

# Black Roses For The Wicked One

Elvenking

"A very personal dark fairytale. Nothing is as it seems, especially when feelings are buried deep under a thick coat of mistrust. When you think you have the key to someone else's love or respect, you may be totally wrong, since red roses are fine for most of them but very few know that black roses are more fitting when trying to conquer the love of the wicked ones."

Like a poisoned apple  
A little taste of her is sweet but deadly  
Her carriage leaves  
Before the midnight hour and then she fades away

A crown of thorns he wears to override  
The lightness of their whining  
Down to delirium  
He finds this way to crawl once every other day

Empty now I feel, even when I should be full of myself  
I'm addicted to the misery that rots inside

Scary, cold as the freezing snow, this is how you might consider me  
So open up your heart and come to the other side  
Bring black roses for the wicked one

He can dominate the pain  
As she ravages his love with sorrow  
Midian is where they'll spend their quarantine  
Among the other freaks

Empty now I feel, even when I should be full of myself  
I'm addicted to the misery that rots inside

Scary, cold as the freezing snow, this is how you might consider me  
So open up your heart and come to the other side  
Bring black roses for the wicked one  
I wasn't made for loving you, 'cause I belong to this stormy night  
Of laudanum, of sulphur, blood and a touch of death  
Bring black roses for the wicked one

Don't waste away all your sympathy  
On a fallen soul like me  
There are not such things as miracles  
Pain will always stand by me

Someday someday you will get to see  
There's no haughtiness in me  
No redemption and no deliverance  
So get the hell away from me

Scary, cold as the freezing snow, this is how you might consider me  
So open up your heart and come to the other side  
Bring black roses for the wicked one