

I found the binding of the yoke  
That connects us here, in this herd of hope  
Escort me to your kingdom come  
From the gallows' hold, and the things we've done  
You stole so much, so much at times  
Just being bad, like the books we read  
The helplessness that you played upon  
Was just tenderness, to disarm  
She ushered in love, but it drove you mad  
Not to have everything of your envisioning  
She wandered in on the peace you lacked  
Yeah and you're losing still, that life you could've had  
Tell that story one more time for me  
Of the baited fields just for the taking dear  
Where you heard the hunter's call  
But your discipline kept you from the fall  
But oh, to hold that tenderness in these grubby hands  
I'd shoot anything  
And you laughed at me, but you know I'm right  
So why do you claim the strength to put up a fight  
And you hold your nightmares close from view  
The horses going wild, under a breaking moon  
There's no way the bridle ever fits the bride  
Yeah, and the weight of it, that's why we're here