

Camilla Rhodes, Women And Children First

A beauty adorned of Eden's ashes, a soul stripped bare.
Why must you tear at my wings?
You are who are more beautiful when it's cold and raining.
It is the snow which brings me closer to your lips.
Now you're running away from me.
My only memory is the lipstick that stains my clothes.
Love is nothing more than my mistake.
Why are you running away from me?
Before the petals of your innocence they cloud my clarity.