

Roses

Cherry Ghost

Blind me with distraction
Build a frontier 'cross the void
All tomorrow been destroyed, in a breath I moved out to the country
And I saw the scenery shake
As a summer parade meets its death And God's assassins rode back into town
And paved their way upon the cold, cold ground Roses help me to pretend
Blushing brides and cosmonauts
Don't meet their bitter end Give me grace, oh Mother
I have rumbled quite a feast
Traced the footsteps of a priest in the snow But in my mind's picture
Of every face I've ever loved
Travel lightly, suck their blood before they go And God's assassins rode back into town
And paved their way upon the cold, cold ground Roses help me to pretend
Blushing brides and cosmonauts
Don't meet their bitter end Roses, roses, cannot do this any more
Cannot do this any more
Cannot do this any more...

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