

Megadeth, Blessed Are The Dead

A great sign appeared
Under the stars and the moon
Sounds of galloping horses
On clouds of lightning and thunder

A dark gathering storm
To scorch the earth for many generations
A nuclear winter
Worse than any cold or holy war

A white horse on the clouds of death
A red warhorse to end all wars
A pale horse and pestilence led by a
Black horse with famine and scales

The doctrine of hatred
Nation will rise against nation
Wash me in blood and let me be
The firstborn of the dead

A crowned rider with arrows and bow
A red rider with a great firey sword
Flames come from the one called death
Horror and apocalypse follows

(RIDE!) Won't you four horsemen ride again
Before this kingdom is blown to kingdom come

I hold fast to what I believe
Till I see my name in stone

Blessed are the dead

A white horse on the clouds of death
A red warhorse to end all wars
A pale horse and pestilence led by a
Black horse with famine and scales

The synagogue of satan
Nation will rise against nation
Wash me in blood and let me be
The firstborn of the dead

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A red rider with a great firey sword
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