

Soundarcade

"Fresh Deadly Roses"

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Written by chris cornell

I'd cry enough rain
To wash your garden away
But I'm dry as stone
So your trees wash away like veins
But I've been know to
Take a blow, and I know
How fair your garden grows
With, fresh deadly roses
Fresh deadly roses

You laid all your lilies on the grave
Of all the lonely
Soldiers you left battle torn
You cut their pride
On your concertina, that surrounds
Fresh deadly roses
Fresh deadly roses

Now I know just how it feels
To see my love congeal
Under your razor heel, and your
Fresh deadly roses
You gave me fresh deadly roses
You gave me the birds in your trees
Buzzing around disease
And leaves growing blood hungry leeches
And your fresh deadly roses
You gave me fresh deadly roses

One, two, three, four
More thorns in my side
Each little wound
Is getting harder to hide
Hard to swallow
I'd love to make you
Mine to break your
Fresh deadly roses
You gave me fresh deadly roses

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