

# The Killing Tree

## "Prelude To Pain"

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The voices carry still  
Across these dull great plains  
Growing louder everyday

Sinking back to habits dying hard  
Your arms are so familiar

Cover my ears, but still you call my name  
I will follow you (deeper into this night)  
These wounds that time won't heal  
Fester with hate  
So pick the scab and turn the page

Until the lion learns to write,  
The hunter will be glorified  
Flip the switch  
Flip the switch  
Flip the switch  
Flip the switch

And here I sit on the outside  
Helpless just watching, watching you die

Eight dollar haircut (fuck you)

Those 3 words are my leash  
That I cannot untie  
Dragging me deeper into this night  
So dim the lights, tighten the noose  
I've lost myself in you

And I won't settle for anything less  
Not one if us immune

Flip the switch [x12]

Until the lion learns to write,  
The hunter will be glorified

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