

Seven Horses

Icicle Works

Lo, the poor Indian
Whose poor untutored mind
Clothes him in front
But leaves him bare behind Maybe in another year
The simple life we lead
Could become more comfortable
Or even change completely Evangeline, your streets were washed away
You'll never vent your anger
We'll await with baited breath
For something better than we have Shallow dreams undone
Fruitless and unsung
No challenge towers so steep
Seven horses deep A festival came to my town
And quickly went away
Faith contains the seed
Of lowly tragedy they say One step forward, two steps back
The bango jangles in the subway
Some await with bated breath
For something better than they have Shallow dreams undone
Fruitless and unsung
No challenge towers so steep
Seven horses deep

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