

# 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