

I knelt at the sink,  
Like a priest or a prince  
Maybe I'm to be a king  
And they're waiting for me at Westminster

And the walls are paper thin  
I hear the neighbor's arguing  
Could you lower your voice?  
I would sail my unborn daughter (maybe)

We didn't stage a passion play  
Didn't change our given names  
Or waltz to our bed  
Or need to make a sense

But I see your skin, paler now  
Than the host in your mouth  
Where the truth never seems to be

Now the burning branch never speaks to me  
It whispers like

I don't wanna be your vessel any more  
I don't wanna be your vessel any more  
These are my words, this is my mouth  
I don't wanna be your vessel now

And I may not see the future  
But I see its lonely architect  
At the door of my house  
I don't wanna be your vessel any more  
I don't wanna be a vessel of your doubt

Truly I never dreamt  
Of all the dumb accoutrement  
I would want for myself  
For the shelf

I laid it all at your feet  
On your neck and your cheek  
But the burning branch wouldn't speak to me

I don't wanna be your vessel any more  
I don't wanna be your vessel any more  
These are my rules, this is my house  
I don't wanna be your vessel now

And I may not see the future  
But I see its lonely architect  
At the foot of my bed  
I don't wanna be your vessel any more  
Didn't wanna be your vessel anyway