

Blood on the Valley Floor

Soundgarden

Mountains all around
Altogether we stumble
Eleven million clowns
Every one with a razor out

And the smoke lies on the valley floor
And the blood dries while we spill some more

Once we were the end
The end of the long road
Leading to the start
Of the ever-invading crowds

And the smoke lies on the valley floor
And the blood dries while we spill

Endless summer, needless space,
Fill it all up with a void

Mountains all around
Altogether we tumble down

And the smoke lies on the valley floor
And the blood dries while we spill some more