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Mad Season "Artificial Red"

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Artificial red, smoke, poison consumed In the House of III Repute Is this the way I spend my days In recovery of a fatal disease?

Oooh... Oooh... Oooh... Oooh...

On a cloud of pink has turned to grey And I'm alone again, yeah Someone to hold against my own Alone, untouched is what I crave Oooh... Oooh... Oooh... Oooh...

Artificial red, smoke, poison consumed In the House of III Repute Is this the place I search for love When my need is within me, a gift from above?

Oooh... Oooh... Oooh... Oooh...

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