Ben Nichols, Toadvine

I rode myself into the ground
But hell, it's almost over now
I don't see nothing but the light
Darkness filled my days
The rising sun has shown the way
And I don't see nothing but the light
A preacher's lesson, simply armageddon
The devil, he knows how to write
Killer of men, no way to save them
Hey now we all have to die
You wouldn't think that out here
A man could simply run clear
Out of country, but oh my, oh my
Oh my, oh my, nothing but the light
They took my ears in Omaha
I thought me dead but I weren't at all
And I left them bleeding in the mud
They ran in me for horse thievery
Between my eyes for all to see
And I left them bleeding in the mud

When this wall was made
It was never meant to save everyone in kind
I don't believe God much had me, had me much in mind
You wouldn't think that out here
A man could simply run clear
Out of country, but oh my, oh my
Oh my, oh my, there's nothing but the light
So tell the barkeep, "What is there to drink?"
Just a minimal risk of blindness or death
It all taste of ashes, seems that's always what we get
It's all they have to give
You wouldn't think that out here
A man could simply run clear
Out of country, but oh my, oh my
Oh my, oh my,
Nothing but the light