

## **The Low Anthem "Champion"**

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Throw up your voice but not you mind  
While them agents of change go monopolize  
Their colors and their faces are just shades of the  
same  
All lost in the game

And we don't need no personal saviors here  
Just a warm hearth and water. It's purely biological  
No posturing mannequin man or woman  
Shall receive my hand

Among all you angels is a champion angel  
Among all you devils there's a free soul  
Up from the disenfranchised the engine cries  
Up from the circle there's a hole

The child insubordinate disrupts the pecking order  
So go marry young while you can  
'Cause the weave of the rug and the cut of the throne  
Testify before the ocean's open hand

I promise you this promise we are not alone  
But why is it I alone that promise this  
Deny the forces that would hurry men  
If you still can

CHORUS

We come now to a fracture in the road  
Here time has taken her toll  
The endless freezing and the thawing of the heart  
Would eventually divide us apart

What's that you found in the pocket of your coat  
Looks like a small sentiment that she wrote  
Don't be my personal savior I would not be saved  
I chose to walk alone

CHORUS

