

Stuck On A Wire Out On A Fence

The Dear Hunter

I'm standing still staring at the sun,
Fashioning ends of oblivion,
But it's just a common misconception.
I'm screaming in, but I'm silent out,
My best to suss what I'm all about,
Leaving bread crumbs back to Central Station.

Stuck on a wire, out on a fence,
Putting it up to second chance,
Suffering through the common sense,
Losing it all to gain it back.

I'm coming in, but I'm leaving out,
Everything you get on about.
Speaking tongues, seducing fabrication.
I'm throwing curse, like I'm throwing stones,
And checking sins that I can't atone,
But I'm here demanding satisfaction.

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