

# Enchant, The Lizard

(Music - P. Craddick, D. Ott / Lyrics - P. Craddick)

Don't you know that one day you'll be found out?  
Faulty explanations, changing colors -- all breed doubt  
:You push your thoughts away from the day when you must pay  
When the storm becomes a blizzard, don't play dead like a lizard

Pull it out -- wash it off  
With the blade of deception sheathed the wounds can heal  
Though you like the darker climes, they shade you from the real

Don't pull it off -- cut it off  
A game is fair when the players abide by the rules  
You speak with forked tongue and cast yourself the fool

There's something slightly saurian in the structure of your skin  
Your conscience is well padded, your reasoning is thin  
:So you put your prayers away until the hunt when you're the prey  
On the darkest judgement night, the ledger books will be set right

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Watch your tail  
You're headed for a tailspin  
Approaching danger cuts the water like a shark's fin