

Of Horses

Status Praesents

We are ready to take the horse by the horns,
And so it will go, on and on,
This time we took our chance to ride out
Against the morning sun.

Guns filled with dust, gloves with the holes,
And so we ride, on and on,
I wonder if I die what is it like,
To betray the morning sun.

Who will make it out of the hell,
Is that right or wrong? Who can tell?

I guess we shall drink a toast
Me and Crematory boys!

I wonder if I die what is it like,
To become a Crematory guy!