

## Vendetta

### "Three Chord Valentine"

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She said she liked the way I kissed  
So cutting edge I slit my wrists  
I need to vomit disappear  
And kill those monsters in my mirror  
Out classed by losers second place  
Before I fell flat on my face  
So sick of dreaming, wake me up  
And do your worst to shut me up

I'm resistant to your insistence  
I can hear you off in the distance  
Telling me the end is coming soon  
Too addicted to breathe without it  
Too embarrassed to talk about it  
I'll kiss you off and try to leave  
Without you following me

This punctured pallet pains me red  
Disturbed and angered dead instead  
Just lift your lips and leave me lost  
A pale cold corpse collecting moss  
These echoes count your hours down  
With pulse precision safe and sound  
So apropos and no one cares  
An empty room with empty chairs

I'm resistant to your insistence  
I can hear you off in the distance  
Telling me the end is coming soon  
Too addicted to breathe without it  
Too embarrassed to talk about it  
I'll kiss you off and try to leave  
Without you following me

So you can take your dress code  
And your elitist looks on life  
Boil them up in a fucking syringe  
And shoot it right in your fucking neck

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