

## Combichrist

### "Red"

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Nothing ever happens in this dirty hick town  
The bar is always closed and now the hookers all are  
gone  
Now church is entertainment and Prozac is the drug  
Going out of my mind, start to changing things around

I've got gallons of blood  
Can't remember where it's from  
Just clippings on the wall  
I guess it's stuff that I've done

I've got to paint this town red (red... red... red...)  
I've got to paint this town red (red... red... red...)  
I've got to paint this town red (red... red... red...)

Auto-erotic, I'm bored and all neurotic  
Just sitting around all day, just plotting how to die  
Wasting time, cracking fingers, my blood gets thinner  
by the minute  
Sometimes I feel that I am dead

Distant memories haunt me (distant memories haunt  
me)  
It truly seems like a dream (it truly seems like a dream)  
Like a dead man's song (like a dead man's song)  
A machine with no conscience (a machine with no  
conscience)

I've got to paint this town red (red... red... red...)  
I've got to paint this town red (red... red... red...)  
I've got to paint this town red (red... red... red...)  
I've got to paint this town red (red... red... red...)  
I've got to paint this town red (red... red... red...)

"It really seems like a dream"

Like a dead man's song  
I'm just the machine with no conscience  
Like a dead man's song  
Living in a dirty hick town

I've got to paint this town red (red... red... red...)  
I've got to paint this town red (red... red... red...)  
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I've got to paint this town red (red... red... red...)

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