

The Mountain

Of Mice & Men

I took my heart in my hands,
And placed it inside the mountain,
Because I can't stand to think,
That the strongest roots won't,
Save you when the bough breaks.

I count the days on my hands,
That I've sat inside this mountain,
And watched the world decay.
Beaten by the wind, and fire, and rain.

Plagues and pestilence, they fill my head.
Trapped in the finality of every end.
When every tear shed becomes a sea,
For you to sink in...

You have the same disease,
And the contagion spreads.
The same disease as me,
The curse of empathy.

All hail the mountain.
Cold and callous.
Bastion of blood and stone.
All hail the mountain,
Alter and antidote.

You have the same disease,
And the contagion spreads.
The same disease as me,
The curse of empathy.

Have I just become a monolith,
Somewhere in between gallant and grotesque?
Well, I could never find peace in emptiness,
With these drums of war pounding in my chest.

I refuse to come down.
Leave me inside my mountain.
Leave me inside my mountain.
Leave me inside my mountain.

All hail the mountain
Alter, and antidote.