

Roses Are Red

"A Determinism Of Morality"

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Slowly release revolve renew
And I'm now the last of my kind
Slipping in and out of this world
By the grace of god we speak in tongues
When the borrowed time is all I have
Slip back
This world a part of me from you
By the grace of god we speak in tongues tonight
With outstretched hands towards you

Slowly reseed
Give us your hands

By the grace of god you saved us all
By the ending of you
Slowly reseed
With tongues we speak this night

Slowly reseed
Heavenly descended

Scatter the embers with your hands wide open

Slowly reseed
Scatter the ember

With your hands wide open
Scatter
Scatter
Scatter
Scatter the ember

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