She's the cause of my sorrow, she's the start of my grief She's the bug in the blossom, she's the late falling leaf

I'm her priest and her poet, I'm her serf and not her king She's the root of my evil, It's now what I think

Speak to me gently or curse me, she wanted to be bold She said it was too late, that she needs some time and space

She did not want me ,she did not want me
She didn't care, she didn't want to be told it is not fair
She didn't want me, she did not care
She acts like I do not exist anymore, anymore

Love and passion are her minions, she is the starter at the end Since her sentence has been given, I grind my pride in the sand

I dropped the question on her plate, was it ever time for you a nd me ?

So how could I prevent you'd spit me out in the end?

She didn't answer , she didn't answer , she did not speak She didn't answer, to the meek She didn't answer , she didn't answer , she did not speak She hides and left me deceit, let me seek , let me seek

She did not want me, she didn't care
She didn't want to be told it is not fair
She did't want me, she did not care
She acts like I do not exist anymore , anymore ,