

Fine Frenzy, A "Rangers"

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The paths have been crossed
The crumbs are gone and the way and the way is lost
Melancholy phantoms eye our skins
Poisoned apples falling with the wind

Hear the sigh of the trees
Those who enter here never leave

And the rangers stream out of their cabins
They are the hunters
We are the rabbits
But maybe we don't want to be found
Maybe we don't want to be found

Further in and on we go
Sightless creatures tugging at our clothes
Cutting through the twilight, sword in hand
Strangers once united against the land

At the sound of the bells
They're pulling paper lanterns from their shelves

The rangers stream out of their cabins
They are the hunters and we are the rabbits
And maybe we don't want to be found
Maybe we don't want you tracking us down

The rangers stream out of their cabins
Raising their muskets, flashing their badges
But maybe we don't want to be found
Maybe we don't want to be found

Let's keep hiding, all quiet like
They'll keep seeking
But they won't find us
Let's keep living our quiet lives
You and I
You and I

And the ranger stream out of their cabins
They are the hunters, we are the rabbits

And maybe we don't want to be found
Maybe we don't want you tracking us down

The rangers stream out of their cabins
Raising their muskets, flashing their badges
But maybe we don't want to be found
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