

## The House That Dripped Blood

## The Mountain Goats

Look beyond the broken bottles  
Past the rotting wooden stairs  
Root out the wine-dark honeyed center  
Not everyone can live like millionaires

Look through the air-thin walls  
Tear up the floorboards, strip the paint  
Go over every inch of space  
With the patience of a saint

Grab your hat  
Get your coat  
The cellar door  
Is an open throat

Look past the kitchen cabinets  
Go through the chest of drawers  
Scrutinize the casements  
Rip the varnish off the doors

Dig up the laughing photographs  
They're here somewhere or other  
Take what you can carry  
But let me tell you, brother

Still waters go stagnant  
Bodies bloat  
And the cellar door  
Is an open throat