

We were born to bloom
Destined to deteriorate
No beauty in plastic flowers
No honey made from fake bouquets
We were born to bloom
But we were never meant to stay
No wine from fruit made out of wax
No honey made from fake bouquets

What do they say about apples and trees?
How do you grow when you're severed from the roots underneath?
And if the tether of love can never truly break
Did it slip from my hands the day you went away?

Why do they speak about a love that never dies?
And what the fuck do they know about the afterlife?
Have they ever spent the night screaming at the sky
asking why?

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What do they say about the heart and it's strength?
What do you do when your love rots to into rage?
How do you water the garden that famine takes?
How do you feed your soul with dust and clay?
We blossom then wither like the rose
Death written into our blood like poems
A soliloquy of ancient ancestral pain
The price of love paid over and over again

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