

Dead Poetic, Vanus Empty

It's a deep, red wound. Enough to stare.
It's a beautiful rose and everyone's aware
You squeeze it tight enough to bleed.
But suicide is something we'd rather not mention here.
In our beautiful world of saving face.

So Vanity's got this new gun that she wants to try on you.
And as we stand here waiting for the sound..

Get me out of this hell before I'm sucked in.
But you're the beautiful one.
And everyone is painted on, singing scripted songs.
And your seizure-like finger is dead on the trigger.
And then, it's all blown away. With you or us all.
And they had you in their targets.
They're smiling with you in their targets.

So Vanity's got this new gun that she wants to try on you.
And as we stand here waiting for the sound..
So Vanity's got this new gun that she wants to try on you.
And no one says a word from there on out.

But I knew she was beautiful, you're the ones with the flaws.
Oh I knew she was beautiful she should of had this all.
You're killing your heroes, you're killing them one by one.
But I knew she was beautiful, something here's got to die.

So Vanity's got this new gun that she wants to try on you.
And as we stand here waiting for the sound..
So Vanity's got this new gun that she wants to try on you.
And no one says a word from there on out.