

## Rider in the Snow

The Cult

Reaching for a reason  
A rider in the snow  
Has not far to go  
Has not far to go

Bomb unite the land  
I call deep inside  
Where no barriers hide  
There's no mistake  
The time of change

Blow my body, blow  
The four winds in the snow...

Meanwhile back in town  
Behind a paper frown  
There's no mistake  
The time of change  
The stars sigh as they look down  
His horse is broken now  
On his knees  
Gray hair tumbled down  
His gray hair tumbled down

Blow my body, blow  
The four winds in the snow...