

Wonder at the scarlet avenger
Who tore out all my vitals
Washed them pink and clean
Never did I see such an ugly confession
Sprung from my lips and met with open arms
Such a prize must be showered with better than 'never sure'
No I'm owing more
It's a shot of neon crimson to the brain

Lost sight in the streets of Manhattan
Walked alone through the George Square
Down the old fifth avenue
Never had I felt more alone in the big lights
I almost told you I wasn't coming home
And all the building were hiding my view of
Where I'm from and what I want
It's a shot of neon crimson to the brain

Taste me, it's not wrong to embrace me
I know I seem like a stranger
Like a song you used to sing
But here I, here I stand at your feet
And you're finding words to say
But the only thing that matters anyway
Is a shot of neon crimson to the brain