

Wilted Flower

Maximilian Hecker

A Magic bullet against your drought
Were sumptuous rainfalls
Dreary whispering of how you love
Sun-baked objects
It's a little strange how you walk
And I still hear your withered talk
I am blooming
I am blooming
Without you

You've lost your tears in a vale of dust
You're a wilted flower
How could I now miss your face
As I'm watered in a shower?
It's a little strange how you walk
And I still hear your withered talking