

Black And White

The Flower Kings

Days of black & white are here again
leave it's mark in every way
Sisters of the night will take you in,
tell you lies of what she's seen
Who can see the truth is half her name
All that's in between, but never heard,
nor freely spoken

Day's of black & white is all you get
no second view is there for you
Details may be lost but still not gone
These plastic tales are still untrue
Telling tales of hate for old times sake
equal to the love your neighbour takes
and bury slowly

Days of future passed so rapidly
After all these lies
do you really doubt
it's black and white