

A Bloody Canvas "Roses"

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Lay me out in my sunday best
Make me handsome, make me proud
You watched me grow up, watched me fall
Stood by my bedside through it all
A man in white came with a book today
He said, "son take my hand and let us pray"
My mother seems so afraid
Sometimes I think she should of prayed...
... white roses lined the walls, every day here to
remind, the son who grew up to never be, black roses
will now line my bed, I've packed my things, I'm good
to go, I just thought I'd let you know, don't be scared...
... now on the same bed, my body lies and at my feet
my mother cries, the boy she loved with heart and soul,
not yet a man at eight years old, with my eyes shut
night I can finally see, the fine young man I would
never be, and now my mother who never prayed
screams "please don't take my son away"..
... there were white roses when I was born, to celebrate
a first born son, now black roses left by my side to hold
forever the boy who died...
... don't be scared (I'm with you)
Please don't cry (I'll never leave)
I'll come tonight to lay blue roses at your feet
I will live forever as the man you'll never meet

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