

# 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 nightlong  
We've been here before  
We'll be there again  
The blood on my hands, hanging  
Over my head  
The Mountain  
Catches fire and melts the snow  
Now the river  
Carries us home

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>