

# 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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