

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.