

The Inquiry Of Ms. Terri

The Dear Hunter

A hope removed, a life resumed right here. Right here.
The Priest and the Rosary, the buck and the bond
Between me and me has long since broken.
A boy who's grown, too short to see, a table unfolds, to tall to see.
A life once lived behind closed doors, the irony of a pensive heart.

Touch, taste, feel it ripping me down.
A reprise, two times, that time, burn it to the ground.

The euchre of mystery, the expiry of misery, the table turns, the sun long, the river bed, and he's alone.
The object of affection, conflicted by convictions of indecency, sorority, corrupted by impropriety.
The cavalier, she holds of him, in dissonance with experience, a boy who grows, with knife in hand, to fend for her, becomes a man.
But she plays fake affection, and carefully lacks subjection, to a gentleman, prowler's twisted desires.

Touch, taste, feel it ripping me down.
A reprise, two times, that time, burn it to the ground.

We dance around the room, my love I'll carry you, I'll teach you how to treat that Leading lady that you'll meet.
We dance around the truth, my dear I lie for you, but when I lie down, I'm simply lying to them too.