

The Old Haunt

The Dear Hunter

Hints of a higher hand lost on the somme
Past deeds would never lead the mischief to a christening and
Gears twist and grind away spur to speed
While echoed silhouettes deliver to an early dream
Held out of love but gripped to tight
A breath left hanging in the air

You want to leave your home
But you don't want to lose control
And there's far too many ways to die
Far too many ways to die
You want to keep your soul
Above the ocean floor
But there's far too many waves to try
Far too many ways to die

Take a tip from me I swear I've seen it all before
The fear of what could be
Will keep you from wanting more
Held out of love
But gripped too tight
Left up, hung In the air

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But you don't want to lose control
And there's far too many ways to die
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Never could we keep these things from happening
Never found a way to keep the love in me
Took too long to speak, and never stop to breathe, to breathe

We read the risks hand in hand
A ruined rest but now we wake up
We cut our teeth on foreign plans
Then cursed the air, but now we wake up
Wake up...