

Desolation Sounds

Gallows

At the edge of the water. At the foot of the hills.
Fogs claws at the mountain. And the passing ships.
If desolation were a sound, I've heard it
Trample the tall grass. Let distance darken my skin.
Swim in grey oceans. That end where they begin.
If desolation were a sound, I've heard it
There's hope in desolation. It's a familiar sound.
There's hope in desolation. Black boots on the pavement.
Under the midnight sun. Older than imagination.
Savage as can be. If desolation were a sound, I've heard it.
There's hope in desolation. It's a familiar sound.
There's hope in desolation.
There's hope in desolation after all. There's hope in desolation after all.
There's hope in desolation. It's a familiar sound.
There's hope in desolation. It's a familiar sound.
There's hope in desolation. It's a familiar sound.
There's hope in desolation.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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