

Middle Ground

The Dear Hunter

I've been called to testify
A hired gun who could abandon,
All these fools who tried to sermonize,
That my misery is measured, scored with a system,
A cold and callous case of a calculated lie,
but in place of pain or praise,

Just leave me to the same mistakes,
I've always made, and I'll always make.
I don't want love, but I don't need hate,
Just a simple middle of the road to keep my bearings straight.

I screamed on my soapbox,
For the martyr of hurt
And I slaved for years just to be heard,
Above the mess of masses, and droning tones
But I concede reality is different than I'd hoped.

Leave me to the same mistakes,
I've always made, I'll always make.
I don't want love, but I don't need hate,
Just a simple middle of the road to keep me on the true and narrow.
No noise, I'm better poised to keep my bearings straight.

I don't care, if you believe me,
I'm still here, but not completely,
Lost myself inside myself again.
I don't care, if you believe me,
I'm still here, but not completely,
Lost myself inside myself again.

Leave me to the same mistakes,
I've always made, I'll always make.
And I don't want love, but I don't need hate,
Just a simple middle of the road to keep me on the true and narrow.
No noise, I'm better poised to keep my bearings straight.