

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