

# Forgetiette

**Vendetta Red**

Half a pack of cigarettes mostly broke or bent  
I think of cancer as I put one to my  
cracked lips that long to slake this poison lust  
Voices spin and resonate inside  
This old phone booth shelters me from these lonely streets  
If only god would grant me strength to call you  
Just three words could help me slake this poison lust  
Esoteric memory you're an eyesore now  
Grab your handle twist your blade deep in my wound