

## This Body

The Dear Hunter

I'm struggling on strange extremities  
To run after a light that keeps on dimming  
But these bones will only brittle and decay  
While the space between my body and my mind keeps caving in  
Oh my god.

This body's not a temple, it's a prison, yeah  
And every wall inside here is on fire, yeah.

I've been stirred by something wretched, something weary  
But the sentiment is starting to seduce  
Oh my god.

This body's not a temple, it's a prison, yeah  
And every wall inside here is on fire, yeah  
But I can't say that I mind my body burning, yeah  
Cause this body's not a temple it's a prison, yeah.

Somewhere I went wrong and gave into this holy terrible mess in  
an attempt to do what I thought was right.

This body's not a temple, it's a prison, yeah  
This body's not a temple, it's a prison, yeah.

This body's not a temple, it's a prison  
This body's not a temple, it's a prison  
Your body's not a temple, it's a prison  
This body's not a temple, it's a prison.