

## Pale Discretion

### "Witch's Tongue"

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Creates of mind, a wound  
Wounded by treachery  
Repairing blackness only  
Revenge holding motivity

On wings she'll deliver  
All that you would hope to be  
A fork tongue is whispering  
A prize too golde  
Gifts, they will Whiher  
Loosing their lustery  
A wanderer wears a lonely gun  
Being ware the witch's tongue

Speaking chants in rhyme  
She shows you just what you want to see  
Then she'll switch to rob you blind  
Leaving you in misery

On wings she'll deliver  
All that you would hope to be  
A fork tongue is whispering  
A prize too golde  
Gifts, they will Whiher  
Loosing their lustery  
A wanderer wears a lonely gun  
Being ware the witch's tongue

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