

## Angel on my Shoulder

On my shoulder, a dark angel calls me dear  
Her thorns wrap gently round my heart  
As sweet poisons are whispered into my ear

On days when gloom grows drear  
From recesses of the mind she darts  
On my shoulder, a dark angel calls me dear

I travel in a life I cannot steer  
The balm of love can taste tart  
As sweet poisons are whispered into my ear

Intimacy flees me, a skittish deer  
I try to express those feelings with my art  
On my shoulder, a dark angel calls me dear

Thus, intensity of spirit I do endeavor to rear  
Looking inward to where she grasps my heart  
As sweet poisons are whispered into my ear

Perhaps, I am no more than a clockwork gear  
Spinning towards a happiness that may not start  
On my shoulder, a dark angel calls me dear  
As sweet poisons are whispered into my ear