

Psychotic Waltz, Morbid

roses that you bring
give to one another
I don't know why
they're dying for your love

in love we sacrifice them
how morbid, how morbid
and now our graves surround them
how morbid, how morbid

the cross that killed the man
nails driven into his hand
cried to the sky
am I dying for your love?

now you kiss
your rosary, your crucifix
justify a murder
you really like to bleed your martyr

in love we sanctify them
how morbid, how morbid
and now our graves surround them
how morbid, how morbid

in love we sacrifice them
how morbid, how morbid
and now our graves surround them
how morbid, how morbid