

Ride

David Sylvian

Messages ran all over town
Words without sound
Condemned me
And left me for dead
All over again
It wasn't the first time, but this time
Things will never be the same
Ride, ride the very thought into the ground
In the church of the lost and found
The angels cry
Ride, ride until the darkness closes in
Until the ravaged soul begins
To reflect the open skies, ride
The chapel was burned
Razed to the ground
From the darkest of clouds
Small birds tumbled like rain
Time and again
You may go charging at windmills
In these days
Absurdities never change
Ride, ride the very thought into the ground
In the church of the lost and found
The angels cry
Ride, ride until the darkness closes in
Until the ravaged soul begins
To reflect the open skies, ride
In the thick of the woods
The word is taboo
In the darkest of continents
Light can deceive you
Ride, saddle up your thoughts and run to ground
In this world of lost and found
The eagles fly, ride