

## Dear Hunter, The "City Escape"

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Please, what happened to the flame?  
(It burned down the sides)  
With a fondness for cooking history, revealing  
thoughts of Ms Terri.  
In the heat of the night,  
a woman wealthy of a parous plight erased a harlots  
life.

Plagued by practical and a mercenary lust they tear at  
her at her skin  
(The trouble began, it would never end)

Clawing at her throat with a smell of desperate and a  
lack of regret  
(The trouble began, it would never end)

Free, pardoned by the flame.  
(That burned down the sides)  
Her feet began to bleed between the seams,  
but she persisted to the streets.

In the heat of the night,  
the river rendered the chance she surely needs to stay  
alive.

Plagued by practical and a mercenary lust they tear at  
her at her skin  
(The trouble began, it would never end)

Clawing at her throat with a smell of desperate and a  
lack of regret  
(The trouble began, it would never end)

Oh, but her breath escapes her.  
Oh, but the pulse remains.  
Oh, but her breath escapes her.  
Oh, but her pulse remains.

Places, People, the stage is set  
(X2)

Plagued by practical and a mercenary lust they tear at  
her at her skin  
(The trouble began, it would never end)

Clawing at her throat with a smell of desperate and a  
lack of regret  
(The trouble began, it would never end)  
(X2)

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