

Ann Bolynn, Flowers

Next to your grave ive found my home inside
these muddy waters and i dont mind spending
time here with you in this hole where im not bothered
They say your dead/well so am I
I promised you/that i would try
To make you smile one last time
So here i am/among the roots
Im holding on/whats left of you
the bits of peices of a life that we once knew
You buried six feet into my chest
Wired down among the rest
sick and surrounded by a granite army
Now I can see you time has gone
are souls are slowly fading
It brings the pressure in my mind as we slowly
sift through this fog where we are both waiting
They say your dead/well so am I
I promised you/that i would try
To make you smile one last time
So here i am/among the roots
Im holding on/whats left of you
the bits of peices of a life that we once knew
You buried six feet into my chest
Wired down among the rest
sick and surrounded by a granite army
you hold the life that bleeds from me
and built the air in which I breath
sick and surrounded by a granite army
They say your dead well so am I
all this time we both wait for our fates to align
so here I am among the roots
all this time all those flowers Ive brought
you have died in your world just like me
You buried six feet into my chest
Wired down among the rest
sick and surrounded by a granite army
you hold the life that bleeds from me
and built the air in which I breath
sick and surrounded by a granite army