Shatterday

Vendetta Red

Our days are numbered 666
And I'll begin the countdown by calling off the circus
Somewhere in these cryptic scriptures
I'll find myself drifting in a sky full of scars they cut into you
Blisters rose colored hue
Mayday we're going down
These mescaline memories are morose
Your kerosine company is comatoseOur days are numbered 321
And when you bit the bullet I held the smoking gun
Somewhere in these violent volumes
I'll find myself drifting in a sky full of scars they cut into you
Blisters rose colored hue
Mayday we're going down
These mescaline memories are morose
Your kerosine company is comatoseAnd I would sick up half of my cold eye
to set you on your head
If I were you then I would memorize
This loose lipped lullaby instead of waiting
Carving out your ownScars they cut into you
Blisters rose colored hue
Mayday we're going down
Follow we went around
Scars they cut into you
Blisters rose colored hue
Mayday we're going down
These mescaline memories are morose
Your kerosine company is comatose

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