The Horn

Praying Mantis

I wear the wrongs of the common man
I wear the wrongs of the common man
Lying far from everyone and far from rest
Lords of song who play for kings
Will play for servants and those they meet
With joyful mastery for those who have ears
So blow the horn, the horn for common men
Not to end, fill the air

Long the rains have poured upon men
With cruel unsteady minds I am one
Leave the worried souls with fewer things
Make the evening rise through the
Trouble and the fear
Forever sounds the horn for all to hear

I wear the reins of the common man
Being led from mother's arm towards the end
Dance you fools under the sun
While laughter grows and everyone
Shares in the same thing I mean to join you
So blow the horn, the horn for common men
Not to end, fill the air

Long the rains have poured upon men
With cruel unsteady minds I am one
Leave the worried souls with fewer things
Make the evening rise through the
Trouble and the fear
Forever sounds the horn for all to hear
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