

## 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