

Vendetta Red "All Cried Out"

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Turn your back on your past make your mark with a
crime that lasts
'Guns don't kill..." but bullets do and I've been saving
one for you
Hold me down I can feel a seizure coming think I took
too much marazine
Saw blade bits tearing tendons from your neck like so
much knives through bread
til you head sags and falls to the ground cashmere
crush covered in smoke
I'm All Cried Out
Soldiers march a red sunset blood soaked babies on
bayonets
The flag still waves for all to see like moonlight on my
machete

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