

Flechette

No Knife

she came on a velvet caress
a whispered secret and a flick of the wrist
and when the shortness of breath
meets the bloody red kiss
we'll pull off on an unlit street
and in the shadows where the murderers meet
we'll dance the tangle, in the dark we'll do the tryst.
she came on with a velvet caress
a whispered secret and a flick of the wrist
and we're counting all the scars
to find the places we missed.
in the silence it's swift and sharp
and with a word she leaves her mark
when the tip of her cold dart
finds the sin inside my heart.
i keep expecting just to wake up