

The Hunt

Diorama

A summer sky of clouds, rushing homewards
A requiem for youth, distant humming
I cannot show up yet, start without me
I don't like the idea, gaining contours - here

...

I started out with hope, drunk with passion
Ending up in smoke, frantic absent
The picture of a pale, wanted poster
Xeroxed from the chase, posted nowhere

Choose your weapon, choose your company
Choose your weapon, choose your company
Line up with the hunters
You can, line up with the hunters
You can't, trap me in the system
You can't, trap me in the system
You can, line up with the hunters
You can, line up with the hunters
You can't, trap me in the system
You can't, trap me in the system
You can't,

An autumn creeping out, of its ambush
Bragging 'bout its skills, as protector
Although I am aware, of the recoil
I swallow the idea, just to make it - disappear

Choose your weapon, choose your company
Choose your weapon, choose your company
Line up with the hunters
You can, line up with the hunters
You can't, trap me in the system
You can't, trap me in the system
You can, strike off my admission
You can, strike off my admission
You can't, do anything about it
You can't, do anything about it
You can't,

I'm still running ...
Wrapped in daydreams ...
Darting sideways ...
Through the ditches ...

Line up with the hunters
You can, line up with the hunters
You can't, trap me in the system
You can't, trap me in the system
You can, strike off my admission
You can, strike off my admission
You can't, do anything about it
You can't, do anything about it
You can't