

Eight towers of iron
Surround the desert town
On a cold December morning
Seven martyrs knocked them down
Six fathers still waiting
For their six sons to come home
Five mothers who know better
And accept that they're gone
Four years I've been hunted
Still I breathe free
Three times I shot the sheriff
And did not spare the deputy
Two prayers I'm praying
Until we're together
One promise I'm keeping
Tonight and forever

I'll never turn
I'll never bend
I'm with you now
Until the end