

Red Roses For A Blue Lady "Musical Chairs"

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this is real, five hearts of steal, pouring and beating...
we are whole as one, from nothing we will become and
make our way... you are the broken wheel of regression
that is holding and reporting a disclaimer to our name
and foul spoken words of dishonesty... your babbling
mouth spits the blood from chewing on the tongue of
your idol... so when it comes to you and I and our
friendship I just don't have the time... the time to waste
on you... the time to associate with you... so hold your
breath baby and you wait for us to come around,
because we waited too long for you... a wind carried
conversation and its only getting better baby... don't
wast your breath... his name, your fame, your ticket to
stardom... I would kill myself in the end to watch you
die one thousand times again and again (you should
kill yourself... from nothin we wil become and make our
way)

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