

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