

The Drought

Horse Feathers

Unruly type of sun, willing to spare no one
From the plains up to the peaks
This heat's stealing faith from the weak

Amidst the burning breeze
from the ground up through the trees
I hear the birds complain about the lack of the rain

And it's not the same life
here the morning's like a knife
and the river's been bone dry
where the day is not fond of light.

Glory to the night
Shade has been hard to find
From the plains up to the peaks
This heat's stealing faith from the weak

Amidst the burning breeze
From the ground up through the trees
I hear the birds complain about the lack of the rain

It's bearing down on me
no clouds in the sky
I hear the pines crack and cry
"There's no reason to try."

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