

Classic Case, Subrosa

constant suffering surrounds us all as we dance in our arrogance
cautiously we speak, like pulling teeth as we swallow our tongues

so cry out with a rose in hand
tear it in two, it hung over you
not to rest on graves or a lover's vase
but to keep us silent
we won't be silent

blinding and deceiving
what they tell us is the half-truth
in the autumn of our lives we decay
In the autumn of our lives we won't wither in denial
so misleading when the answer is right behind you
throw the rose away and bloom