

The Cult "A Pale Horse"

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Behold a grey horse
Death rides a pale horse
A crimson robed rider
With a whip in my hand

You in denim and leather
So louche and confused
With a wave in my hand
I'll crush your sweet skill

Yeah, you don't stand a chance

Mercy going to cut you right where you stand

Love in the shadows waiting
Hiding in the shadow waiting
Love in the shadows waiting for you
Love in the shadows waiting, waiting for you

Behold a grey horse
Death rides a pale horse
A crimson robed rider
With a whip in my hand

You should have killed me the first time
Going to live to regret it
Well, you don't stand a chance
Keep on, little hipster

Lord, have mercy
Going to cut you right where you stand

Love in the shadows waiting
Hiding in the shadow waiting
Love in the shadows waiting for you
Love in the shadows waiting, waiting for you

Love in the shadows waiting for you
Love in the shadows waiting, waiting for you

Death hides in the shadows, you got the fear
Death hides in the shadows, you got the, got the, got

the fear

Lord, have mercy
Going to cut you right where you stand

Love in the shadows waiting
Hiding in the shadow waiting
Love in the shadows waiting for you
Love in the shadows waiting, waiting for you

Love in the shadows waiting
Hiding in the shadow waiting
Love in the shadows waiting for you
Love in the shadows waiting, waiting for you

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