

Yoke

Oxbow

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

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