

Light This City "Hunt"

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A transparent heart can't hide it's blackest wish.
Even blood, pounding deceit, only makes your motives clearer.

Your scheme to conceal the desire may be wise,
But I can still see lust hidden in your famished eyes.

Now that you've she'd your skin,
You suppose it's time to feed?
Well, I won't be your submissive prey;
I've tamed my share of beasts.

Now that you've she'd your skin,
Don't assume it's time to feed.
Suspicion is the blood
That lingers on the meat.

A transparent heart can't hide it's blackest wish.
Even blood, pounding deceit, only makes your motives clearer.

Your scheme to conceal the desire may be wise,
But I can still see lust hidden in your famished eyes.

Love is often gilded with a glaze of deceitful bliss to
hide the darkness underneath.

It's not what it seems.
It's not what it appears to be.
Suspicion is the blood
That lingers on the meat.[x2]

The more you devour, the more you crave the taste of
the life you profess to care for.

You will remain a slave to your own satisfaction
Until you drain the starvation from your eyes and see
that I, too, know how to kill.
I will fucking kill.

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