

City Escape

The Dear Hunter

Please, what happened to the flame? (It burned down the sides)
With a fondness for cooking history, revealing thoughts of Ms Terri.

In the heat of the night, (But why?)
a woman wealthy of a parous plight erased a harlots life. Plagued by practical, and a mercenary lust, they tear at
her at her skin.

The trouble began, but it never end. Clawing at her throat with a smell of desperate, and a lack of regret.

The trouble began, but it never end. Free, pardoned by the flame. (It burned down the sides)

Her feet began to bleed between the seams,
but she persisted to the streets.

In the heat of the night, (But why?)
the River rendered the chance she surely needs to stay alive. Plagued by practical, and a mercenary lust, they tear
at her at her skin.

The trouble began, but it never end. Clawing at her throat with a smell of desperate, and a lack of regret.

The trouble began, but it never end. Oh, but her breath escapes her.

Oh, but the pulse remains.

Oh, but her breath escapes her.

Oh, but her pulse remains. Places, People, the stage is set.

Places, People, the stage is set. Plagued by practical, and a mercenary lust, they tear at her at her skin.

The trouble began, but it never end.

Clawing at her throat with a smell of desperate, and a lack of regret.

The trouble began, but it never end.

Clawing at her throat with a smell of desperate, and a lack of regret.

The trouble began, but it never end.

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

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