

# Death In June, A Slaughter Of Roses

wasted, glorious dead  
it has to come  
all the dead are lost  
you, me, everyone

our feelings, thoughts  
ghosts couldn't see  
we closed the doors  
on eternity

walk amongst this haunted  
crowd  
life dictates!  
life pulls down  
life dictates!  
it's books of brown  
life dictates!  
love pulls us down

a slaughter of roses  
and a time to stop  
a fuhrer, a butcher, a lover  
a slaughter of roses  
and, a time to crop  
meat-free!  
on fire!!!

our feelings, thoughts  
ghosts couldn't see  
we opened the doors  
of emergency

wasted, glorious dead  
it has to come  
all the dead are lost  
memories - everyone  
all the dead are lost  
you, me, everyone!