

The Mountain (Live at SXSW)

The Stills

We took fifteen steps
But fifteen wrong
Through packs of wolves
And wild dogs
Wait,
We've been told to Our house turns to rust
And power is lost
Your hands are clean
But these diamonds are soft
Wait,
We've been told to The hammers were quiet
Nailing me to the wall
I've been hanging here
All night long We've been here before
We'll be there again
The blood on my hands, hanging
Over my head

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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