

David Sylvian "Ride"

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Messages ran all over town
Words without sound condemned me
And left me for dead all over again
It wasn't the first time but this time
Things will never be the same

Ride, ride the very thought into the ground
In the church of lost and found the angels cry
Ride, ride until the darkness closes in
Until the ravaged soul begins
To reflect the open skies, ride

The chapel was burned, razed to the ground
From the darkest of clouds
Small birds tumbled like rain, time and again
You may go charging at windmills in these days
Absurdities never change

Ride, ride the very thought into the ground
In the church of the and found the angels cry
Ride, ride until the darkness closes in
Until the ravaged soul begins
To reflect the open skies, ride

In the thick of the woods
The word is taboo
In the darkest of continents
Light can deceive you

Ride, ride the very thought into the ground
In the church of the and found the angels cry
Ride, ride until the darkness closes in
Until the ravaged soul begins
To reflect the open skies

Ride, saddle up your thoughts and run to ground
In this world of lost and found the eagles fly, ride

Come and ride

