

Rippingtons

"Death Blossoms"

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Under black stones.
The light paints the bones of men that start to
overgrow.
All that remains...

But what they stole... was innocence...
The slate once clean has gone as black as coal.
Time and time again...

Take a look around, the tide is turning upside down.
The image of the world, reflected by a child's eyes.
This world...

No self control...
A sense of time, the bleeding hearts no longer buys.
We grow... Colder everyday.
But is all a joke?
A game we play.
Society must be so fucking bored.
And so cliché...

Take a look around, the tide is turning upside down.
The image of the world, reflected by a child's eyes.
We a need road to stay alive.

Slow and steady now.
Slow and steady now.
Slow and steady now.
Slow and steady now.
Slow and steady now.
And now... It's time

Take a look around, the tide is turning upside down.
The image of the world, reflected by a child's eyes.
We a need road to stay alive.

Take a look around,
We're all in this world, rejected by a child's eyes.
We a need road to stay alive.

