Everything about her was beautiful
A firework on a july evening
A loud and sudden burst of color in a cool grey sky
And she felt the same way about me
But I was weed killer in her Dandelion eyes
And our summer love was born to die
In a harsh and frigid autumn storm

She was a meadow in a lush green forest
Alive and glowing with the light of purity
Calm and serene
The eye of the storm that was my life
But my mind was a drought
A pollution to my body, my spirit
And I was a forest fire

There will be new things where I once was I knew that when I left
I can see now that the spring has come
And the birds are returning
As the sparks fly between their eyes
Like bees giving new life to new flowers
That emerge from our ashes like a Phoenix
Stronger than we ever were