

Grave Concern

Powderfinger

Somebody screaming that the end is nigh
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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