

For the Portuguese Goth Metal Bands

The Mountain Goats

Set the spectrum for the greyscale that's better
Favorite bold fonts in black letters
Star crossed lovers and their tragic fates
And the one Celtic Frost record
Almost everybody hates

Candlelight playing its tricks on the walls of the cave
Hauling these songs to the night from the mouth of the grave

Mark the map out for the treasure don't say where
Find the octave in the shadow and stay there
Sleep till sunset stay up late
Bleed bile all night
Into an SM58

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Finally head west but it's a dead end
Come home dead broke but still among friends
Keep what's precious drop what's not
Without a second though
There's not so many of us
But you don't know any of us
Work like a gravedigger let the blood spill
Headline really big festivals
Every other summer in Brazil

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