

Black Roses

Aviators

Children joyful dancing in the sun
With a blissful ignorance of what's to come
When the guardsmen start to struggle
And the barriers give way
We're broken and we wither in the fray

We are husks
Alive but barely breathing
Sometimes we pull ourselves together
But our efforts fade away
We are dust
Crumbling by the moment
We try to push away the ending
And black roses fall the same

Running off afraid of what's to come
When you're facing down the barrel of the lawman's gun
But the saints have learned the secret
And the rebels know the same
We're killing just to bury our remains

Preludes of every stanza
End on repeating notes
A tale of woe and sadness
Chorus of silent throats
We try and keep a memory
Transcribing every line
But when they turn to ashes
We perish slaves to time
Burned out on borrowed moments
Used up like cigarettes
We feel our time expiring
But it's not over yet
Each finds a meager purpose
Though our cold grave awaits
We face the morbid beauty
Of our collective fate

We are flawed
Chained to the laws of nature
I guess we'll have to teach each other
To leave legends to our names

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