

# Lost But Not All Gone

The Dear Hunter

Somewhere I was lost.  
Off but not all gone.  
Gave me  
Nothing of God.

Come here mister, take in no love,  
Even if it canvases so.  
When the blind eye never liked  
What the wide eye never sees.

Here I lie  
The same I fell at first.  
Give me anything but apathy or love and curse.  
Waiting for my soul  
To wake and come alive again.

Can I not torment this  
With a canon of assisted duress.

Here I lie  
The same I fell at first.  
Give me anything but apathy or love and curse.  
Waiting for my soul to stir  
And wake, rejoice, and come alive again.

Here I go  
The same I fell at first.  
Give me anything but apathy or love and curse.  
Waiting for my soul  
To wake and come alive again.