## 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