

Vendetta Red, Run

Shoot to kill, she wrapped her legs around my face.
Stripped down when she went down and that's all.
And where is art?
It's in the tears of the retarded children,
when you tell them there's no God.

You'll fall asleep forever,
but never close your eyes.
'Cause every day you're wishing
you could hold her through the night.
She'd have you sing the chorus
then watch the years go by
but I don't mind.

The meat talks back, divorce my head off of my neck
to dine on hot organs, and that's all.
And where is love?
It's on the blade of this old knife,
your lover took your life and took off.

"Lay them on the lawn like dead virgins.
Goddess of the grove."