

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 mercy after all. There's mercy 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.