

Ghostride

Dreamtale

Closed eyes, they see
Reflections rise from the past
Faint and forced impressions
Witnessed by a few

Lullabies of grief
Sung by those who lived their tale
Come now to the olden days
And let's go under

Desperate are the ones who feel
Their voices gone from time
They are immortalized in headstones
Greeting us now on their graves
Let them speak now
Hear their say, give meaning to their lives
And then once more will
The riders saddle up
Ride with us, alive again

Drawn blades in fear of lynchers
Torches in the dark
Midwife, old and lived to serve
A witch in disguise

Sanctuary, once a home
A tomb for them all
In these grounds they roam
The restless souls, forever

Desperate are the ones who feel
Their voices gone from time
They are immortalized in headstones
Greeting us now on their graves
Let them speak now, hear their say
Give meaning to their lives
And then once more will
The riders saddle up
Ride with us, alive again

Through the sky they fly
They're searching for the light
A tomb a home
The meaning of their lives
Last time they fly
This is their last ghost ride

Hear their say, let them speak
Give meaning to their lives
Desperate are the lost ones
Who's voices are forever gone with time

See their eyes in pale moonlight
And it lights their eyes
It's time for ghost ride

Desperate are the ones who feel

Their voices gone from time
They are immortalized in headstones
Greeting us now on their graves
Let them speak now, hear their say
Give meaning to their lives
And then once more will the riders saddle up
Ride with us, alive again