



Carouselling Regrets

When regret turns
The heart into heavyweight

It's like a feeling adorned
In blushing roses

Destroyed, by giving in- to sin
Then finding yourself drowning
In total emptiness

Should you regret?
Most certainly!
But you should also try to forget.

As regret will circle in your head
Like a carousel of unicorns

Till it scorns
And thanks to the roses' thorns
It brings you back to reality

Which then mourns
Pieces of your sanity
Buried in the grounds of your happiness