

Deadrose

Unprocessed

Flow like a river
Grow with the trees
Bloom in the shadows
Fly with the breeze

Glow in the glamour
Dressed in velvet
I shall not look at
Your thorns on array

Red was her colour
Raised with the wolves
Beauty in horror
Found in the woods

Dance with the devils
Writhing in lust
Moisture on velvet
Set to combust

Tempted to dance with
A wilted rose again
She took all my hatred
Now I can't be the same

Like feathers on oil film
You can cling to my neck
Hands bruise in darkness
Life fades to black

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