

Casey Stratton "Pretty Horses"

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Wind picking up at the sunset
I see the change in your eyes
Looking outside at these black clouds
Sensing disaster tonight

Feel the how the air is electric
Pressure is dropping so fast
I have a feeling where we're headed
Into the fates of the past

And all of your pretty horses
Warn me of the coming storm
All of your pretty horses
Feel the earthquake before I can
Bring me resolution

Thunder is rolling like a weapon
I know that we can't go back
And the stillness that speaks more than I can
See as the sky fades to black

If you wanted calm then you should have gotten out
I don't want to stay to climb through the wreckage
Nothing here is mine, what once was a home
Is simply remains
And if you wanted peace then you should have taken
these
Moments that would pass when we could stand it
I remember everything before the wash out

And pain is a weapon when you spread it
Love is a weapon when you give it
And love is a weapon when you take it
Life is a weapon when you live it

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