

# Old Demons

The Dear Hunter

Apathy  
Was a game I never played

Cause agony  
Is a feeling I've been steeped in slow

Swapping all my smiles for a scowl  
And sheltering my shortcomings from every prying eye

But I'm letting the old demons out  
Bringing down the walls around  
All the denial and the doubt

I won't be satisfied, till the sacrings faces fate

Making a mockery of mythology and tried traditions

For I was blind now I can see  
Every obstacle, through soliloquy  
Clears it's path in front of me

But I'm letting the old demons out  
Bringing down the walls around  
All the denial and the doubt

And if I suddenly sink  
Into a cowardly drink  
To drown out the swarm  
Of the hive minded bees

Strike the spirits from my rigid lips and pull me out  
The tide all tumbling in

But I'm letting the old demons  
Bringing down the walls around  
All the denial and the doubt  
Every painful plea aloud

Kicking the old demons out  
Bringing down the walls around  
All the denial and the doubt.