

Vendetta Red, Three Chord Valentine

she said she liked the way i kissed
so cutting edge i slit my wrists
i need to vomit disappear
and kill those monsters in my mirror
out classed by losers second place
before i fell flat on my face
so sick of dreaming wake me up
and do your worst to shut me up
i'm resistant to your insistance
i can hear you off in the distance
telling me to the end is coming soon
too addicted to breathe without it
too embarassed to talk about it
i'll kiss you off and try to leave
without you following me
this punctured pallet pains me red
disturbed and angered dead instead
just lift your lips and leave me lost
a pale corpse collecting moss
these echoes count your hours down
with pulse precision safe and sound
so aprops and no one cares
an empty room with empty chairs
so you can take your dress code
and your elitist looks on life
boil them up in a fucking syringe
and shoot it right in your fucking neck