

## **Vendetta Red** **"Ambulance Chaser"**

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In fiscal flight from the ravenous cavemous orifice  
asphyxiated form  
Washed in wolves blood sterile and pantomimed  
parting in  
parts the trial of the worm  
Sew the lid closed cough and spit into your poalm with  
charitable charm  
Slap the bad mans wrist insist disarm  
Do the math the path is a narrow one it led me down to  
a cold and shallow grave  
On my tombstone I read the epitaph "Here lies a man  
who lived and died a slave"  
Till the vexing that his hex annexing animates his  
glorious distresses  
Serve the right foot raw so flawed undressed  
Semi conscious concentration Christmas cards and  
suffocation  
Ambulances beckon bodies tires squealing sirens  
wailing

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