

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
Euphoriant

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