

Nakashima Mika**"Good Friday"**

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It's over, the light has returned to red My bloody red
divine, so high, tastes like cheap red wine At the
party's dawn, I'll sing that song, to prolong the
Scourge, the walk of the avenue, the place, the place_
You're 20 minutes away 20 Years are hard enough
some times just want to get off forever, or maybe just a
couple days, 'cause forever isn't far away but it sures
feels closer than you If we tied these hands, wrap this
heart in a blanket The blood would seep through, and
my bloody red divine Just smile, drink your cheap red
wine, have a drink on me But how much more red is
willing to bleed, one last drop, one last beat But on that
Friday

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