

Horse The Band, Pol's Voice

Its name mocks its silence, a worthless beast born to violence ears and whiskers flapping as its yellow flesh comes slapping across the rank filth of this ancient subterranean floor. its hate knows no bounds as its home knows no sounds (but the) FLAPPING-SLAPPING-SPLATTING OF ITS- YELLOW- FLESH. *i am the herald of light* I withdraw a shining glory, a single loving-end of story, the only weakness, a grace like wings, my bow sings. *UNLEASHED* and in the silver light my arrows take flight *UNLEASHED* splits pols voices head and spills its thoughts and dreams *UNLEASHED* in crimson red across this floor *UNLEASHED* a host of yellow bodies comes crashing to my feet NEAT! A HoSt oF sLapPinG Yellow BodieS cOMEs CrASHINg iN cRImsoN Piles A HoSt oF sLapPinG Yellow BodieS cOMEs CrASHINg iN cRImsoN Piles A HoSt oF sLapPinG Yellow BodieS cOMEs CrASHINg iN cRImsoN Piles A HoSt oF sLapPinG Yellow BodieS cOMEs CrASHINg iN cRImsoN Piles RUNNING AWAY RUNNING AWAY RUNNING AWAY FROM YOUR OWN VOICE RUNNING AWAY RUNNING AWAY RUNNING AWAY FROM POLS VOICE! SILENCE! SILENCE! SILENCE! SILENCE!