

Sicilian Crest

The Mountain Goats

In these times of wanting prophesy
And false witnesses up to all manner of deviltry

Drench a kitchen rag in heretic's blood
Wash the windows and prepare for the flood

Look to the west
Look to the man
Bearing the Sicilian crest

Orphans in the sky say that the time is near
Dial into the signal coming in loud and clear

Sacrificial victims out of the cage
Smiling as they're taking the stage

Look to the west
Look to the man
Bearing the Sicilian crest

Out of the blue, everything's new
All the talk we heard was true
The legends we all heard once
The whispers from the storefronts

Hope for the best
Prepare for the worst
We wait like stock-piled landmines
Ready to burst

Wait all your life to see what you see
Open up your eyes and be free

Look to the west
Look to the man
Bearing the Sicilian crest