

The Lake And The River

The Dear Hunter

Everything you'd live and die for
Reasons leading you through here
Perished matriarchal bonds
Failing innocence of love
When the world beckons your approach
It swallows you whole

You'll believe what you're led to believe
In the hands of ghosts we're never responsible
Wait to see what you're meant to see
The veil lifts when you expose your soul

Pray'd I would leave this place someday
Joined to alarm from long ago now unconcerned
Euphorically floating upon wax wings where is the sun?
I still see her face; her beauty, her grace
Transfixed like a light in front of me
It follows my soul
And swallows me whole

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In the hands of ghosts we're never responsible
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Left, right, left, right...

His branches reached so far before
His leaves were bold extremities with great control
Wasted along; he died alone

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She's inanimate, bloodless elegance
Fatal fascination breeds a bloom of misery
Helpless hiding tongues, bathed in revulsion
Here lies possibility wilting premature

But the right hand hates the left and the sea's upset with the sky
So we press on in spite of the spite
Happiness is a knife when the worlds on its side and your minds on fire

Trying to find the trouble with the trouble I've found
Begging my god to make the wheels go round
Eat so much but I never get full
Earth opened up and swallowed us whole