

The Revival

The Dear Hunter

It took a little longer than we hoped
But it was worth it
You know, it takes a village to raise a scheme;
To patch the holes of a mausoleum

Well, we're packing in the patronage
Like it's a lotto, and everybody wins
Now take a seat so the show can start
And will you welcome these works of art...
Isn't she beautiful? No?
Maybe another one here could entertain...Yes?
We swear that every minute's worth the wait

Hey! It's a cry you can't contain;
A release you couldn't estimate
And the secret's safe as long as you pay

It's so good to be so bad
You can leave it when you walk away
And pretend you've washed your hands of it

Last call for the Sunday squaws
And there's no room left for the hem and haw
We'll give a gift long overdue
And make a sultan out of you

That's right; any troglodyte
Can have a life in the party as a socialite
Or if you're looking to efface
You can retire without a trace...

Don't you bother with doubt

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A release you couldn't estimate
But the secret's safe as long as you pay

It's so good to be so bad!
You can leave it when you walk away
And pretend you've washed your hands of it

Another candidate for giving her bruises
Another night that she'll dissociate
Another man who thinks the rules don't apply to him

Long was this road I've wandered
But short did my temperance live
Here I've helped him build a temple
To deify this czar of sin

Now who to blame, but I for tying
These knots so well at my wrists
The noose would surely find me
If I'm too wily... but what of the life I'd live?

The sale of a soul that falls
As foolish as young Esau...

It's better if I withdraw

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A release you couldn't estimate
But the secret's safe as long as you pay

It's so good to be so bad!
You can leave it when you walk away
And pretend you've washed your hands of it