All Cried Out

Vendetta Red

Turn your back on your past make your mark with a crime that lasts
'Guns don't kill..." but bullets do and I've been saving one for you
Hold me down I can feel a seizure coming think I took too much marazine
Saw blade bits tearing tendons from your neck like so much knives through bread
til you head sags and falls to the ground cashmere crush covered in smoke
I'm All Cried Out
Soldiers march a red sunset blood soaked babies on bayonets
The flag still waves for all to see like moonlight on my machete

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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