

## Like a Rose on the Grave of Love

Xandria

Come like the dusk  
Like a rose on the grave of love  
You are my lust  
Like a rose on the grave of love

I curse the day I first saw you  
Like a rose that is born to bloom  
Don't look at me the way you do  
Like the roses, they fear the gloom

Your thorns, they kissed my blood  
Your beauty heals, your beauty kills  
And who would know better than I do?  
Pretend you love me!

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Indeed, reality seems far  
When a rose is in love with you  
Slaves of our hearts, that's what we are  
We loved and died where roses grew

They watched us silently  
A rose is free, a rose is wild  
And who would know better than I do?  
Roses are not made for love

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