

Roses Venom Roses

Rosaline

Take this rose warped sky,
pour gasoline on my singed skin.
You set the gardens ablaze, to dust.
You've set the gardens ablaze.
We're at fault by design.
I used to be used to this.
If we kept trying to ignite the world, we would.
You secrete venom in my skin.
You said you would.
We're at fault by design.
I used to be used to this.
We've got dazzling down to a science