

Goatsnake "El Coyote"

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Hear howls from the moon
Lonely souls that chill the bones
El coyote

Her moans from bellow
Choked in dust
Screaming skulls
Call their brothers

For so long these blues
Can be heard at night
For so long these blues
Are a pack of eyes

Some say like the crow
That this earth and everything
He created

El coyote cut a hole in a giants heart
And lava flowed

For so long these blues
Can be heard at night
For so long these blues
Are a pack of eyes
Pack of eyes.

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