

# REDZED, Heaven

Angels cry, suicide  
Take my hand, realize  
It's all in good fun, loading my gun  
Blow my brains out, burn and fade out

I hate this; can we fake it?  
I made this, let's base it  
I hate this; can we face it?  
I made this, let's base it

Fuck, I'm just a fiend, I might dance out in the rain  
I keep coming up with numbers 'til I run out of my brain  
I keep looking in the streets for my next dose I might need  
All these lovely women, all they want are diamonds and a ring  
I love these pills, but all my friends, they think I just like leaving  
I'm kneeling to the beings greeting me with bleeding briefings  
Revealing what they're stealing, I say that they're not real and  
Appealing to my treason, but they know I won't stop healing

I hate this; can we fake it?  
I made this, let's base it  
I hate this; can we face it?  
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I be waiting and craving and thinking 'bout the past  
I am hating the fading, I was not built to last  
I be waiting and craving and thinking 'bout the past  
I am hating the fading, I was not built to last

And no more thoughts