

Your Tongue Is The Deadliest Of Arrows

Dogwood

Possessed by the pawn, affect a secret smile
Challenge your poison, your vigor is my trial
Weary when you wait, executive degree
Process to restrain the fate you have for me

You make sure what you? re running to
You make sure what you? re running from
Forces divine, they? ll grow weak in time
The treasure we both came to find
Don? t separate what falls in line

Your tongue is like a fire, wish I could contain
With sharpened, poison words, I walk into this flame
Tinted by your ruse, accustomed to your schemes
With wile and detriment and still I let you be

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