

## Urge Overkill

# "Henhough: The Greatest Story Ever Told"

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Smoke rises from a fire that warms the small cabin  
there  
As the young girl inside lights her man's big pipe  
And kisses him goodnight  
But he is still and stares even deeper into the red  
flames that burn in the night  
In Henhough

Around the fires of the Crow tribe the elders used to  
say:  
"The Sun Man's day ends only when her moon comes  
out to play,  
Got to meet him down in Henhough, Henhough or die"

In the valley of Doverton two orphan babies lay  
One called Wade Alaska, the other born of evil Jacob  
Blade  
Each boy was taken by a family and raised by separate  
ways  
And though Jacob lived across the mountain Wade  
knew they'd meet again  
In Henhough (Henhough)

At the age of twenty Wade took the virgin, had a forum  
made  
And built his wife a cabin in the pasture nestled by the  
bay  
While clearing his land for planting Wade returned  
home one day  
To find an open door, Hanna gone, and the haunting  
smell of Jacob Blade

So Wade set out that very night  
His horse treading through the river that lay like a  
castle moat at the foot  
of Mount Elran  
Strapped to his saddle a shotgun that wore the  
moonlight like a velvet glove

Wade looked right through the black mountain that lay  
before him  
To Henhough (Henhough)

A thirteen mountain mile trail of tears glistened off the  
bay  
Wade broke a little and knelt down and prayed for a  
way  
The next day sun on the other side at last did shine  
And there below lay Henhough, Henhough open wide  
(Henhough)

The townfolks scattered like a shotgun shell when in  
walked Wade  
The only two left standing was Hanna and Jacob Blade  
Wade seen Hanna with her painted eyes, took aim for  
Jacob's head  
A shot rang out that day in Henhough and Wade lay  
dead

He will thirst yet has no mother  
Born in the wine of faith  
Who will feed him bread and butter?  
He eats chocolate cake  
Why must man destroy his brother?  
Got to meet him down in Henhough, Henhough or die

Around the fires of the Crow tribe the elders used to  
say:  
"The Sun Man's day ends only when her moon comes  
out to play"  
In the eyes of Wade the reflection of the outlaw Jacob  
Blade  
Laid to rest that morning in the town that bore the  
name  
Henhough.

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