

# Ride, Silver

Who said 'time heals all wounds'  
I think it was me before I met you  
Your silver chains have slit my wrists  
When I fell in love, I never asked for this

All this time, and I still can't see  
How your poisoned mind still poisons me  
The silver chains around your neck  
Cut my throat, when you turned your back

I've tried so hard to keep control  
But the thought of you keeps tearing at my soul  
I've tried so hard to keep control  
But the thought of you keeps tearing at my soul