

# Roses

## Poets of the Fall

I've walked the distance, I paid my dues and tried  
To have a go at what I thought, I knew was real, held no appeal  
I've been to places, I've seen the tidings  
I bought a book of rules for every coin that I could steal And so I came to gaze upon the stars  
When they were yet unborn  
And consequently tear at my old scars  
And the mask I had outworn So when I'm crying alone  
Yeah, when I'm cold as a dying stone Grow me a garden of roses  
Paint me the colors of sky and rain  
Teach me to speak with their voices  
Show me the way and I'll try again I've heard the rumors, started fires, I sowed a sordid  
Lot of plays for keeps for what I need, behold the demons that I freed  
I've tried my best at wearing the hard hat  
But healing doesn't seem to happen when you hide away the seed And so I came across the medicine man  
And he showed me what I'd forlorn  
For if I'm stayed, it happens by my own hand  
And my own voice full of scorn So when I'm crying alone  
Yeah, when I'm cold as a dying stone Grow me a garden of roses  
Paint me the colors of sky and rain  
Teach me to speak with their voices  
Show me the way and I'll try again Without you I'm nothing at all  
And life has the face of a morbid game  
With you nothing seems impossible  
It all seems to fit the frame So when I'm crying alone  
Yeah, when I'm cold as a dying stone Grow me a garden of roses  
Paint me the colors of sky and rain  
Teach me to speak with their voices  
Show me the way and I'll try again

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