

# Vendetta Red, Tomorrow Everything Dies

Cut from glass I start to fade and prance around her promenade  
Thrown overboard to pay my dues, to the ocean floor in concrete shoes  
I'm your visions of vindication that caught you in the act  
I wield the force of destiny and you will rue the day you ever broke this pact  
Stand me up in front of god so miniscule and monstrous  
A paragraph to plead my ease. A defendant for this human race  
Please don't forget me