

Clutch

"Guild Of Mute Assassins"

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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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