

Lipstick Tourniquets

Vendetta Red

Something soulless told you it hates you
They wear the sheepskins, but you are the monster
Breathing men would kill
Lucy don't go hold me haunt me
tinctures taunt you, cause you are the monster
breathing men would kill
blame me for this as you sit in your counting room
coughing up blood just to spit in my mouth
soon you'll be gone and the rain will wash you away
tucked in and gagged now say your prayers
Lipstick tourniquets work when the poison
begins to take hold. And for what reward?
So the simple can suck on the rinds.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>