

Who Wants Flowers When You're Dead? Nobody.

Bring Me the Horizon

A cherry sunset blossoms,
But we're not there to watch it fall,
On the vacant canvas, we should be waiting,
With our face down on the grass,
Staring till our eyes give way,
Let's paint this city black,
While the night's still young,

You,

This cherry sunset withers,
Our words, as frail as paper,
A dawn I thought we'd never see,
Alone, on this silent beach,
There is nothing we can do,
There is nothing we can do,

The sky, it burns itself out,
The sky, it burns itself out,
The sky, it burns itself out,
The sky, it burns itself,

The trees rot down to nothing,
Throats dry out and corpses fill the sidewalks,
These promenades, our graveyards,

The sky, it burns itself out,
The sky, it burns itself out,

There is nothing we can do,
The sky, it burns itself,
And I think we're all about to fucking die,

The trees rot down to nothing,
Throats dry out, and corpses fill these sidewalks,
These promenades, our graveyards,
Kneeling down on what's left, sacrificed upon doom's day,
Oh, if we could take it back and see one last twilight,

Take a picture, take a picture,
Take a picture, take a picture,
Take a picture,

Take a picture, take a picture,
Take a picture, take a picture,
It will last longer,

Our hands in prayer formation,
Our elbows on the bed,
One last try for Heaven,
Thinking who wants flowers when you're dead?,
You're dead,
When you're dead,

Cherry, cherry,
Cherry, cherry,

Cherry, cherry,
Cherry, cherry,

Cherry,
A cherry sunset