

Thorns Of A Black Rose

Kluas

Passion has enslaved my heart and cursed my soul
How could I have known such a beautiful thing could be so cold?

I saw something that I'd never seen before
A flower so graceful yet cruel
invaded my heart with a violent storm

Black rose why do you pierce me with your thorns?
Black rose for you this poor soul was born
Black rose can't you see inside
this cold and shattered heart of mine?
Black rose you make torture into an art
when you drive your thorns right into my heart

Passion has enslaved my heart and cursed my soul
I should have known better than to touch the thorns of a black
rose

A dream of two hearts as one almost came to be true
But what could have been love was destroyed by the wickedness t
hat lives
Inside you