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Death In December "A Slaughter Of Roses"

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Wasted, glorious dead It has to come All the dead are lost You, me, everyone

Our feelings, thoughts Ghosts couldn't see We closed the doors On eternity

Walk amongst this haunted Crowd Life dictates! Life pulls down Life dictates! It's books of brown Life dictates! Love pulls us down

A slaughter of roses
And a time to stop
A fuhrer, a butcher, a lover
A slaughter of roses
And, a time to crop
Meat-free!
On fire!!!

Our feelings, thoughts Ghosts couldn't see We opened the doors Of emergency

Wasted, glorious dead It has to come All the dead are lost Memories - everyone All the dead are lost You, me, everyone! <u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.