

# White Mare

Actor | Observer

Tracks mark the snow  
Not a car on the road  
Sullen moon is hanging low  
Over sleeping pastures  
Post-disaster  
What could it be  
That scared the mares and morgans  
When all seven of them  
Rushed the frozen pond

A cold quiet town  
With no witnesses around  
Haunted by that fateful night  
When all the horses drowned  
With a crack of the ice  
The fray of hooves and neighing  
The desperate plea of beasts  
Who roamed too far from home

And the hopes of a girl  
Unaware of the accident  
Dashed  
When her parents told her  
That the one they promised her  
Had fallen victim to this wicked world

Tune out the clash of broken silence  
Cover your ears to the death and the violence  
You can try to deny everything  
But they were still finding bodies well into the spring

Families rest their heads on beds made of cotton  
Stolen foundations are withered and rotten  
While we wait to be devoured by the horsemen  
Delivered to the grave in the cradle we were born in

The time of heeding warning has passed  
We looked death in the face and we laughed  
Now the ice has been breaking  
And the plague has been taking  
You better hope the next horrid flood is the last

In a clamoring world full of fear  
May the bastards breathe faster and say their prayers  
Gnawing on each other's throats  
To steal the final gasp of air