

## **Peter Schilling**

### **"U.S.A."**

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At the highest point I stood,  
Awaiting winters disciples  
By the time of the fullmoon  
I met the wind  
Like a coat it swep over me,  
The northern wind  
It took me where no man had been,  
To the lands of christian sin  
Over icy lands we rode  
I saw the seeds we had sown  
Through bloodred skies we marched  
Leaving our mark  
I truly rode the infernal forces,  
Now one of them was mine  
One of four secured  
The rest I'll rule in time  
A travel in ancient times,  
I rode the icewinds

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