

Dear Hunter, The "1878"

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We got away, we got away and survived.
Stunned by the shock and fearing what's behind.
Everything you thought you lived and died for,
Every reason leading you to here.
All of the sounds have trickled past your introspective
ear,
In an attempt to discover what's behind.

Branches twisting, reaching for the sky
Hands extending, waiting for this

Fell in another hole
For the knife, for the knife
Loss of control
For the knife, for the knife
I'm in another hole
For the knife, for the knife
Bleed myself dry
Save my life' Save my life'.

Fell in another hole
For the knife, for the knife
Loss of control
For the knife, for the knife

Hands inflected clearly point my way,
Stunned by the sight and fearing what exists,
Everything you thought you lived and died for,
Every reason leading you to here,
All of the sounds have trickled past your introspective
ear,
In an attempt to discover what's behind'

Fell in another hole
For the knife, for the knife
Loss of control
For the knife, for the knife
I'm in another hole
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Bleed myself dry
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