

Horses In The Sky

A Silver Mt. Zion

Oh my broken lamb
I worry when you cry
Baby's gonna fetch ya
Horses in the sky

Though dead hands ring the garden
And these are violent times
And violence brings more violence
And liars bring more lies

Though we was born defeated
Worried, tired and scared
And monsters build mean robots
Launching rockets into the air

And the wealth of our nations
Fed on angel blood
And our cities shot with moneyed schemes
Built on twigs and mud

And our schools look like prisons
And our prisons look like malls
And downtown's just a sick parade
Where no-one cares at all

And our hero's all died crazy
Broken, poor or shot
Let's celebrate their tragedy
And sanctify the loss

And manifest the daydream
Like those who fell before
And glorify our small attempts
And hate ourselves no more

Blow words between these sucker's teeth
And bind these panicked hands
Lose your heart like a clumsy bell
Please be well

And all I true love
Is the light
In my sister's darling eyes