

## 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