

Arson, Severed

She wore a halo of fire with wings wrapped tightly around my throat.
Her blood covered fingers traced my face.
And its days like these that make me wish I wouldn't wake up.
And that I could tear down this blue sky.
I'd kill your happiness because I can't stand to watch you smile.
Pinned to the ground.
A final nail in the coffin.
These are dead flowers to lie by the grave.