

## My Horses are Many

Phinehas

This is what it's like to be on fire burning through the coals  
What a way to release this fury and be consumed  
A false prophet and a terrible liar  
Trading money for souls  
Abomination of a broad horizon  
You sold them for a frail mansion  
It's nothing but dust  
Your recompense and tongue will be fed down your throat  
Oh you'd topple the pillars of a church to make yourself a god

When you speak it's a dead language  
When you speak it's a dead language  
Forfeit the grace you never  
Forfeit the grace you never preach  
The grace you never preach  
The grace you never preach  
The grace you never preach

Limb for a limb  
You'll be torn to shreds  
Eye for an eye  
You'll be torn to shreds  
Throw it down like you never want to see it again  
If this is a slippery slope you're at the bottom of the ditch  
Take advantage of the children yet you call yourself a man  
If this is a slippery slope you're at the bottom of the ditch  
Headlong  
Headlong