

# Death In June, Torture By Roses

Lost the will?  
A germ in foreign blood  
A glimmer of the past  
Power and misery

Pathetic whore  
To the ignorance of life  
This is the best  
It will ever be  
Think of the things  
That will never be

Sorrow, the empty well?  
Hollow and useless  
Consume to the inside  
Something I will not hide

My love wilts on  
My comrade in tragedy  
This is the best  
It will ever be  
Think of the things  
That will never be

Your image is burnt  
You are dead  
You are nothing  
Yes, I love you