

# Cruachan, Unstabled (Steeds Of Macha)

Roaming, wandering,  
Left in fields just sauntering.  
Sold off, slept rough,  
Kept unstabled and tough.

Riding steeds that know not their fate.  
Forever forward,  
Bought and sold for pennies.

Roaming, wandering unstabled.

Unspoiled in their fantasies,  
But paled in society,  
When they take the beast,  
The fight unsung will never cease.

Polluted grasslands,  
The plains they roamed are now gone,  
Still roaming and wandering,  
Another dead horse is falling.