

There floats a phantom
On this slum's foul air
A shape to eyes with the gift of seeing
into the spectre of endless plight
face to reshape, vanity fleeting

Red handed, red handed
Night dismembers
Red handed, red handed
Fight to remember
Another's life is racked with shame
Another lie still sounds the same
Feeding fuels of unkept fires
Wallow in your private mire

Into the spectre
Of endless plight
You'd like a face to reshape
But there's no sense
In fleeing
You're caught red handed
Red handed
Red handed, Red handed ...
There floats a phantom
On this slum's foul air
A shape to eyes with the gift of seeing
into the spectre of endless plight
face to reshape, vanity fleeing
Another's eyes open in vain
Another cry muffled with pain
Feeding fuels of unkept fires
Fall lifeless in your self made mire