

## 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

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You can leave it when you walk away  
And pretend you've washed your hands of it