

## Dear Hunter, The "In Cauda Venenum"

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We're biting our tongues  
(Biding our time)  
An apparition awoken with an urge to own and occupy  
"Who ever said this was easy?"  
A majesty's massacre floods the fields of red  
Blood to your body naturally rushes the blood to your  
head

And now with hands aligned, these arms move tonight  
And we cry "we can not allow this, this is terrible."  
With ideals we're idle as they lust for more  
Oh if we settle the score  
We've never been so excited to see you before

In the cradle we are helpless  
But on our feet we are fatal  
How we evolve and grow into  
Twisted beasts with a desire for disorder  
Oh what a terrible game we play  
Replacing the pawn for a body  
And the players? Politicians  
Who say what they need to say

Now with hands aligned, arms move tonight  
Here with abrasive eyes, pain in plain sight  
And we cry "we can not allow this, this is terrible."  
With ideals we're idle as they lust for more  
But oh if we settle the score  
We've never been so excited to see you be...

Oh, when I think about your eyes  
Oh, when I think about your smile  
Oh, when I dream about your eyes/lies  
Travel all this way just to find love

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