

# 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