

Mountain of mystery, rising high above the clouds  
Mountain of magic, standing tall and proud  
Your magical veins flowing silver and gold

Your cumulus cloud glows misty red  
As Apollo sets beyond your head  
Releasing the pressure built over the years  
The mountain is crying hot lava tears

Molten rock created under  
Vibrations of subterranean thunder  
Ejecting boulders like pieces of sand  
The mountain is giving birth to the land

Under your feet, you feel a rumble  
As thousands of rocks are starting to tumble  
Above the trees where the buzzard flies  
Swirling vapors begin to rise

Beneath those misty peaks you hide  
A tremendous force boiling deep inside