

Artificial Red

Mad Season

Artificial red, smoke, poison consumed
In the House of Ill Repute
Is this the way I spend my days
In recovery of a fatal disease? Ooh... Ooh...
Ooh... Ooh... On a cloud of pink has to grey
And I'm alone again, yeah
Someone to hold against my own
Alone, untouched is what I crave Ooh... Ooh...
Ooh... Ooh... Artificial red, smoke, poison consumed
In the House of Ill Repute
Is this the place I search for love
When my need is within me, a gift from above?
Ooh... Ooh...
Ooh... Ooh...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>