

# 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...