

16 Horsepower, Folklore

On from here walkin dreams awake
I think not i think not
The sky comes king blown in every direction
And of no country
I am straw

It is no mystery
I know my way from here

Iron sharpens iron
Crooked wooden and peacock black
I have your feathers
Slung across my back
I'm not the only one
To help you down the hill
My blue knuckles do as they will

It is no mystery
I know my way from here

One as precious as the other
They go with me
For today I am not a false conscience
A tyrant
Angels line my pockets dear
I walk a hutterite mile
Look at me this once
Put an eye to my step
Look and furrow
Its only misery its only ankle deep

It is no mystery
I know my way from here