

The Oracles On The Delphi Express

The Dear Hunter

Stick with us, throw your morals out the door
You aren't in the land of the river and the lake no more
Makeshift schemes, we've got plenty here for you
Lock away your dreams and throw away the key

You've been stuck in the middle of patience and animosity
With a lust for solidity, and a cryptic history your lucks running thin

Crimson hands, brandish words which masquerade
If you flee from grace your souls can not be saved
This scene shifts, exits illustrate the flood
Don't be ashamed of your unlawful flaw
When the bombs go off you'll know right where you are

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