

# Dogwood, Your Tongue Is The Deadliest Of Arrows

Possessed by the pawn.  
Affect a secret smile.  
Challenge your poison.  
Your vigor is my trial.  
Weary when you wait  
executive degree,  
process to restrain.  
The fate you have for me.

You make sure what you're running to.  
You made sure what you're running from.  
Forces divine, they'll grow weak in time.

The treasure we both came to find.  
Don't separate what falls in line.

Your tongue is like a fire.  
Wish I could contain.  
With sharpened, poison words.  
I walk into this flame.  
Tinted by your ruse.  
Accustomed to your schemes.  
With wile and detriment.  
And still I let you be.