

# The Chariot

Dark Moor

Riding through the earth  
In the chariot making fun of death  
Falling like a star  
In the chariot form last time so far

Scattering the strength in my hand  
Regretful for the words unsaid  
But young king tells me there's no place for pain  
Master of stallions  
Will rinse my soul again

Riding through the earth  
In the chariot making fun of death  
Falling like a star  
In the chariot form last time so far  
I feel I'm a fall  
Through the times crying for my soul  
I see I'm a fall  
Into darkness out of all control

Bound, forever in despair  
Confusion in my glare  
The crusade for the faith and desire  
Some blind obsession  
Scent of eagerness  
Spirits in mourning  
That the souls possess

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Into darkness out of all control  
(Out of control)

Choir:  
Riding with no reins  
Controlling white horses  
Riding with no reins  
Commanding without chains

Could be the danger  
Could be certainty  
Turned on the best side  
It's always mighty  
Seven the number  
Triumph in my spirit  
Hunger for glory  
Lightful and eerie  
Will I find it all?

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Controlling white horses

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Commanding without chains

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Falling like a star  
In the chariot from last time so far

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