

We've Got A Score To Settle

The Dear Hunter

Calm down, you wont gain any ground, if you're shaking
from head to toe.

And if you wake up, you'd be weary to lie, 'Cause
discerning eyes will know.

Your words carry the weight of the world and they're
waiting for that shoe to drop,
So you sit down, you give in and they get up and they
yelled!

Someone's got blood on their hands!
Someone's got blood on their hands!

Oh, stone cold glare and a crooked grin,
You know exactly what we're saying, when we say!

Someone's got blood on their hands!
Someone's got blood on their hands!

Forget about truth and consequence,
We've got a way to deal with this.

If you're good maybe they'll be light on you,
As long as you dance just like they want you to,
Just shelter that look in your eyes, and think about
staying alive,
So you sit down, you give in and when they get up and
they yelled!

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