Ride Like The Wind

Saidian

A house made of cards and no time to run
Unfolding the path before me
Together with you and not making sense
And slid from my grasp, that moment in time
When everything stood to reason
The clarity gone, I wait for my fate
Black clouds gathering
Wind, carry the word of my fate
Ride, ride like the wind

It's fanning my flame, too bright to be real
It's burning my eyes to ashes
I'm one with the steel, too bright to be real
Black clouds gathering
Wind, carry the word of my fate
Ride, ride like the wind

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