

## The Silent Type

### "Knives, Stones And Curses"

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Cast your stones, make them count, while I'm still unarmed, because when it comes to my turn, all I need is one. Make your cut, wipe the knife across my white shirt. Bandage me with your lips. Say you'll never hurt me and I'll promise to be still. Set your spell, make me yours, take my life. Speak your curse easy now, before it hurts. Broken bones, lack of sight, strike my ears deaf. Mute my tongue, binds my limbs...anything to be a fool here waiting willingly beside you, eternally patient to be struck dead.

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