

# All Silver Rusts

The Rose

Mine is a slow race  
I'm losing fast with no mask on my face  
Say this in a masquerade place  
My last dance is alone

Love was a waste  
Here with my lace  
But I am a woman one chased  
Bitter taste of blame  
Blame me for your own sake

There's reason behind this  
Rewind to the first kiss and wonder lust  
Look back as we all must  
And almost cry out pixie dust  
As I keep dreaming  
Of lost days when my spirit was robust  
Back then I was stirring  
But I've learned all silver one day rusts

My heart was the music  
And you were off beat  
Sado masochistic  
Storms pounding on my like sleet  
Six feet  
Beneath the ground can't be beat  
I sleep  
With the guilt and failure for my sheets and

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