

There is a mystic in the mountain high above the Great Salt Lake
He's dancin' in the heaven far below his golden gates
He's lookin' at our cars below
And laughin' at our rock and roll

So I found a little woman, thought that I could change her name
She had the colour of the city and the fire of the country flame
So I hid my body down below, hoping that my skin won't show

A mystic from the mountain and in the end what did you say we'd find
A promise from a pamphlet, a crucifixion on your highway sign
But I sold you for a cigarette, does it make you want to love me less

And if I don't believe. What does that mean?
And when I die alone, who will eat my soul
In the cave of God, while the angels watch
There's a manic scream, hallelujah

Babe I know I lost you, the moment you could finally see
The part of me I'd hidden, far below our leather seats
If I could make you understand the empty that I tried to fill
I'd crucify my body, leave the pieces at your mystics heels
But I sold you for a cigarette
Hope you'd sell me off for less

And if we don't agree
What does that leave
And when you die alone
I will eat your soul
In the cave of God
While the angels watch
There's a manic scream hallelujah