

Michael Penn

"Cupid's Got A Brand New Gun"

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It's hiding in the corner
of every sacred place
before the ambush you won't want to
recognize its face
It slithers like a viper
readies its attack
tears your flesh and soul apart
then clings on to your back
But not till it turns away
can you feel the pain of all the damage done
and you may notice that
this quick opiate
might wear the wings of angels
that's when you realize
you've been shot down
wounded unto death by something called love

It followed you to hell, Ange
a double agentwho
will listen your every lie
but never tell on you
(just whisper to you true)
It promises you silk things
but burns the clothes you wear
gives you leave in heaven
and you scream that it's unfair
to force you to compare
But not till it turns away
can you feel the pain of all the damage done
and you may notice that
this quick opiate
might wear the wings of angels
that's when you realize
you've been shot down
wounded unto death by something called love...

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