

But There's Wolves?

The Dear Hunter

Wide smiles bearing teeth,
Can't fake what's underneath,
'Cause I don't want to waste any time.

You've got crooked speak,
Broke words from suffering,
But I don't mean to make any lies.

I'm not waiting, no, not waiting here!
Ankles bound to cinders watch them burn!

You've got rare appeal,
With conscience atrophied,
'Cause you don't need to waste any time.

But I'm not the kind to wait,
Modeled to instigate,
But always end up towing the line.

I'm not waiting, no, not waiting here!
Ankles bound to cinders watch them burn!

In just a moment we can let it all decay,
Or we could just step right on into the sun.
Don't shutter, own it or you'll find out any moment,
That you lost it all before it's begun!