

Dogwood, Your Tongue Is The Deadliest

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 make 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

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