

Clear Light, Black Roses

You say you've been hurt
Too many times
I know it seems that way sometimes

So gather all black roses
In your hands
And gather all black roses
In your hands

And count the petals
And the thorns
That you have known
Since you were born
Deep inside a cloudy day
Trying to hide my love away

I see you coming,
always wanting,
always waiting
Having everything your way

So let the birds sing
And cry for you
The crystal of my love
Has died for you

And count the petals
And the thorns
That you have known
Since you were born
Deep inside a cloudy day
Trying to hide my love away