

April Sixth, Roses

You took the roses, dead and gone, I gave.
You took the sun and moon from which we made.
You'll be the one to kill me, in the end.
All the promises you swore were true.
You're full of lies in everything you do.
You'll be the one to ruin me.

Maybe after all, you will see,
As I start to cut away, and start to take me life!

As I start to cut away,
you got to promise me that you will take my knife!