

Night Torn Mad "Behold A Pale Horse"

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Shadow bridge above your head
Traces of good times scattered there
Forget the moon cause now she's dead
The cities not to far from here

Who really knows how deep this goes
Oh from what we see
Tattered man he turns his head
This is what he says to me

They'll never find you
They never found me
The Riders yeah they know
but they won't let you see

Riders they wont let you be
Not so secret society

Riders they wont let you live
They hate your brain so cognitive

Behold a Pale Horse
And on her was death
Keep your head straight forward
Until you are dead

They never found you
They're gonna found me
The Riders yeah they know
but they won't let you see
They never found you
They never found me

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