

Death Rides A Black Horse

Jon Oliva's Pain

Stand tall, answer the call,
On your way to the Sun, oh...
Hold tight, your leaving tonight,
The journey to hell has just begun.

All dead, fields of red,
You are the chosen one, oh.
It's clear, the end is near,
Better hold on to your gun.

He starts his ride...
Fires of hell,
Burn in his eyes.

Death rides a black horse,
Death rides a black horse.
Death rides a black horse,
Death rides a black horse, no...

No fear, the enemies near,
Show what you have been taught, yeah.
So clean, a killing machine,
Bet you never once had thought.

No way, it ends today,
To many lives have been bought, yeah.
Tell me what you see...

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Burn in his eyes.

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(Solo's)

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