

Rippingtons

"Dirt And Roses"

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This city grieves, like widows clasping
Folded flags against their hearts.
Raindrops spill like dirt and roses
On black coffins in the dark.

Not yet corpses, still we rot,
Oblivious to our decay.
Drinking poison drop by drop,
Destined to die...

Unless we save our lives,
From the coming tide,
That seeks to drown us in it's waves.
But if we sell our soul,
For the chance of gold,
Then we'll rue each passing day.

And I swore this place was once was alive.
The streets all pulsed like living veins.
Heart worth beating, coarse with blood.
The buildings breathe each time they sway.

The time of death,
Punctuated by the bells.
The sky turned red,
Then came the rain!

Come on, let's save our lives,
From the coming tide,
That seeks to drown us in it's waves.
But if we sell our soul,
For the chance of gold,
Then we'll rue each passing day.

They drown, they'll crush you from the top
I'd rather die, I would rather chase them down
These worlds are crashing forward, they try to set
alight.
Build our true fates while they drown.

Like fallen soldiers on these fields,

We spared our lives.
Bodies hurled up on the wheels.
I swear we tried.
I gave up on on this godforsaken sight,
And felt it all pass by.

Come on, let's save our lives,
From the coming tide,
That seeks to drown us in it's waves.
But if we sell our soul,
For the chance of gold,
Then we'll rue each passing day!

So save our,
(Save our lives)
Our lives, it's coming clear,
Yeah it's becoming clear,
(Coming clear)
To me...

We'll never sell our soul
(Sell our soul)
For the chance of gold
And we'll live each passing day...

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