

Works Icicle "Hollow Horse"

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Be careful what you dream of
it may come up and surprise you
I can't confess my life's a mess
I've come to idolise you
You liken it to walking on hot coals
I'll keep my boots on
Wisen up and fly straight
There's a shape on the horizon

In a hollow horse I'll steal my way
inside your guarded heart
So selfishly the needs I harbour
when we are apart
My past strung out behind me,
contradiction and disaster
I'm in search of charity,
a union I could master

We'll be as we are
When all the fools
who doubt us fade away
Fortune deep and wide
Intimidated, restless in the wait

Things I chose to value
I no longer have a use for
I ridicule myself for all the things
those symbols stood for
When vanity has played a part
in every leader's downfall
Wait to storm the gates, what's left
undone to hang around for

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When all the fools
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Fortune deep and wide
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