

A Wilhelm Scream "The Horse"

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I am just waiting in a room.
I only sleep but half the time.
I am berating onlookers now,
silently greeting pleasant eyes.

Hello.

I am just waiting in a room.
My mind will slip from time to time.
I am relaying from the roof now,
messages bouncing from the wires.

It's another day of fucking up a race horse.
Water mains will rinse off the mud.
Burn away the mark of our maker now
while we're alive.

I am just waiting in a room.
My body lets the tale unwind.
It tells how money turns the world round.
This body welcomed its demise.

It's another day of fucking up a race horse.
Water mains will rinse off the mud.
Burn away the image, pull the blinders down.
And with hope a sound will mean the end.

Our monikers are phrases uttered.
He was wakes the others.
His family is dead.

They follow close to our tail
How we gonna save ourselves?
They follow close to our tail
How we gonna save ourselves?
How we gonna save ourselves?

Lasix. Selenium. Thrush. Rain rot. Premarin.
Dragged by the nose, trotted out for the motorists.
Foal scours. Paralysis. Puncture site abscesses.
Sodium pentobarbitol. Euphorants.
Glutamine. Zithromax. Cialis. Celebrex.

No one is safe 'til my horse wins again.

The bastard strangle of
this hateful world
is a captive bolt gun.
We're disposable.

Why are we so angry?
Why are we so bored?
Why are we so angry?
We can't say no.
Not anymore.

Why are we so angry?
Why are we so bored?
Why are we so angry?
We can't say no.
Not anymore.

'Til my horse wins again.

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