

Dead Rose

Eighteen Visions

Smell the rose.
Sweet inspiration.
Does it make you want to fuck?
Then go fuck yourself.
You're scarred with imperfection, but aren't we all?
Harder. Does it feel good?
Oh how we love the pain.
Consume. Buy yourself love.
Love doesn't want you.
It hurts, but I was born into this. love hurts.

Makes me hate you. make me fuck them.
Corrupt minds, thoughts and feelings beauty.
Fuck it hard. Harder. Fuck me.
I have. our love is dead.
Pain orchestrates this art.
Sometimes I feel, but I can't feel.
Unwanted by my virgin.
And I'll slice my throat on a thorn of the dead rose you left me with.
And on our last kiss, she leaves a bitter taste in my mouth. dead rose.