

Kate Bush, Surrender Into The Roses

Last night you were on my balcony.
You needn't try, know the whole story.
Before it's too late I must get away,
But both of us know you must stay.

Oh, come on, Carmilla,
Surrender into the roses.
Go back home under the posies.
Surrender into the roses,
Carmilla, Carmilla, Carmilla.

Tying, dying, flowers around the room.
It keeps me safe, but oh! the sickly perfume.
Well, it makes me long for the good times,
When you were really alive.

Oh, come on, Carmilla,
Surrender into the roses.
Go back home under the posies.
Surrender into the roses,
Carmilla, Carmilla, Carmilla