

Vigilantes Of Love, Glory And The Dream

only heard a few stories
really only seen a few works
tractor paints on plywood
covered with verse

you see so much
see not much at all
but we're treading down serpents
and we're breaking the fall

if a picture's worth a thousand words
what i've seen is what i've heard
the image writhes flickers on the screen
distance grows wide between the glory and the dream

you may be out there on the river
with your bridges all burned
cannot swim a stroke
'cause you never learn never learn

sure some wear it like a badge
or a noose around their neck
but call me home early Lord
i swear there's nothing to protect