

The Grey King and the Silver Flame Attunement

The Mountain Goats

In the secret caverns underneath West Covina
Half desperate for peace
With the surface dwellers
But coming to no conclusions
And now we emerge
Sky grey and misty

The Grey King in his new Pontiac
Some of us warm to the effort
Trying to get our shapes back
Teeth filed down to fine points
Framework too tight
Strain at the joints

And I'm hardcore but I'm not that hardcore
I'm hardcore but I'm not that hardcore
I'm hardcore but I'm not that hardcore
I'm pretty hardcore but I'm not that hardcore

Load into the Grand AM
Doomed sailors
Born high by the waves
Wild with wonder
Leather and lace and good friends
Most of them good
Most of them friendly

The Grey King at the rail sparks flying
Three others in the car with him
Scared of dying
All eyes on the front seat
Assuming his form
Reborn in the heat

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