

Nine Days, Regret

(K. Edwards)

You finger tips
your touch
every little movement
regret

Your eyes so wild
your voice
a muses song
regret

you capture me
sweeping paint
over a canvas
regret

you frighten me
your red lipstick
and your purple eyes
regret

I never meant to hurt you
oh no...

I never meant to cut you
your darker side has left me
oh no...

He coming out of mushroom cakes
Your glass cheeks
and bitter tongue
still sweet
regret

I never meant to hurt you
oh no...

I never meant to cut you
your darker side has left me
oh no...

He coming out of mushroom cakes
I never meant to hurt you
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