

The Hunter of Conscience

1

*A boy stood alone,
his head hung down low,
a rifle lay down by his side.
A tear trickled down,
on a red ruddy cheek,
a feeling of hurt deep inside.*

2

*A hunter was he,
just like his great dad,
though not what he wanted to be.
Off in the field,
there laid a dead deer,
a hunter of conscience was he.*

3

*He loved all the nature,
in all its great splendor,
the beauty around him was grand.
But now it had happened,
the beauty was spoiled,
done in by his very own hand.*

4

*His father looked over,
and saw his young son,
the hurt in him did he see.
He said to his son,
"Do not be ashamed,
a hunter you're not meant to be."*

5

*Off in the field,
there laid a dead deer,
a hunter this man would not be.
The deer were now safe,
when he was around,
a hunter of conscience, you see.*

6

*His heart was now light,
his father was right,
a hunter this man would not be.
He loved all the nature,
in all its great splendor,
the Hunter of Conscience was me.*