

# Alabaster

## All Them Witches

I grew up in a town  
Dancin' on the alabaster  
Some days I'd burn it down  
If I could buy the gasoline

The streets are filled day in and out with little monsters  
That's life I guess and every day is Halloween

I've seen the darkness' real face  
And I've seen the preacher's real face  
I've seen the shining light rally through the alabaster  
And walk back over the mountain

I went without a mask  
Dancin' on the alabaster  
People crowded round  
They thought that it was quite obscene

How dare you show your dirty face around these streets?  
When we all stand here so polished, bright and clean

I've seen the demon's real face  
Nothin'  
I've seen the toad's real face  
I've seen the prison face  
Shining like the alabaster  
That walked over the mountain

Left out of town that day  
Dancin' on the alabaster  
Barefoot I travelled  
Barefoot I arrived  
I tore the fields down  
Down to earth and rubble plaster  
Laid my bones out  
Breathed out a sigh

I crawled through the leaves  
I crawled through the leaves

I found a place shining like the alabaster  
But I crawled through the leaves

I know the snake's real face  
I know the puppeteer's face  
I know the shining light calls me back to alabaster  
But I lost sight of the mountain  
I lost sight of the mountain

I know the darkness' face  
I know the preacher's face  
I know the demon's face  
I know the toad's real face  
I know the prisoner's face  
I know the snake's real face  
I know the puppeteer's face  
I know the profiteer's face

I know the churchyard's face  
I know the graveyard's face  
I know the president's face  
I know my father's face  
I know my father's face

Every day they look more and more like me  
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