

## The viral rose

Like the season in spring, the virus had bloomed, it reveals a prominent bud.  
It pricks it's host like garden thorns, which brings forth a rose of blood.  
Its seeds disperse across the world, its dread has now been scattered.  
This deadly rose, so harmless yet painful, is what we all have gathered.

The inhabitants walk across the street, not concerned about its demeanor.  
The rose has already taken root, then follows a cough and a fever.  
Some are lucky, they recover unscathed. But some fail and eventually wither.  
People don't take this rose seriously, only allowing it to get even bigger.

We don't know what the future holds, we must abide to every rule.  
Eventually we can eliminate this rose, so we can win this duel.  
You and I must work together. Lets show our prominent bud,  
By stopping covid19 from using its thorns. We can conquer this rose of blood