

A fawn knows not the cruelty of mankind,
A loaded gun, to the danger it is blind.
Wooden chairs chipping, silver rings rusting,
Scars are the burdens of those too trusting.

Lamb to the slaughter, pure white now red,
Some things, like the truth, are better left unsaid.
But flowers will wilt, once sweet fruits will grow mold,
You can't save something that's bound to grow old.

Snow White's first bite of the apple was sweet,
And the sheep's wool was soft before it showed its wolf teeth.
A flicker of innocence and growing tall tales,
The chrysalis of corruption begins to unveil.

Melting and moulding before breaking out,
Something rotten will emerge, there is no doubt.
Slipping time, a slowing clock,
A silent, hushed, *tick tock*,
Tick tock.