Ashes and Orchids

I wore my sorrow like a crown,
Built every smile to tear it down.
I broke the hands that reached for me,
And called it love, and called it free.

I chased the ghosts of other years,
I kissed my doubts, I drank my fears.
But in the wreckage of my art,
There beats a still, unbroken heart.

So I forgive these haunted hands,
That only tried to understand.

Ashes fall, and orchids rise,
Worn from storms but still alive.
I kiss the cracks, I bless the scars,
I wear my ruins like a crown of stars.

I drowned in rivers made of lies,
Built castles out of old goodbyes.
I wore my armor made of doubt,
And shut the trembling daylight out.

But somewhere past the ruined songs,
The child inside still hums along.
A softer hymn, a softer start,
A fragile, undefeated heart.

So I forgive these haunted hands,
That only tried to understand.

Ashes fall, and orchids rise,
Worn from storms but still alive.
I kiss the cracks, I bless the scars,
I wear my ruins like a crown of stars.

I'm not the blade,
I'm not the fall…
I'm every prayer that faced it all.
I'm not the scars,
I'm not the end…
I'm every time I tried again.

Ashes fall, and orchids rise,
Worn from storms but still alive.
I kiss the cracks, I bless the scars,
I wear my ruins like a crown of stars.

Bless the ashes…
Bless the light…
Crown the scars…
Crown the night…