

Tarot, Rider Of The Last Day

The flesh is weak, the bones are brittle, the blood is thin.
I'm a father, brother, lover to all you sisters of sin.
My soul was never sold, I gave it away for free.
No conscience worries, just me.

I'm the rider of the last day.
The rider of the last day.
Better lose your dreams on me.
They were wasted anyway.

The stars are my brothers, they're calling me to shine.
Into the deep dark cold, all this emptiness is mine.
Here's my hand, take it and I'll share it all with you.
There are no saviours but one and you know who.

I'm the rider...

Bathe in the coolness of meteor rain.
Walk unscarred through the bullet hail.
Feet in the mud, fist to the sky.
Draw strength from the lightning spitting my eye.

Lost from holiness, I couldn't care less.
Drudgery for the masses of the hopeless.
Wide-eyed hypnosis, just stare your life away.
Build in my castle from your shreds,
burn it down on judgement day.

I'm the rider...