

Mountain Goats "Outer Scorpion Squadron"

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If you really want to conjur up a ghost
Cultivate a space for things that hurt you most
Rake the sands until they surface
Bind their tiny eyes

Stake out your position let your armor fall
Stay put till they find you it won't take long at all
Rake the sands until they surface

Up they come gone translucent

They're coming up no matter what
Fools rush in and the doors slam shut

Ghosts of my childhood stay with me, if you will
Find a place where there's water hold you under till
you're still
Rake the sands until they surface
Don't let anybody call them ugly

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