

The Dear Hunter "The Procession"

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The blood...
How it paints such a scene
Foul routine pedigree
Mouth agape, stuttered hands attempt to flail
And finally agree
Her hearts ceases it's rhythm
Somewhere trumpets decay
In the front by the well wishing wishes that deny the
stale smell in the hay
There, no one cry
Place these over her eyes
We are broke and alone
We are broken alone
(Chorus)
She's inanimate
Bloodless elegance
Fatal fascination breeds a bloom of misery
Helpless hiding tongues
Bathed in revulsion
Her lies unfinished
Beauty wilting premature
But we can't be too sure
No we can't be too sure
Reserved, always playing the part
Of the boy left alone
He proceeds to the road
Beyond the home he'd learn to call his own
(Chorus)
One life for another
(Chorus)

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