

Once Was a Rose

Farse

With white lace, both hands tied, period dress,
im that thorn in your side, but i once was a rose,
then you took me to the pawnshop. With make up, your face is masked, you took
it all except the clothing on my back. All our honesty is forked in different ways,
and all i want to do,
is eat, sleep, balcony views with you too.

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