

## Every Red Cent

Rocky Votolato

We're moving on, the bags are all packed  
I'm feeling like less of a wreck  
The plans for revenge have all been detailed and laid out  
The graves have all been dug don't let me forget one for myself

I've got hate running through my veins  
And my blood runs like the venom of a poisonous snake  
Emptiness, my old friend  
Keep me company as I hunt down and kill my enemies,  
Cause there must be someone to blame

Someone to blame for the way I've been feeling  
I've been shot at, I've been cheated,  
How could you send me to this place  
I have every right to feel the way I've been feeling  
Shut up  
I don't want to hear anymore of your dirty excuses

You've got hate running through your veins  
And your blood runs like the venom of a poisonous snake  
Emptiness, my old friend  
Will be your victory and the riches you have earned you deserve  
every red cent

It's too late to turn back now  
Crying for a love that you know you never learned how to make  
Buried in what you dug  
Crying for a love when you know you never learned how

Hate is running through my veins  
And my blood runs like the venom of a poisonous snake  
Emptiness, my old friend  
Keep me company as I hunt down and kill my enemies cause there  
must be