There's a half-man-half-horse that still pollutes-my-thoughts as he rides on a flame in the sky.

He calls through the centuries with neon his entries, the kids and the cats watch him fly.

Please catch that half horse as he murder my thoughts - their f ragment and frame anyway.

Half-man half horse that still pollutes my thoughts as he rides on a flame in the sky.

We're four horsemen of 2012 Catch that pony ride on time...

We're four horsemen of 212 Klaxons not centaurs.