

# Eligh, The Mountain

I am the wizard of this mountain  
come to see me in stress  
and my crow he sits beside me  
when you enter you blessed  
ya announce the name out in my home  
I take my pride from my work  
one look inside your eyes I see your personality quirks  
I am the mystic of the valley  
spreading magick abroad  
reaching people far and wide  
astral projecting the stars  
cast the universal charge  
watch it light up the room  
I make believe for you for me who had the need for that home  
I take a piece of my pipe with a light to make it afternooney(?)  
take a piece of my strife burn it up by making something useful

{in the heat of the night}  
I make music with my machines  
floating across the seas with every breath I breathe  
in the heat of the daylight  
travel across the side-movement  
like a gypsie sharing the gift with passers by  
in the heat of the moment, might pick myself some grass  
where I sit and reminisce about the beautiful past  
sit back with this weed and proceed to get key  
It's just me, a melancholy wizard wanna live right like

{what do you seek my boy}

make my general contribution  
take my space with retribution  
hermit-man lifestyle I'm choosin  
stay in background set amusement  
live my life on top of mountain  
fill my sound to those who call for it  
might as well be, alcoholic  
addict, fetish to feel accomplished  
i'm the man, with staff in hand  
reaching out to foreign sands  
takin chances, makin advances  
invisibility increases ability  
I take magick use it to make motion  
unwrap the package, out comes the potion  
feel it exert the work of my devotion  
feel the works emerge like tides of ocean  
pride is the potent quotient i'll evoke when  
pens are juiced to infuse lines are soaked in  
paper is the pedestal, metal is the mind mass  
slicing sound waves, silver surfing the time wrap  
used to clack away we walk the earth  
but gandalf moves through alternate universal  
you can't spot me but you can always catch me  
wandering the valley, headed back to the mountain  
creepin through alleys, lookin for the magick cauldron  
tragic emotion takes over, now mind's frozen  
lookin for the lover of late night disposal  
take it in already but sleep-night controls you