

16 Horsepower "Golden Rope"

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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

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