

All Cried Out

Vendetta Red

Turn your back on your past make your mark with a crime that lasts

'Guns don't kill..." but bullets do and I've been saving one for you

Hold me down I can feel a seizure coming think I took too much marazine

Saw blade bits tearing tendons from your neck like so much knives through bread

til you head sags and falls to the ground cashmere crush covered in smoke

I'm All Cried Out

Soldiers march a red sunset blood soaked babies on bayonets

The flag still waves for all to see like moonlight on my machete