

The Archer

Lower Definition

bring me you and a side of comfort,
it's starting to rain, I'm washed away,
with seas of the splinters I'm called out to arms,
handle your weapons and see to the farm

the people watching as my shots burn the sky

he hides his fate behind his eyes,
the prisoners coming a knot that I've tied,
a man speaks his mind with the pieces of clover,
and stuck in his side is a piece of my ember

stand still for the archer boy
and don't (?) him,
stand still for the archer boy
and I'm dying to get it free,
and now see to the alamo
with the arrows in my sleeves,
I'm picking my targets spread out on the trees

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