

## Lips in the Hills

Blue Öyster Cult

I am gripped by what I cannot tell  
Have I slipped or have I merely fell  
I feel gypped my senses telling lies  
I've been stifled by serpent's soundless cries

Up in the hills  
An apparition  
Filling me  
With superstition  
A fiery night the night that I saw,  
The night that I saw  
The night that I saw  
Lips lips  
Lips in the hills in the hills  
Lips lips  
Lips in the hills  
In the hills

I'm so flipped snared by hidden claws  
I've been t-tripped I'm crawling on all fours  
I've been stripped the insulation's gone  
Wish I'd slept to waking in the morn

Up in the sky  
Beyond the chasm  
My eyes behold  
A rare phantasm  
The godless night, the night that I saw  
The night that I saw  
The night that I saw  
Lips lips  
Lips in the hills in the hills  
Lips lips  
Lips in the hills  
In the hills

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