

Dead Rose

Eighteen Visions

Smell the rose, sweet inspiration
Does it make you want to fuck?
Then go fuck yourself, you're scarred
With imperfection but aren't we all? Harder, does it feel good?
Oh, how we love the pain
Consume, buy yourself love
Love doesn't want you It hurts but I was born into this
Love hurts, makes me hate you
Make me fuck them corrupt minds
Thoughts and feelings beauty Fuck it hard, harder, fuck me, I have
Our love is dead, pain orchestrates this art
Sometimes I feel but I can't feel
Unwanted by my virgin And I'll slice my throat on a thorn
Of the dead rose you left me with
And on our last kiss
She leaves a bitter taste in my mouth Dead rose

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