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Powderfinger "Grave Concern"

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Somebody screaming that the end is night Never seen nobody with hopes so high Uneasy feeling creeping up on me Justify a weary trinity

And I can hardly contain my joy Let me hear just a little bit more Will its release ever set me free?

Creepy feeling easing up on me And I'm covered in a shroud of mediocrity No entry to the place where answers lie It's a language unavailable to you and I

And I can hardly contain my joy Let me hear just a little bit more Will its release ever set me free?

Does it devour everything I believe? Every fear and superstition I breed I can hardly contain my

Sliding now Goodbye hesitation and doubt Sliding down Down the hollow that swallows the rules that I follow

Is there a turnaround? Will the spirit rise from a corpse that's been rotten' in the ground?

Sliding down Goodbye hesitation and doubt Sliding down Down the hollow that swallows the rules that I follow

Is there a turnaround? Will the spirit rise from a corpse that's been rotten' in the ground?

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