

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 fugi 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?}

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