

Glass Hillside

Grizzly Bear

Gathered together until relief arrives
Eyes on the lost sons trained in the tricks of the world
Fathers and keepers packed in that crowded room
Upcountry drifters in permanent repose
Eyes on the lost sons trained in the tricks of the world
Strung out and restless until the feast arrives
The only ride in town
Object of all desire
Our fears that make us cruel
Object of all desire
The only rise in town
Object our all desire
This frontier life
The sound of nothing
Wasting time
There is no hiding
All is forbidden, all is forgotten
The only ride in town
Object of all desire
Our fears that make us cruel
Object of all desire
The only rise in town
Object our all desire
All desire
Gather your lot gleaned from the ground
All desire
Pitiful mass crossing the ocean
All desire
One drop to cut your time in half
All desire
One drop to cut your time in half
All desire

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