

# The Hunt

A.J.R.

as the foxes hunt  
all the chickens start to run  
next thing I know  
my neck no longer has a front all the wars are made  
I won't sleep until my grave  
I am young but I am brave  
and I'm not your slave I will swear to you now that I'm not what they say  
I have a sickness in my head that won't go away  
and by the time the bugs eat their way out of my skull  
will you still say I love you?  
will you still want my soul? as the lions hunt  
all the zebras start to run  
but I refuse to become  
somebody else's lunch cause all the wars are made  
I won't sleep until my grave  
I am young but I am brave  
and I'm not your slave I will swear to you now that I'm not what they say  
I have a sickness in my head that won't go away  
and by the time the bugs eat their way out of my skull  
will you still say I love you?  
will you still want my soul?

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