

Bloodshed

"Scarlet Letter"

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As the clouds drift in the sky
The black rose begins to bloom
Hypocrisy grows louder
Of shuttering cries of what was you
This isn't the outside
Choked to declare what is yours
Cut my throat
Is this what will freeze the fire

My weakest style is my greatest defeat
I am not what they heard of
Bring in the pain as the punch begins to hit
From the habits of self-love

Alone, life dims to it's darkest path
Alone, neither you or me can grab a hold
Alone, I'm not yours, you're not mine
Alone

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