

The Dear Hunter "Vital Vessals Vindicate"

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Salt in the sky in the sweet summer air while
mammoths depart
Abandon despair with thirsty affairs of the heart
But the chances of escaping my heart are inadequate,
and when all is said and done I'm left with my history

Goodbye, my eyes shed heavy tears
One for every soul still sitting on the fence between
pain and arrogance

Ebb to the left flow to the right
The exit's unflawed
The boys on the train
The almighty tongue with prose spilled in vain

Goodbye, my eyes shed heavy tears
One for every soul still sitting on the fence between
pain and arrogance

We fall beneath the sea of dreams and fail to breathe
until we awaken again

Sing softly sing me to the lake
Sing softly bring me to the lake
Through all of this I've felt just the same
The flame is gone the fire remains

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