

# Vendetta Red, In Mourning For The Stillborn

No pictures no prize no truth  
we couldn't talk about it  
No time for goodbye's  
all good baby's go to heaven  
Disgusted despised  
you see her sweet spirit ascending  
Tomorrow we'll cry  
console each other in the family.  
Life line lost love  
Your destiny is beckoning,  
In truth we couldn't talk about it.  
The fetus gave me the nod and said  
no infants carcass  
will ruin my sleep.  
This story's good but needs an ending.