

## August

### The Lone Bellow

I carved a canyon here  
To get to the bottom of this  
To the bottom of this  
Are you still here  
To get to the bottom of this

I found the feeling  
Absolute ceiling  
Tear drops on a waterfall  
Sometimes you don't feel anything at all

When nothing I can say will still you  
A hand to hold, there is love all around you

Woke up and my mouth was dry  
Gotta get to the bottom of this  
To the bottom of this  
There's a valley growing in my mind  
To get to the bottom of this

I found the feeling  
Something to believe in  
Once I drank the river dry  
Just to hear the echo from the other side

When nothing I can say will still you  
A hand to hold, there is love all around you

Thought I'd spend four seasons in bloom  
But August came and my mind's made up  
August came and my mind's made up  
Another year spent wading in the flume  
But August came and my mind's made up  
August came and my mind's made up  
Thought I'd spend four seasons in bloom  
But August came and my mind's made up  
August came and my mind's made up  
Another year spent wading in the flume  
But August came and my mind's made up  
August came and my mind's made up

When nothing I can say will still you  
A hand to hold, there is love all around you