Pray on the Hunter

The fawn on the lawn was a pawn
for the hunter's goal to take its soul

Hiding in the brush, his brain crushed
as a lion rips him to pieces

Long gone the hunter's song
of buying pictured tuxedos
both narrow and long

And with scorn a child born

Scammer, as the terin sings
the Hunter's song

A prayer now crass, in the air
to see the next hunter pass

So, the son acquiesced and began singing too,
a meaningless cycle of death until it
catches up to you