

## Red

Combichrist

Nothing ever happens in this dirty hick town  
The bar is always closed and all the hookers are long gone  
The church is entertainment and prozac is the drug  
I'm going out of my mind, start changing it around

I got gallons of blood  
Can't remember where it's from  
Just clippings on the wall  
I guess it's stuff that I have done

I've gotta paint this town red!

Autoerotic, I'm bored and all neurotic  
Just sitting around all day just planning how to die  
Wasting time, cracking fingers  
My body gets thinner by the minute  
Sometimes I feel that I am dead  
Distant memories haunt me  
It really seems like a dream  
Like a dead man's song  
A machine with no conscience

I've gotta paint this town red!

Like a dead man's song  
I'm just a souped-up machine with no conscience  
Like a dead man's song  
Living in a dirty hick town

I've gotta paint this town red!