

Frightened Horses

Space

I step and step to one side
I keep on falling, falling back in your stride
Sitting on both sides of the fence
Bitching and bitching and bitching
Losing my defences
I am walking in the footsteps of frightened, frightened horses
I am walking in the footsteps of frightened, frightened horses
I talk and I talk to the ouija board
Sometimes I rip out my vocal cords
In the blood and the stone, stone silence
Like a kamikaze butterfly
Hypnotised by violence
I am walking in the footsteps of frightened, frightened horses
I am walking in the footsteps of frightened, frightened horses
I am walking in the footsteps of frightened, frightened horses
I am walking in the footsteps of frightened, frightened horses