

Flowers in the Attic

Budgie

The two young children were old and bent
The older tried to look confident
Laying life ebbed away, nearly spent, no love
The darkness came and stopped the precious light
If they survive this eternal night
Without the sun and their maternal love
They might fade away

Flowers in the attic will not grow
Flowers in the attic no one knows
Flowers in the attic given some light
Maybe you will survive

The children cried like a baying hound
Cold, still and darkness was their surround
Although they wept, you could hear no sound
They fade.
They needed light to rejuvenate
To run away through an open gate
To halt the rise of a growing pain, away

By now the old world was laid to rest
So they invented self-happiness
With all the toys and the books
And the games they played
One lonely child in the night touched you
Depending on his mothers will
No food or love were the last but 'til the dawn