

## This Vicious Place

The Dear Hunter

Words without regret  
And meanings lost in dialect  
And loveless prose cried out instead  
And saying what we wish we could have said

And how we both were moved  
To this vicious place we never knew  
I would give it all away for one last chance to speak to you  
Lover

Still a silence grows like a child of passionless pedigree all  
alone  
Our wounds still resonate  
From echoing voices too painful to sustain

And how we both were moved  
To this vicious place we never knew  
Can I give it all away for one last chance to speak to you  
Lover