

A Night on the Town

The Dear Hunter

I've been misplaced in so many ways
Broken battlegrounds, hiding veils of delicate deceit
Yet here I breathe
Teeth still gleam from holy water
While millions of lambs migrate to the slaughter
My head in a bag and my hands are bound to my feet
And voices sing:

"Were we erased like common thieves?
Tossed in a cell to feast with the fleas
All because we never had written a word."

What will I see, tonight in these eyes
And what will I know when the morning comes?
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Must we remind of exchanges existing so long ago?
Would we arrive at agreeable musings
Sentimental or just confusing
We lost what we had but we took it back
Friends in the gutter, enjoy one another
Just give yourself to the dust and the dirt where you stand

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And what will I know when the morning comes?
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I'm not who you think I am
And even if I thought you'd known
I never would have told you so
And more alarming
I would have done the very same
Would have stole more than your name
Would have cursed and bought the world on your shoulders
I was in the wrong place
At the right time

And what's the worst I'd see
By giving myself to the earth below me
Not knowing how far I'd fall, by casting away the ordinary
Just how long can I stay in illusions formed here long before me?
And how long can I breathe this stolen breath here underneath?

There's that subtle smile that did me in
She moves...
An agony reminds where I've been
She breathes
"I'd never let this happen again."

Where's your heart?
Mimicking the patriarch

She's naive...