

Too Late for Roses

August Burns Red

Some kind of friction has scarred me, but created your new style.
My reasons to endure used to be based around who you were,
and your brilliant passion that could blaze right in front of a
perfect stranger.
This is my downfall - my blemish, I've been told before.
Quit holding on to what she was.
She doesn't recognize you or herself anymore.
She's stuck in the process of embracing what crumbles,
and when it happens there will be no apologies.
She chose to collapse what held her,
and if not cautious there may never be a cradle to soften her descent,
like clouds.
New shapes are taken, but they're not always actual, they're never tangible.
It's so brutal to see someone give it all up for nothing,
and having no power to stop them.