Blossom, the Witch

Still Remains

She is the enchantment
She is the filth that you love to crawl in
You're forced to feed on the dirt
 that you can only perceive as passion
But looks are deceiving
Beauty is only skin deep
She's put and end to existence
She's put and end to us all
There's something in her eyes that says,
 "I am here to tell you lies"
Meet here stare to entrap yourself
In the place where love has died
Beware the blossom
Beware of here eyes
Run
You'll never make it out of here alive
Run
You'll never make it out
But looks are deceiving
Beauty is only skin deep
She's put an end to existence
She's put an end to us all
Beware

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