

The Sheila Divine "Horses"

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We are living on borrowed time
With the down fall right before our eyes
And they will capitalize
Where does safety end and oil start
The thirst for what the consumer wants
Horses bow your heads

Now that you have felt
The weight of the world
On goes the story
And the bombs are still bursting
We could let up
But it would not stop the hurting
Now that you have felt our shame
And our burden

A tragedy from every side
As we profit from the loss of life
Lets drink to the dead

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