

## The Old Haunt

## The Dear Hunter

Hints of a higher hand lost on the somme  
Past deeds would never lead the mischief to a christening and  
Gears twist and grind away spur to speed  
While echoed silhouettes deliver to an early dream  
Held out of love but gripped to tight  
A breath left hanging in the air

You want to leave your home  
But you don't want to lose control  
And there's far too many ways to die  
Far too many ways to die  
You want to keep your soul  
Above the ocean floor  
But there's far too many waves to try  
Far too many ways to die

Take a tip from me I swear I've seen it all before  
The fear of what could be  
Will keep you from wanting more  
Held out of love  
But gripped too tight  
Left up, hung In the air

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And there's far too many ways to die  
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Never could we keep these things from happening  
Never found a way to keep the love in me  
Took too long to speak, and never stop to breathe, to breathe

We read the risks hand in hand  
A ruined rest but now we wake up  
We cut our teeth on foreign plans  
Then cursed the air, but now we wake up  
Wake up...