

The Procession

The Dear Hunter

The blood
How it paints such a scene
Foul routine pedigree
Mouth agape, stuttered hands attempt to flail
And finally agree
Her heart ceases its rhythm
Somewhere trumpets decay
In the front by the well wishing wishes that deny the stale smell in
the bay
There, no one cry
Place these over her eyes
We are broke and alone
We are broken alone

She's inanimate
Bloodless elegance
Fatal fascination breeds a bloom of misery
Helpless hiding tongues
Bathed in revulsion
Her lies unfinished
Beauty wilting premature
But we can't be too sure
No you can't be too sure

Reserved, always playing the part
Of the boy left alone
He proceeds to the road
Beyond the home he'd learn to call his own

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Helpless hiding tongues
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Her lies unfinished
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But we can't be too sure
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One life for another

She's inanimate
Bloodless elegance
Fatal fascination breeds a bloom of misery
Helpless hiding tongues
Bathed in revulsion
Her lies unfinished
Beauty wilting premature
But we can't be too sure
You can't be too sure