O Rose
thou art sick
the invisible worm
that flies in the night
in the howling storm
has found out thy bed
of crimson joy
and his dark secret love
does thy life destroy
does thy life destroy
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O Rose thou art sick the invisible worm that flies in the night in the howling storm has found out thy bed of crimson joy and his dark secret love has found out thy bed of crimson joy and his dark secret love does thy life destroy does thy life destroy