

7 Angels 7 Plagues "Dandelion"

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She awaits far more the smell of dandelion.
Love dripping with blood.
A mask to cover her hate and a hand to cover the
mouth.
He bites away at her face like cracks to concrete she
breaks.
Like concrete to cracks she remains.
In still life frame covered in dust.
A perfumed love sickens to his eyes.
She gently strokes the heartache he lives for.

And pounds a beating rhythm against hers as the walls
still drip with blood.
Off her hands shielding the face of tears that endlessly
love...
Warning arms of compassion through blue skies of
desperate lies.
As concrete to fists tonight rains.
Bloodshed. she dies.

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