

Dear Hunter, The "Life And Death"

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When we dance, it looks just like fire
When we sing, it sounds the same tone
We all have hearts
We all have homes
But when we die, we die alone

Oh, what a mess
As everything descends
Oh, what a mess
But everything amends

Searching was so long ago
We always tried, but failed
And now with new-found consciousness
We stand and wait
Waiting to die

Oh, what a mess
As everything descends
Oh, what a mess
But everything amends

One of these days you will learn to love again
One of these days he will learn to love again
One of these days he will learn to love again
One of these days he will learn to love again

One of these days he will learn to love again
One of these days he will learn to love again
One of these days he will learn to love again
One of these days he will learn to love...

When we dance, it looks just like fire
When we sing, it sounds the same tone
We all have hearts
We all have homes
But when we die, we die alone
When we die, we die...

