

The Low Anthem "Cage the Song"

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God cage the songbird
Before the feathers run brown
God bar the windows
That we may though hollow be sound

And this island shall be shackled to her waters
Here we vow never to change
Here we will stand at last for something
With no desire to pretend

Send up our prayers to gilded idols
Their names etched in heartwood of palm
And scatter the ashes of the contracts
Their freedom so hollow a song

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That we may though hollow be sound

Now the street lamp will be tethered to her station
As the poor man is tethered to the flesh
The wise man will be tethered to his wisdom
As the mother is tethered to her creche

Was your hunger your awareness of salvation
As your chances go slipping to the past
You're tortured by the changing of the seasons
And each grain of sand in the glass

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