

Night Rider

Pagan Altar

Standing high on a pillar of stone,
Persephone stands all alone.
A figure unravaged by time,
Waiting for midnight to chime.

Her Hair flows caressed by a gentle breeze,
A rustling like the wind in the trees.
Her arms slowly point to the sky,
It's time for Persephone to fly.
Night Rider, casting her mystical spell,
Night Rider delivering you into your Hell

Streaming miles of flowing shrouds,
Mingling in with the clouds.
Riding the moons silken beams,
Delivering out all your dreams.
Night Rider, casting her mystical spell,
Night Rider, delivering you into your hell.