

## Lipstick Tourniquets

Vendetta Red

Something soulless  
Sold you  
It hates you  
They wear the sheepskins,  
But you are the monster  
Breathing men would kill  
Lucy don't go  
Hold me  
Haunt me  
Tinctures taunt you,  
Cause you are the monster  
Breathing men would kill  
Blame me for this  
As you sit in your counting room  
Coughing up blood  
Just to spit in my mouth  
Soon you'll be gone  
And the rain will wash you away  
Tucked in and gagged  
Now say your prayers  
Lipstick tourniquets work  
When the poison begins to take hold  
And for what reward?  
So the simple can suck on the rinds.