

# Frightened Horses

Space

I step and step to one side  
I keep on falling, falling back in your stride  
Sitting on both sides of the fence  
Bitching and bitching and bitching  
Losing my defences  
I am walking in the footsteps of frightened, frightened horses  
I am walking in the footsteps of frightened, frightened horses  
I talk and I talk to the ouija board  
Sometimes I rip out my vocal cords  
In the blood and the stone, stone silence  
Like a kamikaze butterfly  
Hypnotised by violence  
I am walking in the footsteps of frightened, frightened horses  
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