

Wotan

"Your Roses Will Burn"

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Your Roses Will Burn

I admit...
I've walked with sunrise consumers,
Destroyers of beautiful dreams.
A rose selling class,.. banishes,
Breed fear amongst the frail.
Burning,.. the flames will burn your altitude.
They murder pride for money and even souls for more,

They who call funeral visits a time wasting whore.....

I regret...
Souls being stabbed with my knives of a kind not yet
banished.
Invisible, yet not invincible.
Still awake I was put to sleep.
Greenhouse salesmen made my heart weep deep,
And made of me an evil angel who eats your frailty for
greed.

When revolutions are calling, you'll be the first ones
hanging.

Yet awoken I bring flames upon you in your nightmares.
Upon you a storm for you and your kind.
Fuck you, and your kin,
For they are also damned by blindness.
Fuck you, and your class,
Seek for thyself another life for we are eating it.
We'll eat it away.

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