

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

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