

Periphery

"Scarlet"

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So many reasons,
Why one should never entertain the taste of the red,
A cry for a life of innocence is key to her head.

Keep running back to kill me,
'Cause it might make it easier.

A fear that keeps you chained down to the ritual
adhere,
You're a slave born into a dark world of disease,
A slave that's longing for a rich way.

Learning to love a disaster,
Direct your soul in the essence of light,
To draw the blood of the master,
Flee,
The stains on your wings now carry the fray.

Tell that she,
Embraced the glory vengeance brings,
Hold, curl in tight, illuminate the light.

Punish me, punish me,
An eye for an eye, an eye for the wicked,
Just the sight of me,
Your cold intention burning intuitions.

But with a smile on his face,
Exist like you can last within this wretched place,
So please forgive what I've become.

Learning to love a disaster,
Direct your soul in the essence of light,
To draw the blood of the master,
Flee,
The stains on your wings now carry the fray.

Coldest zeal,
Extracted from the omen's life,
One steady hand in victory,
Darkness weeps,

As love informs under a pure and present night,
Point from the eye, endure the light.

So many reasons,
Why one should never entertain the taste of Scarlet.

Scarlet.

So many reasons,
Why one should never entertain the taste of the red,
A cry for a life of innocence is key to...

Learning to love a disaster,
Direct your soul in the essence of light,
To draw the blood of the master,
Flee,
The stains of your wings now carry the fray.

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