

Vendetta Red, Lipstick Tourniquets

Something soulless told you it hates you.
They wear their sheepskins, but you are the monster
Breathing men would kill.
Lucy don't go.
Hold me, haunt me.
Tinctures taunt you, when you are the monster
Breathing men would kill.
Blame me for this as you sit in your counting room
Coughing up blood just to spit it in my mouth.
Soon you'll be gone and the rain will wash you away.
Tucked in and gagged now say your prayers
Lipstick tourniquets work when the poison
Begins to take hold.
And for what reward?
So the simple can suck on the rinds.
Breathing men would kill.