

Dying rose in a vase of gold
For someone who rains
And brings her to life again
Blood on your defeated leaves
And a tear for your arm
No soul to weep for here

Rain above here eyes never reached to make her blind
And the fire colored night
Tragedy by trust, lost her world to the pyre
And the fire wrote these lines

Seized to a world that's built on lost
The dream has begun
To shate its silent touch
Her loving turned to dust
Frail in my hands, soul twisted out, crawling to the end...

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