

Forgetiquette

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