

This Body

The Dear Hunter

I'm struggling on strange extremities
To run after a light that keeps on dimming
But these bones will only brittle and decay
While the space between my body and my mind keeps caving in
Oh my god.

This body's not a temple, it's a prison, yeah
And every wall inside here is on fire, yeah.

I've been stirred by something wretched, something weary
But the sentiment is starting to seduce
Oh my god.

This body's not a temple, it's a prison, yeah
And every wall inside here is on fire, yeah
But I can't say that I mind my body burning, yeah
Cause this body's not a temple it's a prison, yeah.

Somewhere I went wrong and gave into this holy terrible mess in
an attempt to do what I thought was right.

This body's not a temple, it's a prison, yeah
This body's not a temple, it's a prison, yeah.

This body's not a temple, it's a prison
This body's not a temple, it's a prison
Your body's not a temple, it's a prison
This body's not a temple, it's a prison.