

Could've Moved Mountains

A Silver Mt. Zion

The community is sick
(Please believe)
And the community is blind
(In labor and hope)
Yeah
(And joy)

And it's colder than Poland
(Cause like a little boy)
And the sun is not shining
(I have destroyed)
Here
(Hope and joy)

And we're tangled in the shit
(And lately I dream about)
Of each other's ruined
(Angels with molotovs)
Affairs

Half of us are faking
(And nightly they fist me)
And the other half is tired
(Wrists like tender trucks)
And scared

And these hands could've moved mountains
These hands could've moved mountains...