

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