

Donny Brook, Cold White Horse

A sway like a vacant sullen swingset
In the cooling breeze
On the playground of abandon
Surrounded by memories
White horse whisper blood token

The blade of age is at my throat
Cold white horse whispers empty hope
Recite blood light cold white horse is comin'
Transcend into nothing

A sway like an occupied gallow
In a faint hollow(repeat chorus)

Cold white horse is comin'(3x)