

# Dead Moon, Dead In The Saddle

You used to carry the flag  
You were the soldier  
You used to head the point  
You were the older  
You used to fight for peace  
War was no stranger  
You used to walk the line  
Right into danger  
The wind cries  
Dead in the saddle

You used to hold me up  
When you were younger  
You had the coldest eyes  
They put me under  
You weren't they only one  
Who felt like crying  
You weren't the only one  
Who felt like dying  
The wind dries  
Dead in the saddle

You used to stare the night  
For distant thunder  
You used to have a look  
That made me wonder  
You held the hand of death  
When you rode into battle  
As you rode like the wind  
You could hear deaths rattle  
The wind cries  
Dead In the saddle