

The Phoenix Burns

"The Rose"

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Ringing is the silence, sounding so clear
And beyond the darkness is the path to our fears
So with every breath we end up falling short
And in the endless circle of fire we are caught

A distant memory of the way things were before
Is this a poison that can be cured?
Dark thoughts of what will come to be
You are the rose that has planted it's thorn within me

The locked door to which there is no key
Where lives all things that want to be free
And only through the awakening of the flame
Can there be a release from what keeps us sane

Between the calm ocean flood and the gentle burning
flame
Lays the cold earth that never washes away
Desperate desire for what can never be
You are the rose that has planted it's thorn within me

The sun that rises on the distant dusk of day
A blood red dawn that is burning the walls away
And on the carousel we relinquish our pride
Circling the hardships that forever are strived

A winding path that can never be defied
And the burning light that can no longer be denied
Makes us realise there is nowhere left to be
Because you are the rose that has planted its thorn
within me

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