that's passed like ghosts
through the child to highland generations

science breaking down the door
and all the hoardes go rushing through for more
all the thrills of the world, and all her idols

here the water washed us clean
a deeper peace for all our keenest sins
washed in these clear, clear crystal fountains

now we walk in empty glens
rushes blowing in the wind
a voice that's calling you again
to come back home

where have they gone, where have they gone
gone to illusion everyone
in the darkest heart, the pride of man
will walk alone