

## The Procession

### The Dear Hunter

The blood  
How it paints such a scene  
Foul routine pedigree  
Mouth agape, stuttered hands attempt to flail  
And finally agree  
Her heart ceases its rhythm  
Somewhere trumpets decay  
In the front by the well wishing wishes that deny the stale smell in  
the bay  
There, no one cry  
Place these over her eyes  
We are broke and alone  
We are broken alone

She's inanimate  
Bloodless elegance  
Fatal fascination breeds a bloom of misery  
Helpless hiding tongues  
Bathed in revulsion  
Her lies unfinished  
Beauty wilting premature  
But we can't be too sure  
No you can't be too sure

Reserved, always playing the part  
Of the boy left alone  
He proceeds to the road  
Beyond the home he'd learn to call his own

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Bloodless elegance  
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Helpless hiding tongues  
Bathed in revulsion  
Her lies unfinished  
Beauty wilting premature  
But we can't be too sure  
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One life for another

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Bloodless elegance  
Fatal fascination breeds a bloom of misery  
Helpless hiding tongues  
Bathed in revulsion  
Her lies unfinished  
Beauty wilting premature  
But we can't be too sure  
You can't be too sure