

Mountain Goats, The "Grendel's Mother"

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The cave mouth shines
By pure force of will
I look down on the world
From the top of this lonesome hill
And you can run, and run some more
From here all the way to singapore
But I will carry you home in my teeth

In the great hall you drink red wine
You chew meat off the bone
I beat down the new path to the castle
I come naked and alone
I laid my son on the bier, I burned the wreath
Fire overhead, water underneath
You can stand up or you can run
You and I both know what you've done
And i will carry you home
I will carry you home
I will carry you home in my teeth

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