

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!

