

## Ordo Draconis "Cloak & Dagger"

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Whodunit? The silent witness?

I'm beside myself with laughter

In the dark, neutrally stabbing the general sulk.

Don't bank on the pokerfaces

With their monochrome make-up.

I know their type. Edited and clean-cut. Dot dot dot.

I could blow their cover

Casting shadows on the screen.

I'd walk the bloodhound myself.

The sallow ivories are with me

Dogging my steps as I toddle off

Till the iron curtain falls.

Under my skin a private-eye

Likes watching with

Venetian-blinds shuttered to half-light.

If your capital slots you in, isn't that necessity enough for you?

The way the stuff of dreams moves you, numb like furniture (in that order).

The perfunctory hypostasis of being being overinsured.

So I showed the toothless my poetic license to...

Sure they got it. My IOnU, the pound of flesh,

My soul. which cost a bomb.

And even then I gave the formal toothpaste smile.

Don't take me for some narcotic narcist.

Grafted back unto the den's womb

That feeds the hypothalamus on the assembly sideline,

The mirror-maw's white-line.

No matter. Let the dusty dusky jurist,

Who peers over my shoulder and keeps that blotted copybook,

Shut his trap. It's time to twist the knife.

Turn the key to freedom and free will.

The golden flick-knife refracts

The half-light into a reel of whizzing pictures;

In free indirect discourse

The body with organs recharged.

The hand that strokes; the fresh blood of my veins;

My femme vitale; leaves in bloom;

Fall into spring; home sweet home.

Under my skin a private-eye

Likes watching with
Venetian-blinds shuttered to half-light.
Whodunit? The silent witness?
I'm beside myself with slaughter,
Framed into untimely chalk lines,
Arranged with a pillow over my head.
The cloak is ragged, the dagger cold.

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