

The Oracles On The Delphi Express (Acoustic)

The Dear Hunter

Stick with us, throw your morals out the door.

You aren't in the land of the river or the lake no more.

Makeshift schemes. We've got plenty here for you.

Lock away your dreams and throw away the key. You've been stuck in the middle of patience and animosity.
With a lust for solidity, and a cryptic history, your luck's running thin. Crimson hands brandish wounds which
masquerade, and if you flee from grace your souls can not be saved.

Big steam ships; exits illustrate the flaw.

Don't be ashamed of your amore faux pas, and when the bombs go off you'll know right where you are. You've
been stuck in the middle of patience and animosity.

With a lust for solidity, and a cryptic history, your luck's running thin.

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With a lust for solidity, and a cryptic history, your luck's running thin.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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