Xandria "Like A Rose On The Grave Of Love"

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Come like the dusk Like a rose on the grave of love You are my lust Like a rose on the grave of love

I curse the day I first saw you Like a rose that is born to bloom Don't look at me the way you do Like the roses, they fear the gloom

Your thorns, they kissed my blood Your beauty heals, your beauty kills And who would know better than I do? Pretend you love me

Come like the dusk Like a rose on the grave of love You are my lust Like a rose on the grave of love

Indeed reality seems far When a rose is in love with you Slaves of our hearts, that's what we are We loved and died where roses grew

They watched us silently
A rose is free, a rose is wild
And who would know better than I do?
Roses are not made for love

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