

## 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