

# Blessed Are the Dead

## Megadeth

A great sign appeared  
Under the stars and the moon  
Sound of galloping horses  
On clouds of lightning and thunder A dark gathering storm  
To scorch the earth for many generations  
A nuclear winter  
Worse than any cold or holy war A white horse on the clouds of death  
A red warhorse to end all wars  
A pale horse and pestilence led by  
A black horse with famine and scales The doctrine of hatred  
Nation will rise against nation  
Wash me in blood and let me be  
The firstborn of the dead A crowned rider with arrows and bow  
A red rider with a great fiery sword  
Flames come from the one called death  
Horror and apocalypse follows Ride, won't you four horsemen ride again?  
Before this kingdom is blown to kingdom come  
Ride, I hold fast to what I believe till I see my name in stone  
Blessed are the dead A white horse on the clouds of death  
A red warhorse to end all wars  
A pale horse and pestilence led by  
A black horse with famine and scales The synagogue of Satan  
Nation will rise against nation  
Wash me in blood and let me be  
The firstborn of the dead A crowned rider with arrows and bow  
A red rider with a great fiery sword  
Flames come from the one called death  
Horror and apocalypse follows Ride, won't you four horsemen ride again?  
Before this kingdom is blown to kingdom come  
Ride, I hold fast to what I believe till I see my name in stone  
Blessed are the dead

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