Dandelion

7 Angels 7 Plagues

She awaits far more the
Smell of dandelion
Love dripping with blood
A mask to cover her hate
And a hand to cover the mouth

He bites away at her face
Like cracks to concrete she breaks
Like concrete to cracks she remains
In still life frame covered in dust
A perfumed love sickens to his eyes

She gently strokes the heartache
He lives for and pounds a
Beating rhythm against hers
As the walls still drip with blood
Off her hands shielding the face

Of tears that endlessly love
Warning arms of compassion through
Blue skies of desperate lies
As concrete to fists tonight rains
Bloodshed she dies

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