Black Flowers

Cannae

Handed black flowers
Lined with dead moss
They release the pungent stench of disease
Scorched by the sun
Decayed to ashes
Animated sleeves of despairBut with each chapter
We learn much more
But it brings us closer to the endEdge burned photos
They show the past
Seven deadly sins hold their purpose
Just lives to breed
Summary of a virus
Running rampant through the racesEncased in glass
Each breath you take
It brings us closer to the endFlirting with the hands
That holds disaster
The scales now have turned
Underneath the facade
That makes you gorgeous
You host the death of thousandsDie extreme lines of
Execution through skinless torture
Prosthetic loveEnlist love human
Dressed up with roses
Obey the starsSeven deadly sins
Lust lives to breed
Summary of a virus
Lust lives to breed

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