

## Love And Altar

### The Low Anthem

As the water finds the cracks  
Birds pick the highways clean  
Crucifix across my shoulder blades  
Got your name tattooed between

So you say the root is dry  
As you flash the old-time camera  
And hide your songs of anguish  
In dying language

Never saw no rainbow sign  
No meaning was I offered  
To love is to pay  
Lay your wealth upon the altar

So we share a couple songs  
Here in the desert hotel  
While they're tearing up the highway  
Here to Santa Bell