

# Cannae, Black Flowers

Handed black flowers  
Lined with dead moss  
They release the pungent stench of disease  
Scorched by the sun  
Decayed to ashes  
Animated sleeves of despair

But with each chapter  
We learn much more  
But it brings us closer to the end

Edge burned photos  
They show the past  
Seven deadly sins hold their purpose  
Just lives to breed  
Summary of a virus  
Running rampant through the races

Encased in glass  
Each breath you take  
It brings us closer to the end

Flirting with the hands  
That holds disaster  
The scales now have turned  
Underneath the facade  
That makes you gorgeous  
You host the death of thousands

Die extreme lines of  
Execution through skinless torture  
Prosthetic love

Enlist love human  
Dressed up with roses  
Obey the stars

Seven deadly sins  
Lust lives to breed  
Summary of a virus  
Lust lives to breed