

Crown of Thorns

Vanden Plas

Fly me morning
To the whisper of the trees
To the knowledge of the moonlight
Deception of the peace
Listen to the wind
See the beauty of the tears
The lines upon your hand adjure the colour of the fear
Dream away
Dream us away
Dream away
'cause all I ever wanted and all I do is
Listen to the crown of thorns
Stick it in my head
Listen to the crown of thorns
Dry the bleeding in the dirt
Listen to the crown of thorns
In the shade of grace
Listen to the crown of tears
Turn into a palm of rose
I'm living on a blade inside a rose who's longing for to fade
Who didn't understand to be the beauty not the beast
The wish inside the essence is to be the thorn and not the face
So pierce the nail and not the rose through thoughts in our maze
Dream away
Dream us away
Dream away
'cause all I ever wanted and all I do is
Listen to the crown of thorns
Stick it in my head
Listen to the crown of thorns
Dry the bleeding in the dirt
Listen to the crown of thorns
In the shade of grace
Listen to the crown of tears
Turn into a palm of rose
I'm living in a room inside the man who pulls the trigger down
I'm walking every step the dead man's walking to the edge
I'm speaking every word the priest said to the nation on a screen
Insanity create this inhumanity machine
Dream away
Dream us away