

# David Sylvian, Ride

Messages ran all over town  
Words without sound  
Condemned me  
And left me for dead  
All over again  
It wasn't the first time, but this time  
Things will never be the same

Ride, ride the very thought into the ground  
In the church of the lost and found  
The angels cry  
Ride, ride until the darkness closes in  
Until the ravaged soul begins  
To reflect the open skies, ride

The chapel was burned  
Razed to the ground  
From the darkest of clouds  
Small birds tumbled like rain  
Time and again  
You may go charging at windmills  
In these days  
Absurdities never change

Ride, ride the very thought into the ground  
In the church of the lost and found  
The angels cry  
Ride, ride until the darkness closes in  
Until the ravaged soul begins  
To reflect the open skies, ride

In the thick of the woods  
The word is taboo  
In the darkest of continents  
Light can deceive you

Ride, saddle up your thoughts and run to ground  
In this world of lost and found  
The eagles fly, ride