

Beth Jeans Houghton & The Hooves Of Destiny,

Last night I dreamed of dodecahedrons
My eyes were bleeding with crimson sight
I tried with all my might to release them
These golden demons may they take flight

These feet repeat and bloom in season
Dancing for reason of pageant fools
A costly sight of doomed collision
One sad decision of yeilding jewels

If this berievement raises all the thoughts it's seeded
Then I surely won't be needed in the morning
And try I may but I wont ride this river
That runs by your side
For I'm aware that you'll provide no warning

We rode on a real wild accusation
A sick inflation above your brow
We'll push and pull apart this nation
For the salvation to which we bow