

This Syrup to Exchange

Powderfinger

It's a early rise
His teeth are furred
And cleanse with hands to hunt and hold
The sun divides
Imagined leaves
A shelter while I sleep There are many years
To cloud my mind
But no burden
It's heavy like a tipping load Early day
On a bloodied patch
Only noise and brick surround
Tradition sinks
In the soil here
As a rock is swallowed in the mud The polluted skin
Of my brittle earth
It keeps the bleeding at bay This syrup sweet
And thick to exchange me
My spirit has rearranged
Crippled, dampened, lame As it goes
The syrup fills my eyes
The days faces fade to black
And I don't feel
And I can't fight
For my home anymore
Anymore And I return to an open land
Where blood's blanket shielded me This syrup sweet and thick to exchange me
My spirit has rearranged
Crippled, dampened, lame

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