

Low Anthem

"The Horizon Is A Beltway"

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The horizon is a beltway that we may never cross
The tops of buildings tremble like children lorn and
Lost
The stain runs deep it's deeper than the blood upon the
Cross.
The horizon is a beltway that we may never cross.

You'll hear that distant love song when the wind blows
Right
Hear the whistle blowing put a teardrop in your eye
You hear the distant love song but widows know the lie
The horizon is a beltway, the skyline is on fire.

The skyline is on fire, the skyline is on fire
The horizon is a beltway and the skyline is on fire

You come up from the lowlands to the city on the air
Where pilgrims and commissioners curate Christian
fare
From Havisu to Brownsville feel the long unbroken
stare
I wonder what it smells like in that city on the air

You'll hear that distant love song when the wind blows
Right
Hear the whistle blowing put a teardrop in your eye
Just the same blue love song that made my Grandad
cry
The horizon is a beltway, the skyline is on fire.

The skyline is on fire, the skyline is on fire
You'll hear the distant love song, when the skyline is
On fire
The skyline is on fire, the skyline is on fire
The horizon is a beltway and the skyline is on fire

This old house stood empty now for fifteen years or
More
Willows fall half way to meet the weeds around the
door
Time throws up her curtain and we know not who we

are

The horizon is a beltway, the skyline is on fire

You'll hear that distant love song when the wind blows

Right

Hear the whistle blowing put a teardrop in your eye

Jagged as the jaw bone once the flesh expires

The horizon is a beltway the skyline is on fire

CHORUS

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