

## Desolation Sounds

Gallows

At the edge of the water. At the foot of the hills.  
Fogs claws at the mountain. And the passing ships.  
If desolation were a sound, I've heard it

Trample the tall grass. Let distance darken my skin.  
Swim in grey oceans. That end where they begin.  
If desolation were a sound, I've heard it

There's hope in desolation.  
It's a familiar sound.  
There's hope in desolation.

Black boots on the pavement. Under the midnight sun.  
Older than imagination. Savage as can be.  
If desolation were a sound, I've heard it

There's hope in desolation.  
It's a familiar sound.  
There's hope in desolation.

There's mercy after all. There's mercy after all.  
There's hope in desolation. It's a familiar sound.  
There's hope in desolation. It's a familiar sound.  
There's hope in desolation. It's a familiar sound.  
There's hope in desolation.