Morbid

Psychotic Waltz

roses that you bring
give to one another
I don't know why
they're dying for your lovein love we sacrifice them
how morbid, how morbid
and now our graves surround them
how morbid, how morbidthe cross that killed the man
nails driven into his hand
cried to the sky
am I dying for your love?now you kiss
your rosary, your crucifix
justify a murder
you really like to bleed your martyrin love we sanctify them
how morbid, how morbid
and now our graves surround them
how morbid, how morbidin love we sacrifice them
how morbid, how morbid
and now our graves surround them
how morbid, how morbid

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