

# Of Monsters and Men, Wild Roses

wild roses on a bed of leaves  
in the month of May  
I think I wrote my own pain  
don't you?

down by the creek  
I could sleep  
so I follow a feeling  
sounds like the vines they are breathing  
I've seen the way the seasons change  
when I just give it time  
but I feel out of my mind  
all the time

in the night  
I am wild-eyed  
and you got me now

oh roses they don't mean a thing  
you don't understand  
but why don't we just pretend we don't you  
before I closed my eyes I saw a moth in the sky  
and I wish I could fly that high  
don't you

a serpent on a bed of leaves  
in the month of May  
what do you want me to say  
that you keep me still  
when all I feel is an aimless direction  
when I think I am losing connection  
I see you

in the night  
I am wild-eyed  
and you got me now