

# Rebecca

## Blue Roses

I have come to realize  
My bad memories  
Were an indulgence of mine

So I close my tired eyes  
Stop this train of thought  
Stop it dead in its tracks  
~~~~~

But will you put your faith in something  
When you are afraid?  
That's what we were taught  
To bow our heads and pray  
Turn yourself around  
You can do better, Rebecca  
Turn yourself around  
Make yourself better, Rebecca

I can sit and try to conjure words  
But there is nothing left to prove you  
Let me sit and watch you working  
I Won't be a pain you will not notice me at all  
~~~~~  
Gone like seasons  
All wasted  
I did not see the winter  
Like a child

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Lyrics submitted by Atak.

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