

# Assassing (Live At the Reading Festival 27/8/83)

## Marillion

I am the assassin, with tongue forged from eloquence  
I am the assassin, providing your nemesis  
On the sacrificial altar to success, my friend  
Unleash a stranger from a kiss, my friend  
No incantations of remorse, my friend  
Unsheathe the blade within the voice, my friend  
Who decorates the scarf with the fugi knot  
Who camouflaged emotion in a thousand yard stare  
Who gouged the notches from the family tree  
Who hypnotised the guilt in career rhythm trance  
Assassing, assassing, assassing, assassing  
Listen as the syllables of slaughter cat with calm precision  
Patterned frosty phrases rape your ears and sow the ice incision  
Apocalyptic alphabet casting spell the creed of tempered diction  
Adjectives of annihilation bury the point beyond redemption  
Venomous verbs of ruthless candour plagiarise assassins fervour  
A friend in need is a friend that bleeds  
Let bitter silence infect the wound  
You were a sentimental mercenary in a free fire zone  
Parading a Hollywood conscience  
You were a fashionable objector with a uniform fetish  
Pavlovian slaver at the cash till ring of success  
A non com observer - I assassin the collector - defector  
So you resigned yourself to failure, my friend  
And I emerged the chilling stranger, my friend  
To eradicate the problem, my friend  
Unsheathe the blade within the voice  
I am the assassin  
I am the assassin  
And what do you call assassins who accuse assassins anyway, my friend?

Songwriters

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