

Mountain Man

"Home Is A Concept"

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Profit meets the promise of the holy. Will you find god
in time?

The streets are littered with blind dogs carrying the
thawing snakes.

The numb brothers lie, rusting away.

Cast away. Salt will not heal the snakes.

Swim in but stay on the war path.

Rust away. Keep warm and pray for rain.

Swim in but stay on the war path.

Silence and middle fingers.

Built by the holy leaders.

Profits that start out right turn into bottom feeders.

Days of old. Preserve that new sound.

You can't stay stuck.

Days of new. You'll miss that old sound.

It sucks your soul.

It's too bright out.

I don't know if I lost god, or he lost me.

All the fires I've started remind me of nothing.

To lose sight, that's the fast way to die.

Stay numb, stay simple.

The bones break as I'm forced to leave.

Enjoy your time. Stay moving.

The sharp cage cuts deep.

I don't know if I lost god or he lost me.

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