

Echo

The Dear Hunter

Swaying back and forth,
Drunk looking for more,
Pressing my tongue to my teeth,
No sound!

Skin begin to crawl,
Stomach start to fall,
Feeling my lungs quicken pace,
And blood begin to run.

Echo an a name in the night,
Bodies alone, battle cry.
Are we in love or did we cross the line.
Maybe we're passing time, one on one,
One on one.

Echo an a name in the night,
Bodies alone, battle cry.
Are we in love or did we cross the line.
Maybe we're passing time, one on one,
One on one.