

Flowers and Razorwire

Converge

Neck deep we wallow and this floor catches lingering feet
By rope with heartbreak this is our happiest moment of all
We dream of flowers on the razorwire
and wake to the scent of our dead
We're sinking
And all of those times don't matter here
Remember my love
this is for the sinking and the strength of our wings
Be brave and bleed out the day
We left our body for the sky and ended up here
Listen to me, don't let them list your feet
Our love is real