

# Roses

## [Abra](#)

tonight  
petals fall from pink roses  
and everything I thought I knew  
I suppose is a lie  
everything dies  
and everything changes  
i was never to have a green thumb  
and i'm green with envy  
of the me that was young  
and unwise and unknowing  
the thorns are showing  
but you're taste best you  
when you're in full bloom  
lay in in my teeth  
my sweet love trophy  
you can't be killed if i rip from the roots  
take it with grace  
i'm dumb and i'll chase  
i'm young and i'll waste you away  
tonight  
if you leave me i'll flood out your fire  
why don't you love me like I  
love you like I want you  
like I need you  
everything dies  
it's always too soon you lose to the moon  
and you're freaking them out  
and you look like a fool  
and you're starting to know it  
your thorns are showing  
but you taste best you when you're in full bloom  
lay in in my teeth  
my sweet love trophy  
you can't be killed if i rip from the roots  
take it with grace  
i'm dumb and i chase  
i'm young and i'll waste you away

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