

## Iota

### "The Enemy Smacks"

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Helplessly held by the weeds, we are grown,  
I tried talking sense to you, leave it alone;  
I give in to the weight of the kick,  
So weary of waiting and hoping for this,  
The two of us alone, no-one else to see,  
I promise not to miss you and no more jealousy.

Careful of my gender, it comes, how it goes,  
Love me tender so nobody knows,  
Nobody knows the trouble I seen,  
Each time they asked, I said something obscene,  
The splinters shower down, I shelter from the rain,  
Against the grain, against the moon,  
I waxes and I wanes.

No ecstasy sent for taking a line,  
Right through the tokehead they rip, run and shine;  
I awake and the feeling won't drop,  
Each time they slam down, I swear I will stop,  
The two of us alone, no-else to see,  
The damage brings us closer to murder, can't you see?

Here in my rocking-horse house,  
I keep the curtains drawn;  
Inside my little head,  
I hear them screaming out my name.

Here in my rocking-horse room,  
I keep my syes shut tight:  
Inside my peeping-holes,  
I know that if they're empty I can sleep.

Don't you believe her, deliver a shiver to me,  
Is this what you wnated?  
I'm haunted, my eyes grown cold.  
I still got second sight,  
I still can see at night.

Here comes the enemy, the beast in me,  
Alive a little more,  
On my hard shoulder,

The warning goes deeper than before.  
I still got second sight,  
I still can see at night.

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