

Motorpsycho

"Mountain"

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Allright, so maybe I dreamed it all
But the blisters on my skin they tell me different
Bad dreams-sugarcoated tabs fom hell
Drowning in the wishing well I save for you

Stone cold sweat
I bleed to death every night
Something here ain't exactly right
Someone turn the wheel before I drown
Beneath your mountain

Oh, it's so strange
Sometimes I see these things
That don't exist
Beyond my dreams...

Wake up, with nerves sprayed on the wall
There's a saint across the hall, but she's not at home
now
Empty-too full of fear to fill up
Too far gone to stop, too scared to move

Chorus

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