

# One of the Hunted

Kamelot

I feel the distant stare  
Of a watching eye  
Watching eyes of THE woodsman  
Quivers of death await me here  
I'm blind to their illusion - confusion

Fletching of fowl Slips  
Through the wind  
Releasing their death with  
Their fingers  
My fate lies on a tinsel line  
I must escape but there's  
Nowhere to hide

The now exchanging roles  
In this theater of ill HUMOR  
The understudy steals  
The stage with an encore performance

One of the hunted -  
The tables have turned  
One of the hunted -  
There's nowhere to run  
One of the hunted -  
The tables have turned  
One of the hunted -  
There's nowhere to run

In the temples of nature  
I hear the laughter  
Just another victim on  
This lonely trail  
They show no emotion for  
This loss of life  
It reminds me of myself not long ago  
And the cries for life that  
I'd seem to ignore  
The cries for life are now  
My very own

One of the hunted  
The tables have turned  
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There's nowhere to run  
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There's nowhere to run