

## 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