

## Phoenix Burns, The "The Rose"

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Ringin' is the silence, sounding so clear  
And beyond the darkness is the path to our fears  
So with every breath we end up falling short  
And in the endless circle of fire we are caught

A distant memory of the way things were before  
Is this a poison that can be cured?  
Dark thoughts of what will come to be  
You are the rose that has planted its thorn within me

The locked door to which there is no key  
Where lives all things that want to be free  
And only through the awakening of the flame  
Can there be a release from what keeps us sane

Between the calm ocean flood and the gentle burning  
flame  
Lays the cold earth that never washes away  
Desperate desire for what can never be  
You are the rose that has planted its thorn within me

The sun that rises on the distant dusk of day  
A blood red dawn that is burning the walls away  
And on the carousel we relinquish our pride  
Circling the hardships that forever are strived

A winding path that can never be defied  
And the burning light that can no longer be denied  
Makes us realise there is nowhere left to be  
Because you are the rose that has planted its thorn  
within me

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