

Eyes Upon Separation, It Must Be Take a Worm for a Walk

her eyes carry me to my grave
where i lay awake beneath cupid's curse
tasting this decay
brought by another day
words taste of death
(her words taste of death)
lingering in my head
sent to kill
I'm still alive
my heart still bleeds
my eyes turn to grey
stars burn out one by one
my dreams burn out one by one
as these rose pedals peel...
she loves me...
she loves me not...