

# As The Flame Burns Down

## The Low Anthem

Down down down down  
The wicked candle burns to the ground  
Down down down down  
The wicked candle burns

The body is stone  
but the soul is made of cloud  
And it has no home but to cry out loud  
We run and we run  
Try to cover lots of ground  
But in the end  
Down down

Down down down down  
Burns the cigarette to your mouth  
It felt like something coming  
But it never came around  
And all the while  
Down down

The bottles are all empty  
And the moon is still  
Above the folks that sell the weapons and the folks that kill  
Are you a coward or a convict?  
Is it hard to tell?  
Both the lonesome and the restless are sleeping well