

# Riot, Flight Of The Warrior

Thundering down from the mountain you ride  
Clutching a sword made of steel  
The ones you call friends they all left you for dead Alone on the  
battlefield many were at your command Renegade  
souls on your command Holding each life in your hand  
Living for all and for one Shining into the night you  
are riding Through the darkness and light you are  
flying with the wind in your hair The flight of the  
warrior Drunk with revenge from winch on one can  
hide Into their midst you will run A face from the  
grave is the last thing they'll see And die with your  
name on their tongue many were at your command  
Renegade souls on the run Holding each life in your  
hand Living for all and for one Shining into the night  
you are riding Through the darkness and light you are  
flying with the wind in your hair The flight of the  
warrior Thundering down from the mountain you ride  
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