

# Musical Chairs

## Red Roses for a Blue Lady

this is real, five hearts of steal, pouring and beating... we are whole as one, from nothing we will become and make our way... you are the broken wheel of regression that is holding and reporting a disclaimer to our name and foul spoken words of dishonesty... your babbling mouth spits the blood from chewing on the tongue of your idol... so when it comes to you and I and our friendship I just don't have the time... the time to waste on you... the time to associate with you... so hold your breath baby and you wait for us to come around, because we waited too long for you... a wind carried conversation and its only getting better baby... don't wast your breath... his name, your fame, your ticket to stardom... I would kill myself in the end to watch you die one thousand times again and again (you should kill yourself... from nothin we wil become and make our way)

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