

Christian Kane

"Portugal"

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Hollowed and holy
Borrowed and brand
The map's not the mountain
The lay is not the land
The waters of portugal
Beloved new
The waters of anywhere
As a city blooms
All that I love will disappear
Even if I stay
So I myself am going where
My nervous blood will sway
Lost and leaving my fate
And on the twelfth day
I'll take a stand
One ghost of many
I'll raise my hand
All that I love will disappear
Even if I stay
So I myself am going where
My nervous blood will sway
Lost and leaving my fate

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