

The Cult "Pale Horse"

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Behold a great horse
That's why is a pale horse
All cramps and low rider
With a whip in my hand
You and then I'm a lover
Solution confused
With a wave in my hand
I'll crush your sweet soul
Yeah, you don't stand a chance.

Master, I'm gonna clutch 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
That's why is a pale horse
The cramps in low rider
With a whip in my hand
You should have killed me in the first time
Gonna live to regret it
Well, you don't stand a chance
Keep on, little hipster

Master, I'm gonna clutch 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.

Death turns in the shadows and they got to feel

Master, I'm gonna clutch 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.

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