

There Only Is

Vendetta Red

Reminiscent screams like womb dreams
From ridding yourself of your own existence
The pendulum sways like an empty noose
Still your thoughts compress and you weep and sigh inside
Adolescent naivete spawned my optimism
Whose head you were on your coat of arms
You're the champion of my bleeding heart.
When you're shrouded in baptismal brine
For the dawning of the great rebirth.
Don't forget your name when your numbers called
Or you may end up causing the end of us all.

Lyrics provided by

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