

Mountain Man

"Antarctica Is Everywhere"

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"The world is loaded, hope against hope.
Ghost-sick for a god at the end of a rope."
Hide your habits littered with rot.
They're wasting away and then falling apart.
There's Jesus-freaks that line up the town.
Ghost-sick for a god but it won't make a sound.
The emptiness that fills up the floor, soaking up the
streets of unholy blood.
"The dead are bored of lying in the dirt.
Lying on their tax-returns and turning into earth."
"Empty grows in every bed."
"Who's fucked and who's fucking? It's the old in and
out again."

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