

Tops

Dead Horses

The trees are naked at the tops
last leaves are fighting for what they've got
days growing shorter and I'm still lost
I've been wishing for what I've ?lost?

ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

dreams vivid like the ?morning?
like the cold air the first night of its first snowing (?)
remember the night I lost my soul then
.....never existed what then (?)

ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

choking out the words you made them right (?)
said you heard the wind singing at night
fires of Gods almighty army
saying it's so saying it's so holy

ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

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