

# Too Late For Roses

## August Burns Red

Some kind of friction has scarred me  
But created your new style  
My reasons to endure used to be  
Based around who you were  
And your brilliant passion that could blaze  
Right in front of a perfect stranger  
This is my downfall, my blemish  
This is my downfall, my blemish  
I've been told  
This is my downfall, my blemish  
I've been told before  
Quit holding on to what she was  
She doesn't recognize you  
Or herself anymore  
She's stuck in the process  
Of embracing what crumbles  
And when it happens  
And when it happens  
There will be no apologies  
There will be no apologies  
There will be no apologies  
There will be no apologies  
She chose to collapse what held her  
And if not cautious there may never be  
A cradle to soften her descent like clouds  
New shapes are taken, but they're not always actual  
They're never tangible, never tangible, never tangible  
It's so brutal to see someone  
Give it all up for nothing  
And having no power to stop them  
To stop them, to stop them, to stop them  
Having no power to stop them  
Having no power to stop them  
And having no power to stop them  
To stop them  
For nothing, for nothing  
For nothing, for nothing  
For nothing, for nothing  
For nothing, for nothing

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