

The Dear Hunter

"In Cauda Venenum"

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We're biting our tongues
An apparition Awoken with an urge to own and Occupy.
(Who ever said this was easy?)
A majesty's massacre floods the fields of red,
Blood to your body naturally rushes the blood to your
head.
(to your head)

And now With our heads aligned, These arms move
tonight.
And we cry. We can not allow this, This is terrible.
With ideals we're idle as they lust for more.
If we settle the score.
We've never been so excited to see you before.

In the cradle we're helpless, but on our feet we
are fatal. How we evolve and grow into
twisted beasts with desire for disorder.

Oh! What a terrible,
terrible game we play
Replacing a pawn for a body
and the players; politicians
who say what they need to say.

Now with hands aligned, arms move
tonight. Here with abrasive eyes, pain in
plain sight.

And we cry. We can not allow this, This is terrible.
With ideals we're idle as they lust for more.
When we settle the score.
We've never been so excited to see you before.

Oh, when i think about your Eyes
oh, when i think about your Smile
oh, when i Dream about your Eyes

Traveled all this way just to find love

