Run

Vendetta Red

Shoot to kill,
she wrapped her legs around my face stripped down she she went down and that's all.
And where is art?
It's in the tears of the retarded children,
when you tell them there's no God.
You'll fall asleep forever,
but never close your eyes,
'cause every day you're wishing you could hold her through the night. She'd have you sing the chorus then watch the years go by but I don't mind.
The meat talks back,
divorce my head off of my neck to dine on hot organs,
and that's all.
and where is love?
It's on the blade of this old kinfe,
your lover took your life and took off.

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