

# 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