## Karine Polwart, Faultlines

Have you ever held something until you hands were aching? And then let it go and watched it fall and listened to it breaking? I have held back time and tide when all the world was plenty But now my hands are open wide, open wide and empty

For every breath that leaves me now, another comes to fill me And for every death that grieves me now, the next will surely kill me For those borders crumble every day, the faultlines are showing And all I thought was here to stay, slowly is going

History abandons us and we're holding on, holding on To nothing but dirt and dust, we're holding on, holding on While those borders crumble every day, the faultlines are showing And all I thought was here to stay slowly is going

Have you ever held something until you hands were aching? And then let it go and watched it fall and listened to it breaking?