

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