

Powderfinger, This Syrup To Exchange

It's a early rise
His teeth are furred
And cleanse with hands to hunt and hold
The sun divides
Imagined leaves
A shelter while I sleep

There are many years
To cloud my mind
But no burden
It's heavy like a tipping load

Early day
On a bloodied patch
Only noise and brick surround
Tradition sinks
In the soil here
As a rock is swallowed in the mud

The polluted skin
Of my brittle earth
It keeps the bleeding at bay

This syrup sweet and thick to exchange me
My spirit has rearranged
Crippled, dampened, lame

As it goes
The syrup fills my eyes
The days faces fade to black
And I don't feel
And I can't fight
For my home anymore
Anymore

And I return to an open land
Where bloods blanket shielded me

This syrup sweet and thick to exchange me
My spirit has rearranged
Crippled, dampened, lame