

# Slipknot, Vermillion

She seems dressed in all the rings  
Of past fatalities  
So fragile yet so devious  
She continues to see it  
Climatic hands that press  
Her temples and my chest  
Enter the night that she came home  
Forever

Oh (She's the only one that makes me sad)

She is everything and more  
The solemn hypnotic  
My Dahlia bathed in possession  
She is home to me

I get nervous, perverse, when I see her it's worse  
But the stress is astounding  
It's now or never she's coming home  
Forever

Oh (She's the only one that makes me sad)

Hard to say what caught my attention  
Fixed And crazy, Aphid Attraction  
Carve my name in my face, to recognize  
Such a pheromone cult to terrorize

I won't let this build up inside of me  
I won't let this build up inside of me  
I won't let this build up inside of me  
I won't let this build up inside of me

(Yeah!)

I'm a slave, and I am a master  
No restraints and, unchecked collectors  
I exist through my need, to self oblige  
She is something in me, that I despise

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I won't let this build up inside of me

SHE ISN'T REAL!  
I CAN'T MAKE HER REAL!  
SHE ISN'T REAL!  
I CAN'T MAKE HER REAL!

(She isn't real, I can't make her real)  
(She isn't real, I can't make her real)