

## Horses And Their Kin

Marissa Nadler

Every night without the light  
Or brightly shining low  
Silver trees and darkened leaves  
Blot the sky above

As the yellow moon to the darkest night  
Turns to raging fire  
The road it bends and the darkness spins  
To voices in the choir

I dream of horses and their kin  
Against the lovely night  
I dream of sand and sky and sin  
Against the pale blue light

And everyone that feels at all  
Has got something to say  
About the way of southern ways  
Of every wild day