

His Hands Matched His Tongue

The Dear Hunter

A long walk home, riddled with regret
Uncommonly comfortable, but still I believe
That in time I think I'll see just what's been weighing down on
me

An unearthly void collapsed, exposing what was trapped
To release this serendipitous design

The smell of smoke, the evening sky was proof
Belated conversation saturate anticipation for the answers that
simply won't come

But not I, I won't ask
Forget my place amongst the grass
The leaves and the trees remember me
And in my naivety it might be seen
The pale has leaks and even if
You put all your water into it
You end up with nothing left to drink
The well has gone dry and I with it

Oh, someday she'll be gone
Oh, someday she'll be gone
Oh, someday she'll be gone
Oh, someday she'll be gone

(We'll still have her song to sing)

Sing softly, bring me to the lake
Sing softly, sing me to the lake