

Four Amigos

The Dear Hunter

Little linguistics befall this spirit's swarms in search of son
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Wild battlegrounds of syntax, stacked detractors
Planting seeds that both sides could be wrong

And so, etched are their ways within their bones
Hard to perceive, but changing
Steadfast and standing in the way
Daylight could never penetrate

Just when I thought I could conceive a bridge between
Is that smoke in the air, and heat below my feet?

You've deceived the arsonist in me
So misguided, I don't know how you see that, but I know

Man, it's so hard to get a read sometimes
On how to tell who you're gonna believe
But it shouldn't be up to you to have to read so fine
Between the lines just to uncover some ideal reality

Age after age we decay or atrophy
Into shapes we had sworn to supersede
Drag the anchor until it tears itself apart
Or sink the whole damn ship, trying to steer it in the dark

Oh no, man, it's so hard to get a read sometimes
On how to tell who you're gonna believe
But it shouldn't be up to you to read between the lines
Just to keep your sanity

So take it slow, man
Cause we're really running out of time

Age after age we decay or atrophy
Into shapes we had sworn to supersede
Drag the anchor until it tears itself apart
Or sink the whole damn ship, trying to steer it in the dark