The Hunt

*By Tye Siptak*

Wrapped up in bed, the alarm clock rings
Up and at ‘em, before the rooster sings
Heat up the coffee, drink a cup
Gonna be in the blind before the sun comes up
Dress up warm, it’s gonna be cold
24 degrees, so I’ve been told
Load up the gun, load up the dog
Keep your eyes peeled drivin’ through that fog
Covered in camo, faces layered in paint
We hold death in our hands as we lay in wait
Settle on in, it’s almost time
A rush like this, you’d think it’s a crime
Here they come boys, low and slow
We yell “Get ‘em!” and let the shotguns blow