

Sheer Terror

"Roses"

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I'm tired of trying to understand, so ignorant I'll remain.
I feel repressed, and I'm not impressed by the games you children play.
Some of you may bask in the sun and some of you may hide.
Whenever I hear your laughing voices, I just want to cry.
So many years of nothingness yet you seem so content.
You have to realize, it's all lies of deceit.
Call me a bastard- call me a afraid.
I'll just turn a deaf ear.
'Cause all is that for roses, it's been a wonderful year.
Now your party is over, and your host has died.
Kick your shoes off as you walk through the door,
It's time to come inside.
The world is crumbling, a drunkard stumbling.
A new year's come alive It's been a wonderful year

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