

Vendetta Red, In Lieu Of Dead Brides...

F**ked on the gurney 'til you're black and blue,
by beheaded banshees who cackle and coo.
Who'd let a medic of blasphemous birth
flavor his meat with the salt of the earth?
Cannons and hymnals condemn you to die.
and oh how the acolytes sing?

"Lay them on the lawn
like dead virgins.
Goddess of the grove
we praise thee,
Gloria.
For every one of our
sisters tortured
a thousand of their sons
will burn."

Fist through your gums like a five fingered kiss.
A sad toothless suitor in post coital bliss.
Roll up that dollar, and powder your nose,
you'll show up like semen on dark colored clothes.
Forceps and scapel make a mockery of flesh,
and oh how the acolytes sing?

"Lay them on the lawn
like dead virgins.
Goddess of the grove
we praise thee,
Gloria.
For every one of our
sisters tortured
a thousand of their sons
will burn."

They're pointing, laughing, while he begs
his tormentors for just one taste
of that wicked honey between her legs,
before it goes away,
and she goes away.