

## Hunter

I split myself from time  
To recover from my wound  
I add dimensions to a line  
To form a secret cocoon

Nothing can tear our bond apart  
We're tethered never to part  
Darkness and light are counterparts  
We keep each other pure at heart

Healing follows the hurt  
Like in an ancient procession  
For better or for worse  
We make our own concessions

I am a hunter of your kind  
I keep my trophies in my mind  
Where their glory remains  
Killing time is sustained  
No pardon given no pardon gained  
The truth is starting to wane

Soon my scar will be closed  
And pain no longer interferes  
Oh what I love the most  
Has found a way to reappear