

# Black Flowers

Joseph Arthur

There's nothing much for us here  
Peace comes in the acceptance of this  
Old ways break off into new loves  
Which quickly reveal themselves as fucked up as the old ones  
Dreams cascade like fires in polluted wind  
All around a will that's not yer own  
Who is this animal body  
What is this place  
And why am I going through these stations of disgrace

Black flowers  
(They are growing to take you down)  
Black flowers  
(They are growing to take you down)

We are meant to be disillusioned  
This is the road of evolution  
We are meant to watch dreams fall away like the toys of a child  
Where as they once encompassed the world  
They now become useless  
They now become trash  
This is how we grow up  
If growing up is what you want  
We blossom into death  
Like black flowers who bow before an alligator sun  
Black flowers who crumble as children sing in the summer breeze  
To no one

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