

Death Comes In March

To/Die/For

In January trees are all snow-white
If I'd say so am I - I would lie
A new year's day is too cold
And all I wanna do is be alone
Days go by and February comes
Who would give me one bullet and a gun

I think my time comes in march
Sweet death -- comes in march

In April you may shed one tear for me
In May I'm nothing but a name in your history
In June flowers will wither on my grave
And that was my meaningless life -- hey hey

I think my time comes in march
Sweet death -- comes in march