

Artist: tangarine

Title: Poem for the lowlands

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Sweet and low, the windy blow.
This land beneath the sea.
You know, I know, everybody knows,
that this land will soon be free.
From the masters of disease.
From the beggin' darlin' please!

Sweet and high, soon we'll fly.
This land above the sea.
You wont, I wont fight for freedom.
I'll let freedom fight for me.
And all man shall be free,
from the beggin' on your knee.

Sweet and still, armed by God's will.
This land beneath the sky.
You can, I can get a plain,
To a world that won't defy.
It's a thing we can't deny.
Do right or rather die.

Sweet and true, me and you.
In this land beneath the sun.
You will, I will find a place,
In the land across the done.
Where all the way's are one.
Where everything's outdone.