

Slipknot, Vermillion

She seems dressed in all the rings
Of past fatalities
So fragile yet so devious
She continues to see it
Climatic hands that press
Her temples and my chest
Enter the night that she came home
Forever

Oh (She's the only one that makes me sad)

She is everything and more
The solemn hypnotic
My Dahlia bathed in possession
She is home to me

I get nervous, perverse, when I see her it's worse
But the stress is astounding
It's now or never she's coming home
Forever

Oh (She's the only one that makes me sad)

Hard to say what caught my attention
Fixed And crazy, Aphid Attraction
Carve my name in my face, to recognize
Such a pheromone cult to terrorize

I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me

(Yeah!)

I'm a slave, and I am a master
No restraints and, unchecked collectors
I exist through my need, to self oblige
She is something in me, that I despise

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I won't let this build up inside of me
I won't let this build up inside of me

SHE ISN'T REAL!
I CAN'T MAKE HER REAL!
SHE ISN'T REAL!
I CAN'T MAKE HER REAL!

(She isn't real, I can't make her real)
(She isn't real, I can't make her real)