

My Horses are Many

Phinehas

This is what it's like to be on fire burning through the coals
What a way to release this fury and be consumed
A false prophet and a terrible liar
Trading money for souls
Abomination of a broad horizon
You sold them for a frail mansion
It's nothing but dust
Your recompense and tongue will be fed down your throat
Oh you'd topple the pillars of a church to make yourself a god

When you speak it's a dead language
When you speak it's a dead language
Forfeit the grace you never
Forfeit the grace you never preach
The grace you never preach
The grace you never preach
The grace you never preach

Limb for a limb
You'll be torn to shreds
Eye for an eye
You'll be torn to shreds
Throw it down like you never want to see it again
If this is a slippery slope you're at the bottom of the ditch
Take advantage of the children yet you call yourself a man
If this is a slippery slope you're at the bottom of the ditch
Headlong
Headlong