

Powderfinger, Grave Concern

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?