

Officium Triste, Roses on my Grave

Roses on my grave,
Withered.
My headstone crumbles,
Forgotten.

Since the day I died,
You mourned for over a year.
I saw the way you cried.
The way you shed those tears.

You came to my grave.
Fresh roses every week.
A resurrection you craved.
Oh, you were so weak.

But as time flies by.
Your life got back on track.
Eventually you stopped to cry.
My headstone started to crack

Roses on my grave,
Withered.
My headstone crumbles,
Forgotten.

My grave you visit no more.
Past tense I have gotten.
Fresh roses nevermore.
I am forgotten.