

# Vendetta Red, Forgetiquette

Half a pack of cigarettes  
mostly broken or bent.  
I think of cancer as I put one to my  
cracked lips that long to slake this  
poison lust.

voices spin and resonate inside  
voices spin and resonate inside

This old phone booth shelters me  
from these lonely streets.  
If only God could grant me strength to call you.  
Just three wards to help me slake this  
poison lust.

voices spin and resonate inside  
voices spin and resonate inside

esoteric memories  
you're an eyesore here  
grab the handle  
twist the blade to break my will.