

The Dear Hunter

"Son"

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We lay aligned
And move to disguise
With a soul below
Only the eyes above
Slowly and silently
Slip away

Sleep now in the soil
The dust in the debris
A stolen smoke ascends
Leaving the shell to atrophy
Meet with the earth
As the sober spirit sings

Leave, leave it behind
This truth is arming you
Leave, leave it behind
Set out and start anew
Your life hereafter
Will cure all your troubles
And recast a history

Turn and walk away

And what of the father?
Will he analyze?
And what about the mother?
Will she discover the truth behind this life we're living?

Now everything we ever had is here for us.
Now everything we ever had is here for us.

Don't worry about the father.
You'll take care of him.
And as for the mother,
She always loved her son
And you look like him.

