

Wire, Doubles & Trebles

An ally in exile
Receives no welcome despite
When he's already in trouble
Unable to relax
He recognizes the cipher
Quickly resolves the code
The contents of the message
State area and road

It was as he'd feared
His cover's been blown
The extent of the network
Is now overgrown
Overgrown the apparatus
For such an unwelcome event
In comunicado
The last word is sent

You don't have resistance
You tell them still
He awaits the arrival
He awaits the kill
Resistance is futile
On arrival they kill
He awaits the arrival
On arrival they kill

He breaks down in this theatre
But he hopes not under these lights
Specifically those
With cold strategic insights
By the best of good fortune
He has provisions in store
He doubles the trebles
The lock's on his door