

Shiny Toy Guns

"Lotus"

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Nomadically I scavenge
A waster amongst waste
Upon a plateau of ravaged
Cliffs all around me, I can't get any higher
Tears in my eyes, tainted with desire
Prisoner to the wall-less cell
This disease called instinct, can't help myself
A beacon burdens upon the sunset
I hurt for it's figure and it's silhouette
And now, for the first time in my life
I see more than what's on the outside
For so long, temptation has left me blind
From this valley of lust and disgusts
I must rise
And suppress this driving force
To the point where it leaks from my pores
Despite this pain and this urge I contain
I refuse to be what I was again
I've ripped the stem, I've picked the petals
I've watched the beauty shrivel and dry
I've ripped the stem, I've picked the petals
I've watched the beauty wither and die
Anyone can kill a field of flowers
But who can sit and just watch one grow?

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