

# Pale Horse

[John Vanderslice](#)

From the haunts of daily life  
Where is waged the daily strife  
Common wants and common cares  
Cuts the human heart with tears  
Rise like lions after a slumberin'  
In greatly unknowable numbers  
Let the tyrants pour around  
With apocalyptic sound  
On the charge of iron wheels  
And the crash of horses heels  
Rise like lions after a slumberin'  
In greatly unknowable numbers  
Free the blood that must ensue  
We are many and they are few  
From the workhouse and the prison  
Pale as corpses newly risen  
Knives are drawn now let them see  
Standing tall that say they're free  
Your strong and simple words  
Set to wound as sharpened swords  
Wide as targets let them be  
With their shade to cover me  
Rise like lions after a slumberin'  
In greatly unknowable numbers  
Free the blood that must ensue  
We are many and they are few

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