

Lost But Not All Gone

The Dear Hunter

Somewhere I was lost.
Off but not all gone.
Gave me
Nothing of God.

Come here mister, take in no love,
Even if it canvases so.
When the blind eye never liked
What the wide eye never sees.

Here I lie
The same I fell at first.
Give me anything but apathy or love and curse.
Waiting for my soul
To wake and come alive again.

Can I not torment this
With a canon of assisted duress.

Here I lie
The same I fell at first.
Give me anything but apathy or love and curse.
Waiting for my soul to stir
And wake, rejoice, and come alive again.

Here I go
The same I fell at first.
Give me anything but apathy or love and curse.
Waiting for my soul
To wake and come alive again.