

# A Pale Horse

## The Cult

Behold a grey horse  
Death rides a pale horse  
A crimson robed rider  
With a whip in my hand  
You in denim and leather  
So louche and confused  
With a wave in my hand  
I'll crush your sweet skill  
Yeah, you don't stand a chance  
Mercy going to cut you right where you stand  
Love in the shadows waiting  
Hiding in the shadow waiting  
Love in the shadows waiting for you  
Love in the shadows waiting, waiting for you  
Behold a grey horse  
Death rides a pale horse  
A crimson robed rider  
With a whip in my hand  
You should have killed me the first time  
Going to live to regret it  
Well, you don't stand a chance

Keep on, little hipster  
Lord, have mercy  
Going to cut you right where you stand  
Love in the shadows waiting  
Hiding in the shadow waiting  
Love in the shadows waiting for you  
Love in the shadows waiting, waiting for you  
Love in the shadows waiting for you  
Love in the shadows waiting, waiting for you  
Death hides in the shadows, you got the fear  
Death hides in the shadows, you got the, got the, got the fear  
Lord, have mercy  
Going to cut you right where you stand  
Love in the shadows waiting  
Hiding in the shadow waiting  
Love in the shadows waiting for you  
Love in the shadows waiting, waiting for you

Love in the shadows waiting  
Hiding in the shadow waiting  
Love in the shadows waiting for you  
Love in the shadows waiting, waiting for you

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