David Sylvian, Ride

Messages ran all over town
Words without sound
Condemned me
And left me for dead
All over again
It wasn't the first time, but this time
Things will never be the same

Ride, ride the very thought into the ground In the church of the lost and found The angels cry Ride, ride until the darkness closes in Until the ravaged soul begins To reflect the open skies, ride

The chapel was burned
Razed to the ground
From the darkest of clouds
Small birds tumbled like rain
Time and again
You may go charging at windmills
In these days
Absurdities never change

Ride, ride the very thought into the ground In the church of the lost and found The angels cry Ride, ride until the darkness closes in Until the ravaged soul begins To reflect the open skies, ride

In the thick of the woods
The word is taboo
In the darkest of continents
Light can deceive you

Ride, saddle up your thoughts and run to ground In this world of lost and found The eagles fly, ride