A Burden of Flowers

Rome

Do we reject - Do we embrace - Do we detest
The deceitful nature of battleless victories?
In this blank age of protest
Of form enfolding strenght
Are we guards, henchmen, defenders?

Defeat, Defeat, Defeat

A time for precision and beauty
A time for seperateness
From blackness to nothingness
From a waste of words to nothing less than...

Defeat, Defeat, Defeat

The ethos of action
The ethos of pain
Juxtaposed displeasures

The ethos of action
The ehtos of pain
This futile life
And its treasures

Nous ne sommes plus capables de sacrifices

Lyrics submitted by Gina.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/