

# 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