

Flowers

Antimatter

I had a dream, far away from here,
Far away from you, far from all the pain.
With strength in numbers, the sad betrayal braves,
Return to desecrate those memories again.
And there you were taking flowers from my grave ...
I kiss the ground but I can hardly breathe,
As you scrape me from the pavement once again.
Safety in numbers, you thought I'd washed away,
But I'm still waiting for the rain...

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