

Cry for Judas

The Mountain Goats

Some things you do just to see
How bad they'll make you feel
Sometimes you try to freeze time
'Til the slots are a blur of spinning wheels

But I am just a broken machine
And I do things that I don't really mean

Long black night, morning frost
I'm still here, but all is lost

Speed up to the precipice
And then slam on the brakes
Some people crash two or three times
And then learn from their mistakes

But we are the ones who don't slow down at all
And there's nobody there to catch us when we fall

Long black night, morning frost
I'm still here, but all is lost

Feel the storm every night, hope it passes by
Hallucinate a shady grove where Judas went to die

Unfurl the black velvet altar cloth
Draw a white chalk Baphomet
Mistreat your altar boys long enough
And this is what you get

Sad and angry, can't learn how to behave
Still won't know how in the darkness of the grave

Long black night, morning frost
I'm still here, but all is lost