

Doomriders

"The Chase"

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The chase is on through rains and snow, through forest
dense and black
Speeding through lands as yet unknown, our steeds
break their backs
The bridles bleed and the saddles burn, but so goes
the game
Our skin cracked from the bitter cold, we ride just the
same
Time is the only pain we know and we know it well
Possessed to ride forever more across this barren hell
Our legend stretches 'cross many lands and tells of
fools thought brave

We chased them down on seas of sand, we chased
them to their graves
Black horse screams with black tongue as he runs you
down
No escape from the massive weight, your face hits the
ground
You breath dirt as your body breaks and you soon will
die
Another fool has lost the race, we will forever ride

Sixteen hooves beat the ground, your ears explode
when you hear the sound

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