

There Only Is

Vendetta Red

Reminiscent screams
Like womb dreams
from ridding yourself
of your own existence

The pendulum it sways
like an empty noose
Still your thoughts compress
and you weep and sigh
inside

Adolescent naievity
you spawned my
optimism

Who's head you wore
on your coat of arms
you're the champion
of my bleeding heart

When you're shrouded in
baptismal brine
for the dawning of
the great rebirth
don't forget your name
when your number's called
or you may end up causing the end of us all

Who's head you wore
on you're coat of arms
you're the champion
of my bleeding heart