

Roses Are Red

"Je N'en Connais Pas La Fin"

Visit "[Je N'en Connais Pas La Fin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

For every pass
Of this moon
Embers wait
Commune
A dawn's harvest

Spores
Burrowing
Ash
Covering

My world
My home
My loves
My memories

So tell me how I've come so far
Repression of memories
Behind a door best kept shut
Suppression of daily deeds
A crushing venom weeping
Into these hands
A plague upon a frame
Growing on the inside
Withering a simple sullen home

Plague upon the frame
Crawling from within
Simple sullen home
Withering away
Locked behind a door
Of secrets best kept shut
Crushing venom wept
Right into the hands
Plague upon the frame
Crawling from within
Withering away
Simple sullen homes

Won't you play
Your trumpet well

Gabriele

Let this go

Won't you play
Your trumpet well
Gabriele

And pray that I can rest

Spores
Burrowing
Ash
Covering

Spores
Burrowing
Ash

Visit [Roses Are Red](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.