

Yesterdays Rising, Sidewalks Remanence

As a flower
Eases its way through the sidewalks
I see its color possesses the town
Creating all the by
standers to frown
as I walk up to it
theres nothing more
Ive got to find a way
Theres nothing more
Ive got to find a way out
These thorns are protected by a layer
A layer of dust
These thorns are protected
Through the sidewalks
As I walk up to it gracefully Im stopped
And astounded by its thorns Oh No
Break
These thorns are protected by a layer
A layer of dust
These thorns are protected by a layer
A layer of dust