

Death Rides A White Horse

Mark Lanegan

Cut your midnight black hair and roll you in the dirt
Just slide the needle in until it doesn't hurt
If death rides a white horse then I ain't seen him yet
And I have seen some things that I can't soon forget

When death comes creeping in
Oh he don't speak a word
The heavens they don't part
No trumpeter is heard
When death comes creeping in

Not feeling any pain
Just the rain upon my skin
As I step down off the train
Let the grinding wheel begin
See the stars without number
They shine without a name
Only God knows where I'm going
Only God can know my shame

Gonna cut your black hair
Gonna roll you in the dirt
Gonna slide the needle in until it doesn't hurt
Cut your midnight black hair

If death rides a white horse then I ain't seen him yet
If death rides a white horse