

Icon & The Black Roses, Black Rose

Some black roses on the floor
And gliding petals on the river
Your tears are so cold
They're twisting streams on your pale skin

But once you had a red rose on your hands
And spread its seeds away while hoping they'd blossom red
Sound and safe from that tainted soul of yours

Because your soul is black you fear the sun, wind and rain
And would never let them to shine, blow or fall on your grave
So the red roses are black for you today

Some black roses on the floor
And drips of blood on your fingers
With every thorn you hurt so deep
While harvesting on your death field

With honesty justice and dignity you can't turn your roses red

Roses are black roses for you today