

In the garden of your mind
It's dark and prickly, sweet and sticky
Just like honey, overflows
The rotten flesh of my own carcass
A fallen angel thirsty for
The blood and gore, a painful sore
When I miss you, I sleep it through
Just so I don't have to think of you

It's too hard for me to let go of you
Know I tried to forget you
I really did try, I sleep
Little creep, you make me weep
I promise you I did as much as I could do
To stop thinking of

You stabbed me right in the chest
And made me bleed, and made me wet
With my own blood, drained with love
It's pastel pink, it's sweet, I think?

In the garden of your own mind
It's dark and prickly, sweet and sticky
Just like honey, overflows
The rotten flesh of my own carcass

All this love I have for you has made
Softscars
All this love has cut me like a blade
Softscars
I can't forget you, just go away
Softscars
I can't love you like you love me, babe
Softscars

Soft
Softscars