

# Rose

eaJ

For the times when they hit you  
Facedown in the ground with the wetsuit  
Plant seeds but the tree never grow fruit  
Shouting but they all got you on mute

When they got you thinking maybe  
It could be me that's the crazy  
all the tears bled up  
on the climb up  
dry up  
into nothing

Nothing you understand  
Nothing makes sense but

Don't you know that nothing's really ever beautiful  
We're all just broken windows  
What you see depends from where  
you set your eye  
I could see my  
blood on the floor  
Or it might just be a Rose