

Vendetta Red, Lucid, Languid

This will be the farewell I could never speak
The things I long to tell you when we're lying cheek to cheek
You're oh so certain, simple self-assured
I'm lucid, languid, listless, unconcerned
I wish that I could clarify clairvoyance to the class
There seems to be no savior in sight
And you could candidly disguise your hate with out stretched hand
To justify some martyr's moral plight
But you know it ain't right
Choking I just bit off more than I could chew
Saved my sentiments for someone more like you
Who's oh so certain, simple, self-assured
I'm lucid, languid, listless, unconcerned
I wish I had a blanket big enough to block the sun
So I could live in everlasting night
And feast on mortal blood till I've removed their scours from earth
Then cast the bloated carrion from night
But I know it ain't right