

Melpomene

The Dear Hunter

Cold Had I Calloused
Walls Were Raised To Bear The Weight I'd Not Take
Too Slow Were My Senses
Muted Musings Lost Their Way; Disconnected

Only Silence Remained, Holding My Breath In The Dark
Gasping For Air With The Lungs Of A Lark
So Warm Was Your Welcome; Humble In Its Embrace
Tell Me, Just How Did You Save Me;
Pull Me Up From The Grave?
Though My Youth Did Mislead, I Would Retreat To You
Right Back To Your Arms With My Spirit Aglow
Where The Pains Of The Past Exit En Masse; Through You
Too Lost When We Part, With The Lungs Of A Lark

I, Far Removed From Myself, Had Denied What I Lost When My Heart
Had Withdrawn To The Fray
In A Whimsical Way, I Would Flee From The Truth
I Could Bury In Youth
You Would Have Me, If I'd Fallen Again
Would You Bring Me Back Out Of The Dark
With My Lungs Of A Lark?

Cold Have I Calloused, But These Walls Are Coming Down