

# Deer

## The Pack A.D.

Half a year and here you are again.  
I go out in public if nobody ever runs.  
I stay home and drink alone and hope that bottle speaks.  
    Like you, like us, like me.  
    Half a year again now it's a whole.  
    February stationary from you on the wall.  
    And I stay home and plead the throne,  
    To speak to speak to me to me to me.  
    Hasn't said a single thing.  
    Probably too busy with your work.  
Or am I just excusing you for leaving me alone?  
    There's nothing in these wooden doors,  
  
    To bring you back to keep me bored .  
    I don't know what to do with me no more.  
    Deer everyone I ever really knew,  
I acted like an asshole so I could keep my edge on you.  
    Ended up abusing even those I thought I knew,  
    Now show the kingdom with the one movement now.  
    It's time to move.  
    Deer everybody that has paid to see my band,  
    Still confusing,  
    Never understand.  
I acted like an asshole so my albums were never burned.  
    I'm hungry, now the scraps are dirty dirt.  
    I'm hungry, now the scraps are dirty dirt.

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