

The Honorary Title, Petals

Petals broke from tips of roses hidden underneath my arm
All the framed, different poses of places I'll soon forget
That I'll soon forget
Tell me again that part how you didn't feel a thing
That part how you never actually really ever did
And lift yourself from my grip
But don't fall asleep
Nothing you say can or will ever penetrate
These walls that I create
When you spew that barage of insulting words
No that isn't all, that isn't all
Five stitches seal the crease
From the fit fueled by your aching
You're so temperamental darling
With your little disease
I'm happy for you baby, but I don't wanna know