

# The Mountain

## 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

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