

Lost Out On The Mountain Top

by Rick Lang

At the foothills of the snow covered mountains
Whose peaks rise high above the clouds
Eight brave men had set out to climb her
Not knowin' if they ever would come back

Now thirty or more had tried long before them
But none had ever reached the top
Some lost their life on the steep slopes and canyons
Now only their spirits live on

*CHORUS

And the cold wind that blows across the mountain
It howls with a chill deathly sound
Sealing their fate in a snow covered graveyard
Where now there gone but not forgot
Lost out on the mountain top

For days on end they scaled the icy headwall
High up above the timberline
Where the air's so thin it burns when you breathe it
As through the frozen snow they climbed

On a bitter cold night near the crest of the mountain
A storm rose up through the clouds
And just before dawn when the snow had subsided
They'd felt the cold hand of death

*CHORUS

When the search teams came they scoured all the hillside
But not a trace did they find
And on their report it said there were no survivors
Way up on the mountaintop

Now there's many a man who climbed up that mountain
And many a man lost their life
They say you can still hear their voices... cry out for help in the night