

Wounded "Red"

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Red

Leave me alone, as I gather my pride.
And see the holes that I forever hide.
I think I've seen you in your darkest disguise,
For I am blinded.
I hate the light of your brutal eyes.
I hate the mask on your face that never cries.
I want to burn your face.

I feel the dragon that lives under your skin.
I feel the frost on your heart of sin.
You sucked my hope and dispatched my fate.
So immoral.
A celebration for the separated.
A wicked kiss for the love that died.
As on the cross of disgust I paint,
With my blood our lie.

Once I thought you were sanded from our apathetic
gods.
Yet now I know that a much darker kin grew your shade.
But be that as it may,
I love you still with my darkest hate.

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