

# 16 Horsepower, Golden Rope

fire is the color of my true love's hair  
near to the father sits his golden chair  
by prayer and petition to the king on his left  
light is the burden that i bear  
o so enchanting are these  
lovely chains that bind you  
'neath their deadly weight  
the lord's eye did find you  
with fear and tremblin'  
before the one with your wounds  
your eyes as empty as my savior tomb  
warm is the breath of his holy spirit  
he who has ears to hear let 'm hear it  
torn were the hands of the worthy lamb  
may you know his name and fear it  
there you are hangin' by the golden rope  
there you lie no hope