

# The Horse

## A Wilhelm Scream

I am just waiting in a room  
I only sleep but half the time  
I am berating onlookers now  
Silently greeting pleasant eyes

Hello

I am just waiting in a room  
My mind will slip from time to time  
I am relaying from the roof now  
Messages bouncing from the wires

It's another day of fucking up a racehorse  
Water mains will rinse off the mud  
Burn away the mark of our maker now  
While we're alive

I am just waiting in a room  
My body lets the tale unwind  
It tells how money turns the world around  
This body welcomed its demise

It's another day of fucking up a racehorse  
Water mains will rinse off the mud  
Burn away the image, pull the blinders down  
And with hope, a sound will mean the end

Our monikers  
Are phrases uttered  
His was wakes the others  
His family is dead

They follow close to our tail  
How are we gonna save ourselves?  
They follow close to our tail  
How are we gonna save ourselves?

How are we gonna save ourselves?

Lasix, Selenium  
Thrush, rain rot, Premarin  
Dragged by the nose  
Trotted out for the motorists

Foal scours, paralysis  
Puncture site abscesses  
Sodium pentobarbitol  
Euphoriants

Glutamine, Zithromax  
Cialis, Celebrex  
No one is safe  
'Till my horse wins again

The bastard strangle of  
This hateful world  
Is a captive bolt gun

We're disposable

Why are we so angry?

Why are we so bored?

Why are we so angry?

We can't say no, not anymore

Why are we so angry?

Why are we so bored?

Why are we so angry?

We can't say no, not anymore

'Till my horse wins again