

## Cage The Songbird

### The Low Anthem

God cage the songbird  
Before the feathers run brown  
God bar the windows  
That we may though hollow be sound

And this island shall be shackled to her waters  
Here we vow never to change  
Here we will stand at last for something  
With no desire to pretend

Send up our prayers to gilded idols  
Their names etched in heartwood of palm  
And scatter the ashes of the contracts  
Their freedom so hollow a song

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Now the street lamp will be tethered to her station  
As the poor man is tethered to the flesh  
The wise man will be tethered to his wisdom  
As the mother is tethered to her creche

Was your hunger your awareness of salvation  
As your chances go slipping to the past  
You're tortured by the changing of the seasons  
And each grain of sand in the glass

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