

Stills, The "The Mountain"

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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

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