Seven Horses

The Icicle Works

Lo, the poor Indian Whose poor untutored mind Clothes him in front But leaves him bare behind

Maybe in another year The simple life we lead Could become more comfortable Or even change completely

Evangeline, your streets were washed away You'll never vent your anger We'll await with baited breath For something better than we have

Shallow dreams undone Fruitless and unsung No challenge towers so steep Seven horses deep

A festival came to my town And quickly went away Faith contains the seed Of lowly tragedy they say

One step forward, two steps back The bango jangles in the subway Some await with bated breath For something better than they have

Shallow dreams undone Fruitless and unsung No challenge towers so steep Seven horses deep