

## Four Amigos

### The Dear Hunter

Little linguistics befall this spirit's swarms in search of son  
g  
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 supercede  
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