Elvis Crespo "Black Death On A White Horse"

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I'm not the king of anything Nor am I a god I ride like rolling thunder On a steed that's poorly shod I steal from necessity I kill with no remorse Brave men run And hide from me I'm Black Death on a white horse I take women for my pleasure And whiskey for my soul I spared the little children So my story could be told No man has ever felled me No man can change my course I strike fear into their hearts I'm Black Death on a white horse _____

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