

Guild of Mute Assassins

Clutch

Organ, organ, organ grinder's henchmen
Shaking their coins in time
Guild of mute assassins
Will convene at a quarter to nine Behind the court house atop a scaffold
Stands a man with a bag for a face
You will not have learned until I return
To give my executioner the chase The swinging of its censers
The silence of its members
Oh, the guild of mute assassins From the places in-between
That are so seldom seen
Oh, the guild of mute assassins Widow in the furrow with thimbles
Hasn't seen her face in years
Kneels into a puddled reflection
To find it is just as she's feared And 'In The Garden', the 'Archangel'
Sword above his head
You will not return until you have learned
What you've forgotten The swinging of its censers
The silence of its members
Oh, the guild of mute assassins From the places in-between
That are so seldom seen
Oh, the guild of mute assassins Baby, on a threshold with silver
Breath rises from its lips
Beam of yellow light from a doorway
And the figure of a silhouette And in the cradle a wood stiletto
Rattles like a barrow of bones
A young journeyman with a passion
Silently recites the oath The swinging of its censers
The silence of its members
Oh, the guild of mute assassins From the places in-between
That are so seldom seen
Oh, the guild of mute assassins The swinging of their censers
The silence of its members
Oh, the guild of mute assassins From the places in-between
That are so seldom seen
Oh, the guild of mute assassins

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