

'Forever' Was Ruined By A Bee Sting

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When you say 'forever', apparently death doesn't count.



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She told me she loved me,
I told her I loved her,
She said she wouldn't love another he,
I said that I only had her to lure,
said that we would love without any fee
be loved always and forever.

But forever was ruined
by a single bee
a bee is what took
my true love from me.

Forever was no more,
gone, swept out the door,
Her beauty seemed now nonexistent,
I have never felt any more distant.

I cannot walk around
These memories with ease,
Seeing again her eyes of deep brown
Are the only things that will please.

But alas,
she has left
With bells of brass
Her life was a theft
from beauty within grass

And the flowers which bloomed
throughout the land,
for she was doomed
for a grand last stand.

For when the bee stung
her flawless skin,
In the air, Death clung
and took her from within.

Now my true love
is gone and broken
And from this nightmare
I will never be woken.

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