

## Became

## Atmosphere

It's no surprise I overslept  
Put my boots on and climbed out my tent  
I didn't see you  
Assumed you were sleeping  
Immediately started a fire 'cause it's freezing  
I can't believe we went camping in the cold  
I'm in the wilderness standing in some snow  
A late start but we can still catch up  
You need to wake up  
We should eat and pack up

That's when I noticed your footprints  
The snow's fresh and those have been put since  
What you are already up? Making the rounds?  
So where you at now? You laid back down?  
The breeze came and stalled out the frame  
While I went to your tent and called out your name  
You didn't answer so I opened up the flap  
It's just an empty sleeping bag and your backpack  
I'm looking at your tracks and you  
Took a couple laps round the campground and hoofed down the path  
I figure you'll return no concern  
I'm hold put and try to make this cold wood burn  
The wind is blowing strong then it's rolling on  
It's going on at least a half an hour you been gone  
It ain't right, start the paranoia  
I left the campsite to go search for ya

I read the trail your feet made  
Each step was deliberately placed  
It looks like you know where it leads  
But I see nothing but leafless, frozen trees

About a quarter mile into the course  
And another set of tracks appeared next to yours  
From the north it came out of the thick woods  
And those footprints belong to a big wolf

Trying to find service on my cellphone  
I felt aight with my knife on my belt though  
I hope the wolf is intimidated by you  
I wondered if you even knew it was behind you

Stalking ya, maybe watching ya  
Waiting for the opportunity to hop on top of ya  
Salivating wanting to take you to the stomach  
In the cartoons you would of turned into a drumstick  
And it gets about as bad as it goes  
'Cause I noticed there's a new set of tracks in the snow  
I understood  
It doesn't look good  
Your fan club doubled now you got another wolf

And the odds are in favor of the home team  
Why'd you walk off all alone? Where you going?  
It ain't the right time to complain but  
It feels like I'm trying to find your remains

Your footprints grew further apart  
I knew what that meant and it was hurting my heart  
It means you started to run so I did the same  
Now my breath's looking like a steam engine train

Suddenly your tracks dip off of the path  
And so did theirs so my knife I grabbed  
In to the forest, expect the worst  
Adrenaline burst disturbed the nerves

Fifty yards into the woods and brush  
It got so thick that it looked like dusk  
The air stood serene, sober  
Seemed like a good fifteen degrees colder  
And I'll admit hell yeah I felt fear  
The sound of my heartbeat was all I could hear  
Looking at the snow it was plain and clear  
There was a third set of wolf prints where yours disappeared

I can't process I don't follow  
It'd be easier to believe that you were swallowed  
But no sign of death, no sign of struggle  
No signs of blood no signs of trouble  
And the wolves never stopped  
The tracks kept going and I took off  
So I don't know how your story ends  
But I know I'll never go into those woods again

It's not that tragic it's not a shame  
You're not the hunted you're not the aim  
You're just another dog with hunger pains  
I was so afraid that you become the game

I forgot to worry about what you became  
You're not the hunted you're not the aim  
You're just another dog with hunger pains  
I was so afraid that you'd become the game

It's not that tragic it's not a shame  
You're not the hunted you're not the aim  
You're just another dog with hunger pains  
I was so afraid that you become the game  
I forgot to worry about what you became