

Torture By Roses

Death in June

Lost the will?
A germ in foreign blood
A glimmer of the past
Power and misery

Pathetic whore
To the ignorance of life
This is the best
It will ever be
Think of the things
That will never be

Sorrow, the empty well?
Hollow and useless
Consume to the inside
Something I will not hide

My love wilts on
My comrade in tragedy
This is the best
It will ever be
Think of the things
That will never be

Your image is burnt
You are dead
You are nothing
Yes, I love you