

Blue Rose

Anna Wise

We drank we smoked
And both cunningly softened the knots
I was holding onto old belief's
And taking too long to leap
It's all a dream
So please get in control of your thoughts
That'd be so nice
So nice

Missing of the mind
Mission of the mine
Mixture of the mind
Missing of the mine
Feel it all the time
Am I in control?
What's the fun of fame
If I lose my soul