

# Hunter, Impostor

He came from nowhere; no body knew him from Joe  
He conquers a few with his stare, but the rest of us hate the show  
A macho man in his domain, burns his bridges and he's the one to blame

Chorus

Smooth talker, big walker, you've got nothing to say  
A few may join your crew, but I see your poor display  
Stop forcing lines and faking good times  
Go back to where you belong

You reek of poor intent, your soul just ain't real  
Telling some that you repent, the rest of us know the deal  
If your life is a positive force, steer clear this demon and his source

Time will always tell, if you waste your precious life  
You'll end up in a self made hell, sparking trouble and causing strife  
Avoid his false domain because this mans ways are insane

Chorus