

Hunting is for Women

Hemina

Family, gather round
This rustic trip was surely made for us
To take life is precious, or so they say
To make it is natural,
to end it divine...or so they say

Find your target, don't lose sight
Grip the handle oh so tight
Shoulders straight, and if done right,
hunt your prey in full flight
That is not the only way
People make the choice to stay
She didn't have that chance
To hell with this, I pave my way!

"And the helicopters circled in the sky
as the family of three in the field sang a song
that sounded a little something like this:"

Two of us, two of us, two of us
made one of him
Three of us, three of us, three of us
killed wolves and deer
One of him, one of him, one of him
made everything? Add it up!

Find your target, don't lose sight
Grip the handle oh so tight
Shoulders straight, and if done right,
hunt your prey in full flight
That is not the only way
People make the choice to stay
Think of the son and think of the wife
To hell with this, I pave my way!

I'm sorry, my son, for leaving my wife
Blame it on him, blame it on me
She opened our tent to find me being divine,
and as quick as she came, she turned the blind eye
I'm sorry, my son, for leaving this life
You'll thank me for this
Your forehead I kiss
So I'm taking both barrels
They're on my back now
I was no prize game, but I'll lay on the pack
Jabbed into my ribs, shoot through the bile
Just another beast on the pile