

# Vendetta Red, Something Visceral

They were carving caskets out of baby cribs today  
When they sized me up I failed to make the grade  
When they stole my sister I was underneath the bed  
Chewing on my lip and trying not to breathe  
So withered I will wander in the abysmal agony of failing  
Crying out your name until I lose my voice  
It's all coming back to me  
Life's bitter mysteries. Clouded. confused  
Amnesia arrested me  
Called to me quietly  
Murdered me violently  
silently