

A Silver Mt. Zion "Could've Moved Mountains"

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(left)

The community is sick and the community is blind,
yeah.

And it's colder than poland and the sun is not shining
here;

And we're tangled in the shit of each other's ruined
affairs;

And half of us are faking, and the other half is tired
and scared...

(right)

Please believe in labour and hope and joy;

'Cause like a little boy, i have destroyed hope and joy;

And lately i dream about angels with molotovs;

And nightly they fist me, wrists like tender trucks...

These hands could've moved mountains

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