

## Horse The Band

### "The Legend Of The Flower Of Woe"

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This I know, there is one who captures me,  
for an age I stared at the heart of the moon;  
rise and fall rise and fall.  
I close my eyes I wish for freedom when I open my eyes  
I found myself asleep.  
The emptiness of my eyes the memory whispers  
seductively.  
Worlds away worlds away worlds away.

Trying to forget I looked in the heart of each perfect  
star each so full of myriad wonders of their own.  
But in the night one cannot deny her,  
there can be (no) shadows without her defining light.  
My life became a dream as it sank  
into the void of the fantasy I constructed  
from her intangible attributes from which I awoke  
I had to again learn to see.

She is cold, she does not have the power to sustain my  
life, upon her I would die.  
Love non-absolute love. Love imperfect love.  
Love non-absolute love. Love imperfect love.  
An inner closeness a mutual respect the power of trust  
The thunder of laughter shared words,  
We are the same, we are so different.

I dared not look at her speak to her but I did.  
I dared not look at her speak to her but I did.

This one fear; it was like an open wound!  
Fact's a fact, man was not meant for the moon!

We are so close; the distance between us is a kiss,  
a kiss that does not exist, a soft gentle petal flying on  
the wild wings of the wind.  
A single petal from the gentle grace of the flower of  
woe.  
May we all vomit at the stench of its perfume.

