

16 Horsepower, Horse Head Fiddle

I look for him in everywhere
In everywhere I found him not
Exhausted I sleep in steppe

In the dream my gray horse spoke to me
Find me neath the killing cliff
Find me neath the killing cliff

Hang my skull on the old larch tree
Carve from its wood a two string fiddle
Cover over with the skin of my face
String my hair down the neck in place

Weave together anger and grief
Bow down bow down and sing
I will return through you

Strong and gray on mountain high
He come with herd black faces wild