

Snuff, All You Need

All your dreams are back where they belong.

All your fears are up and running strong.

The riderless takes the race.

No tears of joy for sad mistakes.

Shot through to an empty soul the horse without a rider charges on.

I'll see an empty shell of a man, torn apart, laid to waste, pin the medal on half a heart.

All you need, all that you can't get, warm morning sun, a familiar silhouette,

but your dreams are slapped away, a whip crack through a rainy day.

The lightning picks on emptiness.

The horse without a rider takes the race.

The thunder races on through dawn.

The horse without a rider charges on.