

Of horses wet with melted ice
They would not heed my advice
And burdened limbs of its weight
To break and rot a whispered fate
Please doctor, please
Around me, in a bloody sea
To breach the hive and smoke the bees
You can be my friend you can be my dog
You can be my life, you can be my fog
Please doctor, please
The witches will return to their sticky tree knots
I will feel the sun, I will feel the sun
I will feel the sun coming down
I wish I had a horse's head
A tiger's heart, an apple bed