

# Dead Flowers, Might As Well Get Used To It

She stole the day they left her all of it  
She saw the way they took her womb  
Without a heart she might get used to it  
She comes this way only about once a day  
But in that time she moulds your soul like clay  
What do you do when you want to get away  
She likes to crawl  
It don't mean a thing  
After all it's only now and then  
Should I pick her up to watch her fall again  
Might as well get used to it  
She wonders why she has no garden now  
But how do you weed when only weeds are found  
Without a head she might forget it all  
Say goodbye to all that was beautiful