

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)
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(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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