

Hebrews 11:40

The Mountain Goats

Masks hanging on the tomb walls where the coven grieves
Witches hiding in the brambles, ground level down where
the dry leaves
Blow and burn slowly
No ground is ever going to hold me

Bright candles in the manor
Where the curse takes hold
Bodies reassembling down where the worms crawl
Make your own friends when the world's gone cold

It gets dark and then
I feel certain I am going to rise again
If not by faith, then by the sword
I'm going to be restored

Build fires to keep the beacon flashing where the earth
lies flat
Blood calls to blood as the hours draw down, invent my
own family if it comes to that
Hold them close, hold them near
Tell them no one's ever going to hurt them here

Steal the treasure and try to leave town
Fight my way back down
Don't want to hurt anyone
Probably going to have to before it's all done

Take to the hills, run away
I'm going to get my perfect body back someday
If not by faith, then by the sword
I'm going to be restored