

The Switch and the Spur

Raconteurs

(one, two)

In the heat of the desert sun,
on the blistering trail
An appaloosa and
a wanted man sprung from jail

Slow in motion and shadow-less
The switch and the spurs
Every living thing,
with a fatal sting
Bark and rattle this curse

The rider hallucinates
The snapping hooves on the sand
Spits a venom dream, recalls a stranger scream
And a broken hand...

The saddle spotted with sweat and blood
The poison pumps through his veins
There's no stopping this,
and now he's powerless
Still holding the reigns...

Any poor souls who trespass against us
Whether it be beast or man
Will suffer the bite or be stung dead on sight
By those who inhabit this land

For there's is the power and this is the kingdom
As sure as the sun does burn
So enter this path, but heed these four words:
You shall never return...

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