

The Cult

"Rider In The Snow"

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Reaching for a reason, a rider in the snow
Has not far to go, has not far to go

Bomb unite the land, I call deep inside
Where no barriers hide, there's no mistake
The time of change

Blow my body, blow, the four winds in the snow
Blow my body, blow, the four winds in the snow
Blow my body, blow, the four winds in the snow

Meanwhile back in town, behind a paper frown
There's no mistake, the time of change

The stars sigh as they look down
His horse is broken now, on his knees
Gray hair tumbled down, his gray hair tumbled down

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