

Sleepy Hollow

Pyramaze

What, what's the price Ichabod

The price for your systematic denial of the underworld
You see what you want to see, hear what you want to hear
Slumbering behind your walls of false reality
With your life of man made rules still intact
But what happens when you get confronted?
With the shadows of the realm below
Will you loose your head?

No

I will not believe it
I will not accept this
I will not be fooled
It's man made murder

There's no such thing as ghosts
It was the fog at most
Townsmen are lying
But I'll look in further

Now, speak the truth
What's your secret
Who's to blame for this murder

What is it I see
My eyes must be deceiving me - deceiving me
One swing another kill
His blade struck deep and I will
Go mad if I don't look away

'Cause the horseman arose from the dead
To serve the witch who took off his head
And the witch holds him chained to her spell
Makes him kill for her purpose as well
And the evil has been given a name
The demon is riding again

I must unleash the secret
I must face my fears
I must clear my mind
And find his grave

Now, who pulls the strings
Who stole his head
I'm sure he kills in someone's name

The tracks lead back to someone
With unholy powers undone
Evil flowing through their veins
Many heads are taken now
They're all connected somehow
One benefits from wicked things,
From wicked things

'Cause the horseman arose from the dead

To serve the witch who took off his head
But she held on to his soul to long
And the evil must now be undone
I reveal you witch now you've cast your last spell
He knows who you are you'll join him on his way to hell