The Hunt

Kieran Fahy

as the foxes hunt
all the chickens start to run
next thing I know
my neck no longer has a frontall the wars are made
I won't sleep until my grave
I am young but I am brave
and I'm not your slaveI will swear to you now that I'm not what they say
I have a sickness in my head that won't go away
and by the time the bugs eat their way out of my skull
will you still say I love you?
will you still want my soul?as the lions hunt
all the zebras start to run
but I refuse to become
somebody else's lunchcause all the wars are made
I won't sleep until my grave
I am young but I am brave
and I'm not your slaveI will swear to you now that I'm not what they say
I have a sickness in my head that won't go away
and by the time the bugs eat their way out of my skull
will you still say I love you?
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