

Clutch, Guild Of Mute Assassins

Organ grinder's henchmen shaking their coins in time-
"Guild of Mute Assassins will convene at a quarter to nine."
Behind the court house atop a scaffold stands a man with a bag for a face,
"You will not have learned until I return to give my executioner the chase."
The swinging of its censers, the silence of its members
Oh, the Guild of Mute Assassins
From the places in-between that are so seldom seen
Oh, the Guild of Mute Assassins.
Widow in the furrow with thimbles hasn't seen her face in years
Kneels into a puddled reflection to find it is just as she's feared.
And in the Garden, the Archangel, sword above his head,
"You will not return until you have learned what you've forfeited."
The swinging of its censers, the silence of its members
Oh, the Guild of Mute Assassins
From the places in-between that are so seldom seen
Oh, the Guild of Mute Assassins.
Baby on a threshold with silver. Breath rises from its lips
Beam of yellow light from a doorway and the figure of a silhouette.
In the cradle a wood stiletto rattles like a barrow of bones.
Another journeyman with passion silently recites the oath.
The swinging of its censers, the silence of its members
Oh, the Guild of Mute Assassins
From the places in-between that are so seldom seen
Oh, the Guild of Mute Assassins.