

Icon And The Black Roses

"Black Rose"

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Some black roses on the floor
And gliding petals on the river
Your tears are so cold
They 're twisting streams on your pale skin

But once you had a red rose on your hands
And spread it's seeds away while hoping they blossom
red
Sound and safe from that tainted soul of yours

Because your soul is black you fear the sun, wind and
rain
And would never let them to shine, blow or fall on your
grave
So the red roses are black for you, today

Some black roses on the floor
And drips of blood on your fingers
With every torn you hurt so deep
While harvesting on your death field

But once you had a red rose on your hands
And spread it's seeds away while hoping they blossom
red
Sound and safe from the tainted soul of yours

Because your soul is black you fear the sun, wind and
rain

And would never let them to shine, blow or fall on your
grave
So the red roses are black for you, today

Roses are black roses for you today
Roses are black roses for you today
Roses are black roses for you today

For you today

With honesty, justice and dignity
You can turn your roses red

Because your soul is black you fear the sun, wind and
rain
And would never let them to shine, blow or fall on your
grave
So the red roses are black for you, today

Roses are black roses for you today
Roses are black roses for you today
Roses are black roses for you today

For you today

Roses are black roses for you today
Roses are black roses for you today
Roses are black roses for you today

Black for you today...

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