

Life And Death

The Dear Hunter

When we dance it looks just like fire.
When we sing it sounds the same tone.
We all have hearts, We all have homes.
But when we die, We die, Alone.

Oh What a mess, as everything Descends
Oh what a mess, But everything amends

Such it was, so long ago.
We always tired but failed.
And now with new found consciousness.
(wasted and waiting)
(waiting to die)

Oh What a mess, As everything Descends.
Oh what a mess, But everything Amends.

One of these days he will learn to love again. 6 times
One of these days you will learn to love again.
One of these days you will learn.

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When we die. We die