

## Black Rose Way

### Screaming Trees

Listen at the door, you won't hear footsteps anymore you look so  
torn  
Please don't speak a word and remember that I might have heard  
you once before

And the darkness falls to twilight so heavenly,  
It breaks down through for all to see, all to see

I wander in a daze, down to black rose way  
If you're there, call on me, call on me, call on me

Wishful whisper on market street, the wind is gently blowing from  
the sea  
With the vein so hard to miss, I stagger back inside for one last  
kiss

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