

## No Knife "Flechette"

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she came on a velvet caress  
a whispered secret and a flick of the wrist  
and when the shortness of breath  
meets the bloody red kiss  
we'll pull off on an unlit street  
and in the shadows where the murderers meet  
we'll dance the tangle, in the dark we'll do the tryst.  
she came on with a velvet caress  
a whispered secret and a flick of the wrist  
and we're counting all the scars  
to find the places we missed.  
in the silence it's swift and sharp  
and with a word she leaves her mark  
when the tip of her cold dart  
finds the sin inside my heart.  
i keep expecting just to wake up  
but as usual i'm a mess.

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