

Blessed Are the Dead

Megadeth

A great sign appeared
Under the stars and the moon
Sound of galloping horses
On clouds of lightning and thunder

A dark gathering storm
To scorch the earth for many generations
A nuclear winter
Worse than any cold or holy war

A white horse on the clouds of death
A red warhorse to end all wars
A pale horse and pestilence led by
A black horse with famine and scales

The doctrine of hatred
Nation will rise against nation
Wash me in blood and let me be
The firstborn of the dead

A crowned rider with arrows and bow
A red rider with a great fiery sword
Flames come from the one called death
Horror and apocalypse follows

Ride, won't you four horsemen ride again?
Before this kingdom is blown to kingdom come
Ride, I hold fast to what I believe till I see my name in stone
Blessed are the dead

A white horse on the clouds of death
A red warhorse to end all wars
A pale horse and pestilence led by
A black horse with famine and scales

The synagogue of Satan
Nation will rise against nation
Wash me in blood and let me be
The firstborn of the dead

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