

Icicle Works "Seven Horses"

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(McNabb)

Lo, the poor Indian
Whose poor untutored mind
Clothes him in front,
But leaves him bare behind
Maybe in another year
The simple life we lead
Could become more comfortable,
Or even change completely

Evangeline, your streets were washed away
You'll never vent your anger,
We'll await with baited breath
For something better than we have

Shallow dreams undone
Fruitless and unsung
No challenge towers so steep
Seven horses deep

A festival came to my town
And quickly went away
Faith contains the seed
Of lowly tragedy they say.
One step forward, two steps back
The bango jangles in the subway
Some await with bated breath
For something better than they have

Shallow dreams undone
Fruitless and unsung
No challenge towers so steep
Seven horses deep

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