

## Death Rides A White Horse

Mark Lanegan

Cut your midnight black hair and roll you in the dirt  
Just slide the needle in until it doesn't hurt  
If death rides a white horse then I ain't seen him yet  
And I have seen some things that I can't soon forget

When death comes creeping in  
Oh he don't speak a word  
The heavens they don't part  
No trumpeter is heard  
When death comes creeping in

Not feeling any pain  
Just the rain upon my skin  
As I step down off the train  
Let the grinding wheel begin  
See the stars without number  
They shine without a name  
Only God knows where I'm going  
Only God can know my shame

Gonna cut your black hair  
Gonna roll you in the dirt  
Gonna slide the needle in until it doesn't hurt  
Cut your midnight black hair

If death rides a white horse then I ain't seen him yet  
If death rides a white horse