

Horizontal Orange "Double Edged Sword"

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The sharpest weapon she has is her tongue.
She is careless and overbearing.
Unmoved by a passer-by's smile,
She slows for nothing but the weight of a material
stare.

She groans for approval and waits for it.
Everybody listen.
We know it's gold the way she kisses.
She leaves stars in our eyes when she is listless.

I know I'm out of control everytime she passes my way.
I'm left to stand in the dust and debris and the
aftermath she leaves in her path.
I run circles while the insects feed on my flesh.
And she lights a smoke and says with a smile - run and
get me another daiquiri.

Ain't it funny the grip she has on everyone she passes
through.
I'd walk through hell and back and still I know that that
won't do.
I've seen a thousand dreams crushed by surfeit of her
lies.
Ain't it funny the grip she has around the necks of the
ignorant like us.
Not me anymore. I know. I've seen it. I'd kill to shine her
shoes.
I've got her. she's mine. she offers what I can't refuse.
I'll break these chains that bind me. I'll shut her mouth.
I'd rather be blind then go to hell with two eyes.
She's not a temptress I can't withstand.

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