

Karine Polwart, Faultlines

Have you ever held something until your 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

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