

# A Northern Chorus, Horse To Stable

The coastline was on our minds,  
Rock meeting water, sand represent time.  
I saw a man by the ocean,  
He was weathered like a fire burned through him,  
Old hunger there.  
Past all the grasses and into dark,  
We saw cabins on the roadside,  
Maybe a dead writer's house,  
Climbing up and down these walls,  
We descended into bays stocked full of fog.  
And which would be the one to remember,  
As the best parts of these endeavours?  
We have to get our horse to stable,  
And saddle her so she is able,  
Been riding through the desert and canyons,  
We've seen destruction brought on by delusion