

i come carrying a bunch of dread things
every last one likes to mumble and sing
i've got a chisel buried deep inside a rock
one or two sheep have run away from the flock
it's still light out let's shoot down the sun and then
i will show you all the things the past dragged in

blue light blue flame blue spark
trying for survival
it's known my name from the start
from the moment of arrival
flood memories tearing me apart
train rhythm of a dark blue heart

me and you equals three not two
cause of the uninvited guest in blue
right from the drop, why try to fight?
listen to the ghost rider blowing "dark night"
burning hands have got hold of my guts again
i'll keep talking try to hold the embers in

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