

In Cauda Venenum

The Dear Hunter

We're biting our tongue. Biding our time.
An apparition; awoken with an urge to own and occupy Who ever said this was easy? A majesty's massacre
floods the fields of red.
Blood on your body naturally rushes the blood to your head. And now with our hands in line, arms move
tonight. And we cry "we can not allow this," "This is terrible."
With ideals we're idle as they lust for more.
But oh, if we settle the score...
We've never been so excited to see you before.
In the cradle we're helpless, but on our feet we are fatal.
How we evolve and grow into
twisted beasts with desire for disorder. Oh! What a terrible, terrible game we play.
Replacing a pawn for a body, and the players?
Politicians who say what they need to say. Now, with hands aligned, arms move tonight.
Here with abrasive eyes, pain in plain sight. And we cry "we can not allow this," "This is terrible."
With ideals we're idle as they lust for more.
But oh, if we settle the score...
We've never been so excited to see you before.
Oh, when I think about your eyes...
Oh, when I think about your smile...
Oh, when I dream about your lies... Traveled all this way just to find love.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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