

I will rise now  
And go about the city  
In the street's broadways I seek  
Him whom my soul loveth

Went over the sea  
What did I find  
A thousand crystal towers  
A hundred emerald cities  
And the hand of the watchman  
In the night sky  
Points to my beloved  
A knight in crystal armour

And I tried to hold him  
I tried for the creed  
I'll make a suit of colours  
To stop the blinding mirrors  
Sew a cape of red and gold  
Stifled up the beam  
With the perfect armour  
With a perfect dream

To be made of glass  
When two suns are shining  
The battle becomes blinding  
To be made of glass  
But we ride tonight, tonight, tonight, we ride

And with two suns spinning  
At two different speeds  
Was born a hot, white diamond  
Burning through the rainbow  
Flames fell into orbit  
To hold eternally  
Two heavenly spirits  
That just wouldn't seem

To be made of glass  
When two suns are shining  
The battle becomes blinding  
To be made of glass  
But we ride tonight, tonight, tonight, we ride