

The Cult, Rider In The Snow

Reaching for a reason
A rider in the snow
Has not far to go
Has not far to go

Bomb unite the land
I call deep inside
Where no barriers hide
There's no mistake
The time of change

Blow my body, blow
The four winds in the snow...

Meanwhile back in town
Behind a paper frown
There's no mistake
The time of change
The stars sigh as they look down
His horse is broken now
On his knees
Gray hair tumbled down
His gray hair tumbled down

Blow my body, blow
The four winds in the snow...