

## Cupid's Got A Brand New Gun

Michael Penn

It's hiding in the corner  
of every sacred place  
before the ambush you won't want to  
recognize its face  
It slithers like a viper  
readies its attack  
tears your flesh and soul apart  
then clings on to your back  
But not till it turns away  
can you feel the pain of all the damage done  
and you may notice that  
this quick opiate  
might wear the wings of angels  
that's when you realize  
you've been shot down  
wounded unto death by something called love

It followed you to hell, Ange  
a double agent who  
will listen your every lie  
but never tell on you  
(just whisper to you true)  
It promises you silk things  
but burns the clothes you wear  
gives you leave in heaven  
and you scream that it's unfair  
to force you to compare  
But not till it turns away  
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and you may notice that  
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