

Hunting Season

Oceans Ate Alaska

This can't be happening,
My life flashed before my eyes.
You move in for the kill, but here I am still standing.

Knives to the back only go skin deep.
So when you finish the job, make sure you go for the
heart.
Sticks and stones may bring me to my knees.
So when you finish the job, you'll have to rip me
apart.

You gave the attention, that I have always needed.
I'll gather my dignity and try to leave, but you always
keep coming back.

We were so close, but got lost in the starlight.
Now I'm caught like a deer, in your car headlights.
You cut me deep, stole my crown.
Looked so proud as I hit the ground.
Now I'm watching the black butterflies, as my eyes
turn.. cold!

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So when you finish the job, make sure you go for the
heart.
Sticks and stones may bring me to my knees
So when you finish the job, you'll have to rip me
apart.

I'll give you! all my words!
For all your thoughts!

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eyes.
You move in for the kill but here I am still standing.