

## Horses Breath

Rival Sons

To be greater than you think that you are  
Stronger than your skinny arms  
Cleaner than the mess that you made  
Brighter than the colors that fade  
Through toil and trade  
And the roles that you played  
But it still burns bright inside you

And the miles left on the road are slow and long  
And the end is still too far away to see  
And the hand that reaches out to comfort me  
Says it's too late, too late to turn around  
It says it's too late, too late to turn around

My faith prays to the back of the moon  
For the heroes that were taken too soon  
In a country that peaked so young  
Searching for a melody sung, by every tongue  
Through the blackened lungs  
For the comfort they provide you

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