

In Cauda Venenum

The Dear Hunter

We're biting our tongue, (biding our time),
an apperition; awoken
with an urge to own and occupy

Who ever said this was easy?

A majesty's massacre floods the fields of red
Blood on your body naturally rushes the blood to your head

And now with our hands in line, these arms move tonight

And we cry "we can not allow this,"
"This is terrible." With ideals we're idle as they lust for more.
But oh, if we settle the score
we'd never been so excited to see you before.

In the cradle you're helpless,
but on our feet we are fatal.
How we evolve and grow into
twisted beasts with desire for disorder.

Oh! What a terrible, terrible game we play.
Replacing a bond for a body and the players;
politicians who say what they need to say.

What would you say...?

Now, with hands aligned, arms move tonight.
Here with abrasive eyes, pain in plain sight.

And we cry "we can not allow this."
"This is terrible." With ideals we're idle as they lust for more.
But oh, when we settle the score
we'd never been so excited to see you before.

Oh, when I think about your eyes
Oh, when I think about your smile
Oh, when I dream about your lies

Traveled all this way just to find love