

Writing On A Wall

The Dear Hunter

Come away young man, where the ground is red, and you need a mask to breath.
Oh, its 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?"

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