

## Dark Moor "Chariot"

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Riding through the Earth in the chariot  
making fun of Death.  
Falling like a star in the chariot  
one last time so far.

Scattering the strength in my hand  
Regretful for the words unsaid  
But young contest me there's no place for pain  
Master mysterious reveals minds of sad

[chorus:]

Riding through the Earth  
in the chariot making fun of death  
falling like a star  
in the chariot one last time so far  
I feel liž½m a fall  
through the times crying for my soul  
I see liž½m a fall  
into darkness out of all control

Bound, forever in despair  
confusion in my glare  
the crusade for the faith and desire  
some blind obsession  
scent of eagerness  
spirits in mourning  
that the souls possess

[chorus]

[choir:]

Riding with no reins  
controlling white horses  
riding with no reins  
commanding without chains

Could be the danger  
could be certainty  
turned on the best side  
itiž½s always mighty  
seven the number  
triumph in my spirit

hunger for glory  
lightful and eerie  
will I find it all?

[choir]

[chorus]

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