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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