

# Assassing

## 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  
My friend, my friend, my friend, my friend  
Who decorates the scarf with the fuchi knot?  
Who camouflaged emotion in a thousand yard stare?  
Who gouged the notches from the family tree?  
Who hypnotized the guilt in career rhythm Trance?  
Assassing, assassing, assassing, assassing  
Listen to the blade  
Feel the blade  
Listen as the syllables of slaughter cut in calm precision  
Patterned frosty phrases rape your ears and sow the ice incision  
Adjectives of annihilation, bury the point beyond redemption  
Venomous verbs of ruthless candor, plagiarize assassin's fervor  
Apocalyptic alphabet casting spell, the creed of tempered diction  
My friend, your friend the assassin  
A friend in need is a friend that bleeds  
A friend in need is a friend that bleeds  
Let bitter silence infect the wound  
Let bitter silence infect your wound  
I am the assassin  
I am the assassin  
I am the assassin  
Assassin  
You are 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 the 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  
Within the voice, within the voice, within the voice  
{ And what do you call assassins  
Who accuse assassins anyway, my friend? }

Songwriters

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