

Roses that you bring  
give to one another  
I don't know why  
they're dying for your love

in love we sacrifice them  
how morbid, how morbid  
and now our graves surround them  
how morbid, how morbid

the cross that killed the man  
nails driven into his hand  
cried to the sky  
am I dying for your love?

now you kiss  
your rosary, your crucifix  
justify a murder  
you really like to bleed your martyr

in love we sanctify them  
how morbid, how morbid  
and now our graves surround them  
how morbid, how morbid

in love we sacrifice them  
how morbid, how morbid  
and now our graves surround them  
how morbid, how morbid