

Black Roses For The Wicked One

Elvenking

"A very personal dark fairytale. Nothing is as it seems, especially when feelings are buried deep under a thick coat of mistrust. When you think you have the key to someone else's love or respect, you may be totally wrong, since red roses are fine for most of them but very few know that black roses are more fitting when trying to conquer the love of the wicked ones."

Like a poisoned apple
A little taste of her is sweet but deadly
Her carriage leaves
Before the midnight hour and then she fades away

A crown of thorns he wears to override
The lightness of their whining
Down to delirium
He finds this way to crawl once every other day

Empty now I feel, even when I should be full of myself
I'm addicted to the misery that rots inside

Scary, cold as the freezing snow, this is how you might consider me
So open up your heart and come to the other side
Bring black roses for the wicked one

He can dominate the pain
As she ravages his love with sorrow
Midian is where they'll spend their quarantine
Among the other freaks

Empty now I feel, even when I should be full of myself
I'm addicted to the misery that rots inside

Scary, cold as the freezing snow, this is how you might consider me
So open up your heart and come to the other side
Bring black roses for the wicked one
I wasn't made for loving you, 'cause I belong to this stormy night
Of laudanum, of sulphur, blood and a touch of death
Bring black roses for the wicked one

Don't waste away all your sympathy
On a fallen soul like me
There are not such things as miracles
Pain will always stand by me

Someday someday you will get to see
There's no haughtiness in me
No redemption and no deliverance
So get the hell away from me

Scary, cold as the freezing snow, this is how you might consider me
So open up your heart and come to the other side
Bring black roses for the wicked one