

Blind Riders

The Picturebooks

Blind riders neith a labyrinth of stars
Chased by portraits of the past
The thick silence disturbed by the steps
Where barefoot soldiers pass

On worn carpets we're forced to rest
Before we travel on
Time dawns and finally sets
On mystery Babylon

Blind riders are bound to receive
While sacred hearts are meant to bleed
Just let go of what you want it to be
Grab the steel and follow me

Dreams in stone now turning to ash
Now blown from your hands
Archers aim with the arrows of fire
To burn the souls of men

Blind riders are bound to receive
The sacred hearts are meant to bleed
Just let go of what you want it to be
Oblivion is calling for me

Oblivion is calling
It calls

The flag that flies is drawn by our blood
Crimson feathers our amour
The boots filled with ghosts of the slain
Are finally reaching the harbour

Blind riders are bound to receive
Blind riders are bound to receive
Let go of what you want it to be
Pick up the steel and follow me

Blind riders are bound to receive
Blind riders are bound to receive
Let go of what you want it to be
Oblivion is calling