The Chase

Timbis

Tori:
Out there are hunters
Anabelle:
Let's say predators
Tori:
I have weapons
That could destroy them
Anabelle:
You must out-create
It's the only way
I am the hunter
And the hunted
Joined together
Tori:
You create duality
Anabelle:
And neutrality
I must leave you
With the Fire muse
Show her the riddle
It is serious
If you lose
Out there
Tori:
I'll be the hare
Anabelle:
Then I'm the greyhound

Chasing after you
Tori:
Then I will change my frequency
To a fish that thinks
Anabelle:
Then you will find yourself
In the paws
Of the otter
Near her jaws
Tori:
Then I'll grow my wings

As a flying thing
Anabelle:
Flying thing, you be warned
I'm the falcon
Tori:
Watch me change
Into a grain of corn
Anabelle:
A grain of corn
Hear the alarm
In your head
I'm the hen
Black and red
And you're in my barn
They would have won
Use your head or you'll be dead

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