

Karine Polwart

"Faultlines"

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Have you ever held something
until your hands were aching?
And then let it go and watched it fall
and listened to it breaking?
I have held back time and tide
when all the world was plenty
But now my hands are open wide,
open wide and empty

For every breath that leaves me now
another comes to fill me.
And for every death that grieves me now,
the next one will surely kill me.
For those borders crumble every day,
the fault-lines are showing.
And all I thought was here to stay
slowly is going

History abandons us
and we're holding on, holding on
to nothing but dirt and dust.
We're holding on, holding on
While those borders crumble every day,
the fault-lines are showing.
And all I thought was here to stay
slowly is going.

Have you ever held something
until your hands were aching?
Then let it go and watched it fall
and listened to it breaking?

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