

# The Mountains Are Mine

## Mourning Beloveth

I have tasted it many nights upon my tongue the foreboding that  
worse lay in the dregs as I await some Stroke  
of Doom From a corner of this weeping earth ,my thoughts unfold  
onto this world and leave me cowering for  
refuge from torment and pain In silence I weep for lost memorie  
s so deep that I have torn all ties with the  
physical So let me build a wooden bridge to the moon and I will  
rip the heavens apart with my thoughts and my  
anguish

Linger in forgotten mountains all alone Cold beneath the moon S  
eek me and you'll find me Licking dirt from the  
ground

Mountains are mine Fountains of fine wine Never will you find F  
or they are buried in my mind In silence I weep  
My loneliness so deep For they are buried in time Realised in y  
our mind

Overwhelming anguish seeps through these veins turning my blood  
to ice,never to flow again Under innumerable  
stars in vivid brightness my mind was naked for all to pick Now  
free to roam across the jagged pieces (of  
heaven),wrapping myself round pieces (of heaven) Thoughts start  
to creep around my heart in vivid brightness,in  
vivid darkness

The cold night draws in and the children are skulking With fear  
of reprisal,but the Mountains are Mine