

A Fine Frenzy, Rangers

the paths have been crossed
the crumbs are gone and the way
and the way is lost
melancholy phantoms eye our skins
poisoned apples falling with the wind

hear the sigh of the trees
those who enter here never leave

and the rangers stream
out of their cabins
they are the hunters,
we are the rabbits
but maybe we dont want to be found
maybe we dont want to be found

further in and on we go
sightless creatures tugging at our clothes
cutting through the twilight, sword in hand
strangers once, united against the land

at the sound of the bells
theyre pulling paper lanterns from their shelves

and the rangers stream
out of their cabins
they are the hunters,
we are the rabbits
and maybe we dont want to be found
maybe we dont want you tracking us down

the rangers stream
out of their cabins
raising their muskets,
flashing their badges
but maybe we dont want to be found
maybe we dont want to be found

lets keep hiding, all quiet-like
theyll keep seeking but they wont find us
lets keep living our quiet lives
you and I
you and I

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