

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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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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