Thorn

The M.S.P.

Walk all over me
Even though you can't decide
Look out, (jump back)
You'll be on your own
Hillside, slip and slide
Feel the pain, it's no surprise
Look out, look out
Thorn will be your love
I felt your hair across my skin
I didn't know where to begin
A shallow promise in my ear
No thoughts, no dreams, no wishes, and no fear
The rose is dead, your face serene
No memories of things that once did seem
To be to me important too
You give me flowers when it's thorns I give to you

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