

Vendetta Red, There Only Is

Reminiscent screams like womb dreams
From ridding yourself of your own existence
The pendulum sways like an empty noose
Still your thought compress and you weep and sigh inside
Adolescent naivete spawned my optimism

Whose head you wore on your coat of arms
You're the champion of my bleeding heart

When you're shrouded in baptismal brine
For the dawning of the great rebirth
Don't forget your name when your number's called
Or you may end up causing the end of us all

Whose head you wore on your coat of arms
You're the champion of my bleeding heart