

TWO WHITE HORSES

Words by Doug Berger, 5/84

Two snow white horses
Gallop across the road.
Two saint-like forces,
In search of their souls.

In search of that painting.
The one on the wall.
With that eerie mystique,
And that eeriness calls.

Thumping on doors and walls
And women screaming at night.
You lie in bed,
Awaiting the flight.

You open the door to meet the caller.
With your superman powers.
But the spirits have left you
To sweat out the hours.

Creepy Light fixtures
Float by your side.
But no one believes you.
So you fly to your room-
Awaiting the contact.