

## **The Dear Hunter**

# **"The Oracles On The Delphi Express"**

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Stick with us, throw your morals out the door  
You aren't in the land of the river and the lake no more  
Makeshift schemes, we've got plenty here for you  
Lock away your dreams and throw away the key

You've been stuck in the middle of patience and  
animosity  
With a lust for solidity, and a cryptic history your lucks  
running thin

Crimson hands, brandish words which masquerade  
If you flee from grace your souls can not be saved  
This scene shifts, exits illustrate the flood  
Don't be ashamed of your unlawful flaw  
When the bombs go off you'll know right where you are

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