

Rose Bouquets

As Everything Unfolds

So obsessed with the symptom of our regress
Far more than we'd like to confess
Curse the day I woke up this way
Rue the day I let my world decay

Poets will only say, "Let go of those rose bouquets"
They don't serve you anyway (They don't serve you, they don't s
erve you)
Found their purpose, let them lay
Let go of those rose bouquets
They don't serve you anyway

It is without error, certain and most true
What lies within me also lies in you
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Rue the day I let my world decay

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