

## The Mountain

## The Stills

We took fifteen steps  
But fifteen wrong  
Through packs of wolves  
And wild dogs  
Wait,  
We've been told to

Our house turns to rust  
And power is lost  
Your hands are clean  
But these diamonds are soft  
Wait,  
We've been told to

The hammers were quiet  
Nailing me to the wall  
I've been hanging here  
All nightlong

We've been here before  
We'll be there again  
The blood on my hands, hanging  
Over my head

The Mountain  
Catches fire and melts the snow  
Now the river  
Carries us home