

This Vicious Place

The Dear Hunter

Words without regret
And meanings lost in dialect
And loveless prose cried out instead
And saying what we wish we could have said

And how we both were moved
To this vicious place we never knew
I would give it all away for one last chance to speak to you
Lover

Still a silence grows like a child of passionless pedigree all
alone
Our wounds still resonate
From echoing voices too painful to sustain

And how we both were moved
To this vicious place we never knew
Can I give it all away for one last chance to speak to you
Lover