

## A Dream Too Late

### "Rangers"

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The paths have been crossed  
The crumbs are gone and the way  
And the way is lost  
Melancholy phantoms eye our skins  
Poisoned apples falling with the wind  
Hear the sigh of the trees  
Those who enter here never leave

And the rangers stream  
Out of their cabins  
They are the hunters,  
We are the rabbits  
But maybe we don't want to be found  
Maybe we don't want to be found

Further in and on we go  
Sightless creatures tugging at our clothes  
Cutting through the twilight, sword in hand  
Strangers once, united against the land  
At the sound of the bells  
They're pulling paper lanterns from their shelves

And the rangers stream  
Out of their cabins  
They are the hunters,  
We are the rabbits  
And maybe we don't want to be found  
Maybe we don't want you tracking us down

The rangers stream  
Out of their cabins  
Raising their muskets,  
Flashing their badges  
But maybe we don't want to be found  
Maybe we don't want to be found

Let's keep hiding, all quiet-like  
They'll keep seeking but they won't find us  
Let's keep living our quiet lives  
You and I  
You and I

And the rangers stream  
Out of their cabins  
They are the hunters,  
We are the rabbits  
And maybe we don't want to be found  
Maybe we don't want you tracking us down

The rangers stream  
Out of their cabins  
Raising their muskets,  
Flashing their badges  
But maybe we don't want to be found  
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