

Waste oh Petal

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It's about an unkown cause of passion.



Published on
Booksie

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As the petal floats to the ground it begins to crumble grow hard, brittle and brown

For my love is gone and dead but the rest has not been said.

It's as if Death is my new friend who comforts me in my time of need because he knows sooner or later he shall have to complete his dark deed. Yes the leaves may blow and bugs may glow while the grass grows but what is now important is the fact that I feel drained and collapse into an everlasting darkness that runs endlessly.

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Generated: 2015-03-06 05:14:49