

# Ornament

## Blank Maps

Turns to shades of gray,  
Summer makes its move,  
You set the night on fire,  
How I wish I was by your side,  
Tragic sets of circumstances drag me to my fear.  
Time it seems so weighted.  
Asphyxiated, slowly I choke,[Chorus]  
Decorated..... Like flesh on a hook.  
Paint it black and blue,  
Like you always do,  
Take your poison,  
This sickly flower blooms.Another awful day,  
A change in the seasons,  
Drained of my meaning,  
But here it stays the same.[Chorus]This sickly flower blooms, [2x]  
Like you always do [2x][Chorus]

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