

Mad Season "Artificial Red"

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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?

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 Ill 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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