

Gathered together until relief arrives  
Eyes on the lost sons trained in the tricks of the world  
Fathers and keepers packed in that crowded room

Upcountry drifters in permanent repose  
Eyes on the lost sons trained in the tricks of the world  
Strung out and restless until the feast arrives

The only ride in town  
Object of all desire  
Our fears that make us cruel  
Object of all desire  
The only rise in town  
Object our all desire

This frontier life  
The sound of nothing  
Wasting time  
There is no hiding  
All is forbidden, all is forgotten

The only ride in town  
Object of all desire  
Our fears that make us cruel  
Object of all desire  
The only rise in town  
Object our all desire

All desire  
Gather your lot gleaned from the ground  
All desire  
Pitiful mass crossing the ocean  
All desire  
One drop to cut your time in half  
All desire  
One drop to cut your time in half  
All desire