

## Vendetta Red "Run"

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Shoot to kill,  
she wrapped her legs around my face stripped down  
she she went down and that's all.  
And where is art?  
It's in the tears of the retarded children,  
when you tell them there's no God.  
You'll fall asleep forever,  
but never close your eyes,  
'cause every day you're wishing you could hold her  
through the night. She'd have you sing the chorus then  
watch the years go by but I don't mind.  
The meat talks back,  
divorce my head off of my neck to dine on hot organs,  
and that's all.  
and where is love?  
It's on the blade of this old kinfe,  
your lover took your life and took off.

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