

Ordo Draconis "Espionage"

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[Lyrics by Mir-h iD]

[Beelzebub:]

Fly fleetly, lest limelights will expose
Our dodge to the camera's eye.
Go shadow their every move.
Sensors, zoom in.

[Sensors:]

Even the tendering of one dulcet dewdrop,
Which, drifting, alights from that warm, drowsy air,
Is one surplus touch for it's sweet, swelling apples
To burst and brim over with velvety juice;
Ignorant of us that make their clocks tick,
They doze in the shade of the habitat's tree.

[Beelzebub:] Translators, decipher.

[Interpreters:]

The Tree of Innocence
Shoots from Nature's unsullied garden,
Gratifying their tongues
Without the tang of our grievance.

[Beelzebub:] Is this the right hand of His work?

[Sensors:] Rather He tried His sleight of hand!

[Sensors and Interpreters:]

No hand of the grandfather clock can indicate,
Nor tolling sound, the time to change time,
But we, the black field hands that steer the Wheel,
Can counter the cast-iron grasp of His Law.

[Sensors:] Hush! he awakes.

[Beelzebub:] Sensors, zoom in.

[Sensors:]

His blank eyes roll upwards
And grope for the something which he can't twig
But does tantalize him, taunt him.
His fingers are shuddering and tense with strange
wonder

To reach for the sky that remains too remote...

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