

# Escanaba Firing Line, Moving Like Mountains

He's soaked in sweat and feels alone.  
He find, he finds something.  
He finds hes all alone.  
Methodical - exacting - uniformed.  
Three words used wise or three used words, wrong?  
Call it, call it a wake up call.  
Like a bullet through the brain or a hammer to your thoughts.  
My pornography my religion...  
The distortion of my opinion.

Am I banished or hypnotized?  
Better find something no time to find time.  
This protest is with your body...  
Seal it up inside save it till the morning.  
Sweaty little eye vampire teeth.  
Precision dirty mind, dirty thirty getting deep.  
Revolution started in your mind...  
Evolving growing old and pasted to a time.

Run around the empty noise-  
And crap to fill your head and drugs to get you high.  
Figured out all of this means nothing.  
Time to quit your job, time to get doing something.  
Violent movement and your eyes still speak.  
Condition I am grounded.  
Condition feeling weak.  
Read a book called "This is my life!"  
Got into an accident, a crash in my mind.  
Holdin' out, hold her in or or am I foldin'.  
Pull my skin back you find out I am broken.  
Better wise up this kids got some blues...  
He's blowin' all their minds and bending all the rules.

The music in his mind...  
Was most certainly.  
Much better than mine.  
These words are coming out...  
Like mountains, moving just like mountains.  
And they proved beyond a doubt.  
Your offensive souvenirs...  
Are worth having, they're worth having.  
And the subtle suicides...  
They echo through my mind.  
Fall asleep now.  
Like there's caverns in my mind.