

Beth Jeans Houghton & The Hooves Of Destiny "Humble Digs"

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He came over, like rolling thunder and his toes
Were lightly dusting, the twisted mountains as they
groaned
And you can see him, though he always tends to hide
From the helping hand that I provide

A devil's horseman, a sweet delight beyond this town
In which we've chosen, to lay our failing bodies down
And without season, it seems our leaves are turning
brown
And I hope that he'll always be around

Together darling, we'll keep some damn good
company
For without trying, you make a seasoned fool of me
Your hands have folded, and twisted my dry-lock
design
But honest darling, I'll be fine

Come forth and I will raise
Four flags above this day
Contain the night in arms

Titans rising, and all once vitals now implodes
Above your mantel, your equine ornaments erode
Relieve this moment, say that gestures don't afford
The lacquered tip of cupid's sword

Thou shalt not daunt me, though the wounds may still
remain
You will not haunt me, or pass my sorry heart again
See me moving, hold your ground as I retreat
Your memory beneath my feet

Come forth and I will raise
Four flags above this day
Contain the night in arms

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