Love And Altar

The Low Anthem

As the water finds the cracks
Birds pick the highways clean
Crucifix across my shoulder blades
Got your name tattooed between

So you say the root is dry As you flash the old-time camera And hide your songs of anguish In dying language

Never saw no rainbow sign No meaning was I offered To love is to pay Lay your wealth upon the altar

So we share a couple songs Here in the desert hotel While they're tearing up the highway Here to Santa Bell