

Philippians 3:20-21

The Mountain Goats

The path to the awful room that no one will sleep in
again
Was lit for one man only, gone where none can follow him
Try to look down the way he had gone
Back of the closet whose depths go on and on and on

And nice people said he was with God now
Safe in his arms
But the voices of the angels that he heard on his last
days with us
Smoke alarms

Well, the path to the palace of wisdom that the mystics
walk
Is lined with neuroleptics and electric shocks
Hope daily for healing, try not to go insane
Dance in a circle with bells on, try to make it rain

And nice people say he had gone home to God now
Safe in his arms, safe in his arms
But the voices of the angels singing to him in his last
hours with us
Smoke alarms, smoke alarms