

## Dear Hunter, The "The Inquiry Of Ms. Terri"

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A hope removed, a life resumed right here.  
And the Priest and the Rosary,  
the buck and the bond between me and me has long  
since broken.  
A boy who's grown, too short to see, a table unfolds, to  
chagrin.  
A life once lived behind closed doors, the irony of the  
imprecate hold?

Such taste feel it ripping me down.  
A reprise, two times, that time, burn it to the ground.

The euchre of mystery, the expiry of misery, the table  
turns,  
the sun long, the river bed, and he's alone.  
The object of affection, conflicted by convictions of  
indecenty,  
sorority, corrupted by impropriety.

The cavalier, she holds of him, in dissonance with  
experience,  
a boy who grows, with knife in hand, to fend for her,  
becomes a man.  
But she plays fake affection, and carefully lacks  
subjection,  
to a gentleman processed twisted desires.

Such taste feel it ripping me down. A reprise, two  
times, that time,  
burn it to the ground.

We dance around the room, my love I'll carry you,  
and I'll teach you how to  
(I can't understand the last part of this sentence).  
We dance around the truth, my dear I lie for you, but  
when I lie down,  
I'm simply lying to them too

