

Wilting Rose

"This Charade"

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A blob of deep red seeping from my arm.
So pretty.
Don?t worry, I won?t do any lasting harm.
I?m sensible.
The cuts get deeper as the days go by.
It doesn?t hurt.
The more blood lost, the less tears cried.
I never cry now.
People are saying I?m going mad.
I?m not.
Maybe I am, is it normal to feel this bad?
Of course.
This time is really confusing me.
Don?t panic.
You can?t escape from it; there?s nowhere to flee.
So fight it.
Scars spread ever closer to my wrist.
What?s happening?
I know what to do, I can?t miss.
No, don?t.
Searing pain shooting up my spine.
Make it stop.
A dizzy head ? but I?m feeling fine.
Don?t fall.
There?s a lot of red on the floor.
Like a carpet.
I don?t 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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