

Riot

"The Last Of The Mohicans"

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So we waited for you to come home.
Riding high on your visions done
Touching darkness we wait by the sea.
Holding on desperately.
Far from certain you, ride the serpent and, touch the
Pillars of stone
Break the chains from the masters of game then you,
rise your sword to the throne

Save us we cry from the mountains you fly it goes over
and over again
Soon we will know when your armies they show and
they fight by our side till the end yea.

Giving answers to questions you here.
Listen closely to those that you fear.
How i wonder wherever you are.
See you coming from far
Free your eagles trough, out the city who's, wings are
battered and torn

On your crown is our bloody red gown holding, all your
anger and scorn.

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