

Flowers Dead

"Might As Well Get Used To It"

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She stole the day they left her all of it
She saw the way they took her womb
Without a heart she might get used to it
She comes this way only about once a day
But in that time she moulds your soul like clay
What do you do when you want to get away
She likes to crawl
It don't mean a thing
After all it's only now and then

Should I pick her up to watch her fall again
Might as well get used to it
She wonders why she has no garden now
But how do you weed when only weeds are found
Without a head she might forget it all
Say goodbye to all that was beautiful

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