

Camilla Rhodes, The New England Holiday

Drowning in the beauty, I wish I didn't have to think about you anymore.

These red cloth petals bleed.

I'm whispering goodnight kisses on your cheek.

Lately I can't seem to believe we are the dead.

These windows with their promises seem to change the scenery before you fall asleep.

And you'll never know, although I'll never your pale face framed by dark hair.

And when it feels like rain, put the gun to your head.

And when it feels like rain, drive these nails through my wrists.

And when it feels like rain, ask me to forgive you.

Hey baby, don't you know, I'm doing alright these days.

My blood, your hands.

My hands, your throat.

I don't believe in fairy tales any more and this glass casket of borrowed dreams will only open old w

She's nothing but porcelain underneath her skin.

Blessed are the heartless, blessed are you