

As The Flame Burns Down

The Low Anthem

Down down down down
The wicked candle burns to the ground
Down down down down
The wicked candle burns

The body is stone
but the soul is made of cloud
And it has no home but to cry out loud
We run and we run
Try to cover lots of ground
But in the end
Down down

Down down down down
Burns the cigarette to your mouth
It felt like something coming
But it never came around
And all the while
Down down

The bottles are all empty
And the moon is still
Above the folks that sell the weapons and the folks that kill
Are you a coward or a convict?
Is it hard to tell?
Both the lonesome and the restless are sleeping well