

## 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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