

Roses

Poets of the Fall

I've walked the distance, I paid my dues and tried to have a go
at what I thought I knew was real, held
no appeal

I've been to places, I've seen the tidings,
I bought a book of rules for every coin that I could steal
And so I came to gaze upon the stars, when they were yet unborn
And consequently, tear at my old scars, and the mask I had outworn

So when I'm crying alone
Yeah, when I'm cold as a dying stone

Grow me a garden of roses
Paint me the colors of sky and rain
Teach me to speak with their voices
Show me the way and I'll try again

I've heard the rumors, started fires, I sowed a sordid lot of plays
for keeps for what I need, behold
the demons that I freed
I've tried my best at wearing the hard hat, but healing doesn't
seem to happen when you hide away the seed
And so I came across the medicine man, and he showed me what I'd
forlorn
For if I'm stayed it happens by my own hand, and my own voice full
of scorn

So when I'm crying alone
Yeah, when I'm cold as a dying stone

Grow me a garden of roses
Paint me the colors of sky and rain
Teach me to speak with their voices
Show me the way and I'll try again

Without you I'm nothing at all
And life has the face of a morbid game
With you nothing seems impossible
It all seems to fit the frame

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