

# The Brotherhood Of Dae Han "Haymaker"

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This horse needs water  
His legs grow tired  
But will he drink and drown this forty acre fire  
These games we play, we cannot pay  
We'll spend forever till this wagon finds it's way  
I want, to find the answers  
To the question, that plague our minds  
I've lost, my direction  
Should we settle down for awhile  
Holes in our pockets  
And this fools gold in our hands  
Search for a glimmer but they do not understand  
Now you don't know who I am  
No you don't know who I am  
We could lose it all  
We could lose it all  
So paint a picture  
Of landscape brown  
We keep on searching but no green to be found  
This westering, is festering, on our resolve  
Yeah it is ripping at the seams  
Unlock the weapons  
Women and children  
There's wolves at the door  
They've come, for our possessions  
Leave them bleeding on the floor  
Holes in our pockets  
And this fools gold in our hands  
Search for a glimmer but they do not understand  
Now you don't know who I am  
No you don't know who I am  
This match won't light  
These wings won't fly  
This dusty road leaves rusty souls who sleep with the  
forgotten  
This will not be our fate  
Our eyes stay wide awake  
We can start our lives  
On the other side

[repeat]

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