

The Low Anthem, Charlie Darwin

Set the sails I feel the winds astirring

Toward the bright horizon set the way

Cast your wreckless dreams upon our Mayflower

Haven from the world and her decay
And who could heed the words of Charlie Darwin

Fighting for a system built to fail

Spooning water from their broken vessels

As far as I can see there is no land
Oh my god, the waters all around us

Oh my god, its all around
And who could heed the words of Charlie Darwin

The lords of war just profit from decay

And trade their childrens promise for the jingle

The way we trade our hard earned time for pay

Oh my god, the waters cold and shapeless

Oh my god, its all around

Oh my god, life is cold and formless

Oh my god, its all around
(tire line) -->