# Slander

## Keepsake

The reddest wine.
The sweetest line.
We're coming back.
It's killing time.
I'd like you to know that we're very upset.
You're stupid songs that you wrote all wrong.
We're better off now that you're gone.
I'd like you to know that we're very upset.
Bridges and terms we can't even say.
Chemists agree we're better this way but we don't even care.
We're running on fumes now it's great.
Decisions I can't contemplate.
You're running on "j.d." and fate.
Cry no more.
The quickest hands.
The fakest heart.
A bitter end.
A lovely start.
You'd like us to know you're very upset.
The finest cars.
The crowded bars.
The bloody nights.
We've gone too far.
You'd like us to know you're very upset.
I've noticed a sugarcoat pack of words.
You've grown this, a laughable looking war.
And I still believe in a marketing scheme that daddy could never dream.
A nightmare for you, a goldrush for me.
Your keyboard will pull you through with electric beats and heavy metal leads.
Well baby, that don't fly with me.
(and we really don't care).

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