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 stiffed 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 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 stiffed by serpent's soundless cries Up in the hills An appariton Filling me With superstition 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