

Lips in the Hills

Blue Öyster Cult

I am gripped by what I cannot tell
Have I slipped or have I merely fell
I feel gypped my senses telling lies
I've been stiffed by serpent's soundless cries

Up in the hills
An apparition
Filling me
With superstition
A fiery night the night that I saw,
The night that I saw
The night that I saw
Lips lips
Lips in the hills in the hills
Lips lips
Lips in the hills
In the hills

I'm so flipped snared by hidden claws
I've been t-tripped I'm crawling on all fours
I've been stripped the insulation's gone
Wish I'd slept to waking in the morn

Up in the sky
Beyond the chasm
My eyes behold
A rare phantasm
The godless night, the night that I saw
The night that I saw
The night that I saw
Lips lips
Lips in the hills in the hills
Lips lips
Lips in the hills
In the hills

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