

I knelt at the sink,
Like a priest or a prince
Maybe I'm to be a king
And they're waiting for me at Westminster

And the walls are paper thin
I hear the neighbor's arguing
Could you lower your voice?
I would sail my unborn daughter (maybe)

We didn't stage a passion play
Didn't change our given names
Or waltz to our bed
Or need to make a sense

But I see your skin, paler now
Than the host in your mouth
Where the truth never seems to be

Now the burning branch never speaks to me
It whispers like

I don't wanna be your vessel any more
I don't wanna be your vessel any more
These are my words, this is my mouth
I don't wanna be your vessel now

And I may not see the future
But I see its lonely architect
At the door of my house
I don't wanna be your vessel any more
I don't wanna be a vessel of your doubt

Truly I never dreamt
Of all the dumb accoutrement
I would want for myself
For the shelf

I laid it all at your feet
On your neck and your cheek
But the burning branch wouldn't speak to me

I don't wanna be your vessel any more
I don't wanna be your vessel any more
These are my rules, this is my house
I don't wanna be your vessel now

And I may not see the future
But I see its lonely architect
At the foot of my bed
I don't wanna be your vessel any more
Didn't wanna be your vessel anyway