

Shoot Up With God

Vendetta Red

I'm poking jigsaw vein with a rusty syringe.
Like a pinch on the arm, baby, keep it surreal.
Stand beneath the Eiffel Tower, freedom kiss on the mouth.
Stare forever in the face until the fever runs out.
You know you love the taste of tetnis.
So pucker up and praise the slum lord.
Shoot up with god.