

Camilla Rhodes, Good Fortune Means Nothing

So, that the rose might never die.

A sorrow my eyes should never wish to behold, of forty winters past.

Love that is not love.

Your honesty, nothing more than rejection of a ruined love.

Just another love song with no more reason.

The sunset glow of your naked eye it burns a hole in my heart like a kiss, colder than hell.

Another one scorned, another one burned.

You're all the same to me, why don't you show your face highroller.

Everything you said was a lie.

Now you all die.

Now I'm plotting where to hide your bones, hoping that the tide will come and take them away.

Take you away.

One more touch from your fingertips, to know I'm still alive.

As my tears turn red and I bleed your ashes.

Why must the empty sky come crashing down?