

# Vendetta Red, Depressionesque

Imprisoned in perfume  
I smell her in my blanket when I'm sleeping  
Strange how they hurt you  
stinging memories they break your heart  
And it's gone so fast  
The only girl I ever loved is slipping through my hands  
I blew a kiss, waved goodbye  
turned my head and hid my eyes so you wouldn't see me cry

Count me out cause I'm a mess  
A twisted accident a psychological wreck  
A bruising sentiment

We'll count back and curtsey  
The curtain falls and I begin to burn  
We stand out like statues  
impervious to pardoning our French