

# Black Rose

Volbeat

Counting days 'til it's over, my friends  
'Til it's over, my friends, count along  
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Feeling rich, feeling poor, feeling nothing more  
Self destructive on a rollercoaster fireball  
Cut her tongue, don't believe a word she says  
She's on a hunt, cooking cooking cooking misery

Left my heart on the shelf for way too long  
Sick and tired, picking up from the dirty floor  
I saw the line of snakes that came to me

So innocent were the days  
The taste of good memories  
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you

No more broken dreams  
I feel like a loaded gun  
Spitting bullets at your armor of mind control  
Cut her tongue, don't believe a word she says  
She's on a hunt, cooking cooking cooking misery

Cannot think, cannot talk, cannot do it right  
Can't call the doctor, he's as sick as you and I  
I saw the line of snakes that came to me

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'Til it's over, my friends count along

Counting days 'til it's over, my friends  
'Til it's over, my friends, count along  
Counting days 'til it's over, my friends  
'Til it's over that thing called love

So innocent were the days, the taste of good memories  
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you

Please let it grow, where it belongs  
There in the dark where the shadows are born  
Leave it alone. I'm sure it will find its way  
to redeem and blossom  
'Cause I know, the black rose will find its home