

# Mad Season, Artificial Red

Artificial red, smoke, poison consumed  
In the House of Ill Repute  
Is this the way I spend my days  
In recovery of a fatal disease?

Oooh... Oooh...  
Oooh... Oooh...

On a cloud of pink has to grey  
And I'm alone again, yeah  
Someone to hold against my own  
Alone, untouched is what I crave

Oooh... Oooh...  
Oooh... Oooh...

Artificial red, smoke, poison consumed  
In the House of Ill Repute  
Is this the place I search for love  
When my need is within me, a gift from above?

Oooh... Oooh...  
Oooh... Oooh...