

Wilting Rose

"She Dies Inside"

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A blob of deep red seeping from my arm.
So pretty.
Dont worry, I wont do any lasting harm.
Im sensible.
The cuts get deeper as the days go by.
It doesnt hurt.
The more blood lost, the less tears cried.
I never cry now.
People are saying Im going mad.
Im not.
Maybe I am, is it normal to feel this bad?
Of course.
This time is really confusing me.
Dont panic.
You cant escape from it; theres nowhere to flee.
So fight it.
Scars spread ever closer to my wrist.
Whats happening?
I know what to do, I cant miss.
No, dont.
Searing pain shooting up my spine.
Make it stop.
A dizzy head but Im feeling fine.
Dont fall.
Theres a lot of red on the floor.
Like a carpet.
I dont think I can stand up anymore.
Then sit.
Head spinning crazily, I can hear bells.
Getting quiet now.
Is this it? Am I freed from my living hell?
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