

Bloodlined Calligraphy, A Funeral for Dead Roses

How faces change like the seasons, and how I miss your spring.
I tried to sleep through winter, but dead roses still have thorns.
Up in flames you seemed to go, killed the love we'd yet to grow.
You looked so good as you turned away.
I never quite believed it until I saw you pull your eyes out.
I watched you burn, and everytime I think about you, a piece of me dies with you.
Throw the switch on my tired soul.
What was pure has turned to stone.
Throw the switch.