

## Outer Scorpion Squadron

### The Mountain Goats

If you really want to conjure up a ghost  
Cultivate a space for the things that hurt you most  
Rake the sands until they surface  
Bind their tiny eyes

Stake out your position, let your armor fall  
Stay put 'till they find you, it won't take long at all  
Rake the sands until they surface  
Up they come, gone translucent

They're coming up no matter what  
Fools rush in and the doors slam shut

Ghosts of my childhood, stay with me, if you will  
Find a place where there's water, hold you under 'till you're s  
till  
Rake the sands until they surface  
Don't let anybody call them ugly