

Ride Darkhorse, Ride

3 Inches of Blood

"He's coming! The Darkhorse is coming!"

He rides back in York
He won't leave without his axe
Across the ice, alongside the ghost
His screams are black as dark as night
The taste of blood along his lips

(We are riding, across)
(We are riding, across)

Oh... go!
You go without my body again
Dark horse, dark horse
Ride, dark horse, ride
Dark horse, ride!

Ride dark horse, ride
Ride dark horse, ride
Ride dark horse, ride
Ride dark horse, ride!

Ride dark horse, ride
Ride dark horse, ride
Ride dark horse, ride
Ride dark horse, ride
Ride dark horse, ride
Ride dark horse, ride
Ride dark horse, ride
Forever