No Roses, No Skies

Have Heart

She's a song unsung
She's the wild orchid in your ugly swamp
She's a song unsung
and the only white walls of her mind know what that song sounds likeThe pills, the pills
and the Dr.'s promises just ain't doing the trick
cause the arms of nothing she falls asleep in
can still bring the razor to the wristThe TV screens, the magazines
scream at you like the dogs of hell
advertising and advising you to be
anyone but your beautiful selfPrince Charming never brought you flowers
just loveless lifetime alone
No roses for you, just unlocked doors
and the deafening silence of your phoneSo block your ears, close your eyes
remember that you're a golden soul fallen from the
boring, heartless Hollywood heard of lies that they call:BeautifulWith no shoulder, no hand, no body, no man, no door,
no heart to let you:The sun can take too long
to end the endless nightI hear you, I feel you, I bleed with you
when our hearts begin to scream:This life can feel too longBut at night, you're dancing through the pain
even when you're the only one
no rose, no sky as full of the beauty of the girl who dies
but rises with every morning's sun
aloneShe dances alone
alone -- so beautiful
alone -- her own romance:
alone -- Lady Lazarus' Life-Sustaining Dance

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