

Artificial Red

Mad Season

Artificial red, smoke, poison consumed
In the house of ill repute
Is this the way I spend my days
In recovery of a fatal disease? Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh On a cloud of pink has turn to gray
And I'm alone again, yeah
Someone to hold against my own
Alone, untouched is what I crave Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh Artificial red, smoke, poison consumed
In the house of ill repute
Is this the place I search for love
When my need is within me, a gift from above? Ooh, ooh

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>