## Under Black Clouds "Death Of A Rose"

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A grey December day in the cemetary he is standing at her gravestone and he is reading the golden epitaph lost in rememberance...once more.

Her beauty was a flower in bloom the nicest thing in his life her face was the most wonderful creation that a man could think of.

Her presence make him happy every touch a caress her voice made him feel so whole every word a harmony.

Her life put to a sudden end how can he go on with her love taken from him he is shattered.

Happiness has disappeared whats left is pain and grief the rose is dead and withered but the thorns forever grow.

Your presence made me happy every touch like a last caress your voice made me feel so whole every word a harmony.

Your life put to a sudden end how can I go on with your love taken from me I am shattered.

Happiness has disappeared whats left is pain and grief the rose is dead and withered but the thorns forever grow. I breathe your rememberance I feel your external love in me.

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