## 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 alighn 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

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