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Death In December "Torture By Roses"

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Lost the will?
A germ in foreign blood
A glimmer of the past
Power and misery

Pathetic whore
To the ignorance of life
This is the best
It will ever be
Think of the things
That will never be

Sorrow, the empty well? Hollow and useless Consume to the inside Something I will not hide

My love wilts on
My comrade in tragedy
This is the best
It will ever be
Think of the things
That will never be

Your image is burnt You are dead You are nothing Yes, I love you

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