

A Flower In Decay

Officium Triste

Your scent
The smell of flowers in decay
So sad
The way you sit there, rotting away

So young
With a lot of plans and dreams
They're lost
Life's unfair, so it seems

All hope is gone
No spark of brightness in sight
You gave up
You don't want to fight this fight

Your scent
The smell of flowers in decay
So sad
You're rotting away

A battle lost before it even started
Leaving me behind, broken hearted
I couldn't imagine you would lose
That this is the end
That you would choose
I understand you are in pain
That living life becomes a strain
You'd rather be up there amongst angels
Because the demons inside are too painful