Blackbird Raum "Valkyrie Horsewhip Reel"

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Our master's gone; we've stole our master's horses
And stole away, running
If we return we shall be drawn and quartered
At Tyburn cross, hung
The ladies fair who ride the skies above us
Will come to swing their whips
To lash the backs of all the painted gentry who
Have burned runes black.

If I cross the river will you cross the river or drown In this desert, this empty cup we're drinking from? If we are beasts we are not beasts of burden If we are wolves then why be oxen So ride alone or ride with many others Just ride away as fast as you can

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