

There floats a phantom  
On this slum's foul air  
A shape to eyes with the gift of seeing  
into the spectre of endless plight  
face to reshape, vanity fleeting

Red handed, red handed  
Night dismembers  
Red handed, red handed  
Fight to remember  
Another's life is racked with shame  
Another lie still sounds the same  
Feeding fuels of unkept fires  
Wallow in your private mire

Into the spectre  
Of endless plight  
You'd like a face to reshape  
But there's no sense  
In fleeing  
You're caught red handed  
Red handed  
Red handed, Red handed ...  
There floats a phantom  
On this slum's foul air  
A shape to eyes with the gift of seeing  
into the spectre of endless plight  
face to reshape, vanity fleeing  
Another's eyes open in vain  
Another cry muffled with pain  
Feeding fuels of unkept fires  
Fall lifeless in your self made mire