

Stolen Roses

Karen Elson

There once was a time when I was a girl
that darkness hunged in my sky
I was old before I learned to be young
stone cold till I learn how to cry

and the weeds in the ground have grow up through my skin
it's taking a lonesome girl's heart
I will go where the stolen roses grow
to forget that I have fell apart

the thorns on the roses cut through my skin
the vultures flew down and then pecked
what lay on the surface was a tiny crack
and below was a gigantic wreck
so I held my head down and I dealt with the blows
In hope that I'd soon be free to go where the stolen roses grow
to forget I have bad memory

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