

Writing On A Wall

The Dear Hunter

Come away young man
Where the ground is red, and you need a mask to breath
Oh, it's been so hard
But your luck could change if you'd just roll up your sleeves
We had tried our best to warn before, but it didn't get you far
Now we're here again, with a wish to mend, your agonizing scar
Open eyes young man, vigilantly hands and a
heart prepared for pain
You will lose much more in this vicious war
past and present stay the same
But the time to come can be altered some if you listen to our song
Do we sing in vain?
Does the fact remain
There is nothing to be done?

Songwriters

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