

She's pouring brown gold
Into her veins
She lost her own way
Years ago
Her sister calls her
From the dark side of the night
And she falls with that call
It's the only way out
She tells me "I love you"
But it's only a game
And she slides through the silence
Fixing her time
To slide to the darkness
Again with a smile
"Don't touch me, I'm falling"
She laughs in the night
"Don't touch me, I'll return
When the wheel comes around
Do not feel fear
Or think about me
We're all born to suffer
We're all born to fall
In a grey shaded world
That calls us to zero"
Her mother mouth slits
Her sister lies taken
She touches my body
But I crouch up to die
Down the Ramblas we're walking
In Reykjavik we're talking
The snow is moon-cold
The room freezes over
She's reading a book
She finished it years ago
She's tearing up paper
She's tearing up life
But she only starts thinking
When her blood is brown

Gold is the colour
She promised to wear
Christ's Blood turns black
His body she wears
But she dips Him in waters
Confession of faith
It's hard to believe you
When you spit in my face
I don't want to touch you
I don't want to lie
In the brown red gold slumber
You've taken to ride

I Remember I was thinking
Only of you
But you shattered me nightly
You broke all the rules
I found myself falling

And then
And then
Through the wreckage of this parched life
And the pain of the next one
I said "fucking over
All of this is shit"
But still the wind calls
"imperium"

When you rage at the Conqueror
You only rage at yourself
When you torture the Anointed
You only torture yourself
And you've listened to Piaf
But not to the Christ
So you sparkle for seconds
Then dissolve into mist
And the fog closes in
And you talk about Crowley
You think it's a game
But the game is just you
When shall you stop hiding
In the heart of your night?
When the cold darkness beckons
Where the cold tramway stops
And - Christ - I was thinking
Of your bended arm
"It is blue on the inside
It is blue on the outside"
You said, and then buckled
As if you might die
"There's no point in living!
There's no point in life!"

And sometimes I hear you
At the back of my mind
And a golden door opens
But no light appears
It closes at three
But the time is now midnight
Time all runs out
And the sands are not solid
"My foundation is solid"
You said
And you laughed
But something was brooding
Beneath your feet

And you ask about Nicholas
And beg me for Crystal
But HORSEY runs speechless
Through your wake
And your dreams
I'll build you a playground
It's surround by crosses
But you want a valley
Where HORSEY can run free
We knew it was over
When you started your lying
It's hard to keep riding
When your grip has grown slack
It's hard to keep riding
When your structure is sliding

We where listening to lions
At Fluntern with James
We where ringing the tram
To ride to the wake

But I don't believe this world
That has touched me
It's hard to keep riding
When the HORSEY is the lord
It's hard to keep riding
When the HORSEY is the lord
And it's hard to believe
When you worship dead flowers
It's hard to love people
Who struggle to stand
On the back of black wings
On the lake's shore
at midnight

Though Christ is impaled
On the Cross through His Hands
You'd make your own Gospel
And centre it on HOOVES

There's spit on the bridle
There's blood on the saddle
And you slip in the shit
You've shat in yourself
And Christus is Equus
And Equus is Lord
And His name flies with fury
And the wind cuts through Him
You follow in footsteps
Trod by another

Oh I wish I could hold you
But You're destined to fall

I was thinking of you

When the water froze over
In a foreign land
In a foreign town
You prepare to go on a journey
To pasture

Then you said "Forever"
It's a picture of nowhere
I don't have your face
Or comprehend you
A bottle is ordered
And I wait on another
And the words flow as liquid
And the pain starts to ease
Oh do not pass judgement
On those that fall
For those that first fall
Are the first that shall call you
And those that fall after
Into sadness and waste
These bodies that fall
Are red essence

Red rain
Train
Train that rides
To the heart of the dead
When you're trampled by holes
The holes come to you
I do not know what to do
When you offer me something
You said you were joking
But I felt it was true
And I don't want to lose you
I don't want to die
But you cannot take silence
When silence takes you
You cannot take life
When life's taken you
And you cannot stop turning
When you're bound on a wheel
As the wheel keeps on turning
You'll rise and then fall

Throw back to zero
To fall and then rise
As the sky fills with HORSES
That shudder and then stamp
In the bloodred pastures
Where no-one runs free
Where the monkey is nailed
To that wound in your arm
When you see monkey carry
Both chalice and spear
The HORSEY has a face
That grins and then slides
Back to the filthy stables
To be born once again
In the HORSEY monkey year
You'll be born for eternity
Reborn to keep riding
And carrying your burden

The sound of the HORSEY
The sound of silence
The act of the HORSEY
Is the trampling of life
The breath of the HORSEY
Is the breath of bad moons
The sign of the HORSEY
Is the sign of denial
The jaws of the HORSEY
Eat up the universe
The teeth of the HORSEY
Forms sewers for rivers
And the eyes of the HORSEY
Are sightless with stars
The limbs of the HORSEY
Gallop mindless
The love of the HORSEY
Masturbation eternal
Pursuit of the HORSEY
Is the fruit for the hopeless
The piss of the HORSEY
Smells of poppyred rivers
The blood of the HORSEY

Is a snake with no ending
From out of its body
And then into yours
And out of your body
And then into fields
To be ploughed back into mire
The mire of your life
Fields full of poppies
And fields full of bodies
They suck in the flowers
They fuck in the dust
Where they lie under wheels
And they lie under stones
The voice of the HORSEY
Is the sound with no meaning
Four horsemen riding
But only one HORSEY
Four horsemen riding
But only one scythe
With green vines spreading
Up to the hilt
And it's written in the mist
Unto the world
Golden triangle
Full of red windows
Red exits
Red doors
Re-entry barred
"A white medicine" he tells me
In Kathmandu
Tyre people drag bodies
Crippled for coin
sMan dKar
People die for
They give up there lives for
They spew on their own
As they spew on the others
They care for themselves
And the scum that they stable
And the scum that they stable
Is the scum they shall ride
And the scum that they ride
Is the scum that shall tumble
The scum that shall trample
Fall and destroy
Enough to keep pumping
When your fire's gone out
Over the table we fall and we fall
Slow-motion
Stuck in a discarded film
Ecce Equus
Behold the HORSEY