

# Edguy, Thorn Without A Rose

Walking a lonely road in the dark  
A scent of rain  
Under wings of a clouded sky  
Is it a losing game

Running after pictures  
Slowly slipping away  
Trying to take hold of a memory

Do you remember the days when forever  
Had only just begun  
You reach for the distance  
And when you arrive the distance is gone  
Already gone

Withered roses in the rear view mirror  
Fade away and rain came late  
Was it all worth it  
When its all been proven just an illusion?  
A distant memory for

Tomorrow in the palm of our hands  
What's gonna be left  
But a thorn without roses  
Tomorrow in the palm of our hands  
We're gonna take hold  
Of a thorn without a rose

Laid out of a hedge of thorns around my heart  
Pricking your fingers  
Our reason and soul  
Tearing you and me apart

Bed of roses in the rear view mirror  
It turns to thorns  
To a bed of thorns  
I'd never known that dying embers  
Would hurt more than the blazing fire we'd lit

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What's gonna be left  
But a thorn without roses  
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Why do you think you have lost  
There ain't nobody who has not  
It ain't right, what I feel  
I'll be begging on my knees  
For the sun to rise again - yeah  
For yours and mine  
Another time

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But a thorn without roses  
Tomorrow in the palm of our hands  
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