

# The Deadfly Ensemble, Horse On The Moor

And his tears mingled with the still waters of the peat bog...

I brought you something darling!

And he saw clay fingers protruding from the mud!

I love you still!

My love liked to ride,  
so I'm giving her a horse's head.

The rest is made of wood,  
but it hardly matters, 'cause she's dead!

And my love had an eye  
for cameos and feathers for lapels.

I don't have those,  
but I have a lot of pretty silver bells.

My love wore her hair  
in a darling mess of golden braids...

To help her under there,  
I'm sending down one of her maids.

And my love took her tea  
from a light-blue china service,  
and so that got buried first  
so she could calm herself in case of nervousness.