

## Riders

### Murder by Death

Horses coming over the ridge  
What a pretty sight  
I spy a palomino in the front  
But something isn't right

Slack-jawed  
Meat hanging off their bones  
Death in their eyes  
Four scraggly riders on their backs  
And only open plains  
Nowhere to hide

So let 'em ride  
Let 'em ride

Where the green runs deep  
And the river's wide  
They've crossed your threshold  
And come inside

Without permission  
Against your wishes  
Flyin' across the night sky  
It's auspicious  
Drawing down the moon

These times

So let 'em ride  
Let 'em ride