

# Vanus Empty

## Dead Poetic

It's a deep, red wound, enough to stare  
It's a beautiful rose and everyone's aware  
You squeeze it tight enough to bleed  
But suicide's something we'd rather not mention here  
In our beautiful world of saving face So Vanity's got this new gun that she wants to try on you  
And as we stand here waiting for the sound Get me out of this hell before I'm sucked in, but you're the beautiful  
one  
And everyone is painted on, singing scripted songs  
And your seizure like finger is dead on the trigger  
And then, it's all blown away, with you or us all  
And they, they had you in their targets  
They're smiling with you in their targets So Vanity's got this new gun that she wants to try on you  
And as we stand here waiting for the sound  
So Vanity's got this new gun that she wants to try on you  
And no one says a word from there on out, from there on out But I knew she was beautiful, you're the ones with  
the flaws, flaws  
I knew she was beautiful she should've had this all, all  
You're killing your heroes, you're killing them one by one, one  
But I knew she was beautiful, something here's got to die, die So Vanity's got this new gun that she wants to try  
on you  
And as we stand here waiting for the sound  
So Vanity's got this new gun that she wants to try on you  
And no one says a word from there on out, from there on out

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