

# The Lizard

## Enchant

Don't you know that one day, you'll be found out?  
Faulty explanations, changing colors all breed doubt  
You push your thoughts away from the day when you must pay  
When the storm becomes a blizzard, don't play dead like a lizard Pull it out, wash it off  
With the blade of deception sheathed the wounds can heal  
Though you like the darker climes, they shade you from the real Don't pull it off, cut it off  
A game is fair when the players abide by the rules  
You speak with forked tongue and cast yourself the fool There's something slightly saurian in the structure of  
your skin  
Your conscience is well padded, your reasoning is thin  
So you put your prayers away until the hunt when you're the prey  
On that darkest judgment night, the ledger books will be set right Pull it out, wash it off  
With the blade of deception sheathed the wounds can heal  
Though you like the darker climes, they shade you from the real Don't pull it off, cut it off  
A game is fair when the players abide by the rules  
You speak with forked tongue and cast yourself the fool Watch your tail  
You're headed for a tailspin  
Approaching danger cuts the water like a shark's fin Don't you know that one day, you'll be found out?  
The changing colors Something slightly saurian in the structure of your skin

Songwriters

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