

Grendel's Mother

The Mountain Goats

The cave mouth shines.
By pure force of will
I look down on the world
From the top of this lonesome hill.
And you can run, and run some more
From here all the way to Singapore,
But I will carry you home in my teeth,

In the great hall you drink red wine.
You chew meat off the bone.
I beat down the new path to the castle.
I come naked and alone.
I laid my son on the bier; I burned the wreath.
Fire overhead, water underneath.
You can stand up, or you can run.
You and I both know what you've done,
And I will carry you home.
I will carry you home.
I will carry you home in my teeth.