

## THE LEGEND OF ...

A misty fog shadowed the ground  
on a humid August night.  
And a full Virginian moon  
touched an owl in flight.

2

I was tripping over tree roots,  
moon hidden by massive trees;  
I tried to quicken my pace  
when swept by a chilling breeze.

3

I could hear a horse clopping,  
coming fast along the trail.  
I dove into the bushes,  
I could hear the rider wail.

4

I peered out as it rode by,  
I choked, my throat became lead:  
a white horse and a black rider  
Who had a pumpkin for a head!

5

He stopped and looked around,  
he seemed to know I was there.  
He approached me slowly.  
I smelt sweat in the air.

6

I decided I had to run  
the other way on the path.  
See the wind stop, the moon fall,  
at a headless horseman's laugh.

7

He started charging after me,  
next five minutes harrowing;  
through wicked, tangled trees,  
gap between us narrowing.

8

Lungs kept pumping, heart kept beating,  
sheer fright running in my mind;  
the spirit or whatever  
I can hear not far behind.

9

He jumped when he caught up to me,  
I thought he grabbed for my hat.  
I felt him pull at my neck.

Can't remember after that...

If you ever take a midnight walk  
through my forest of the dead,  
I'm warning you now: look out,  
CAUSE I'M GONNA GET YOUR HEAD!