

Black Flowers

Reverend and the Makers

Now the sky will divide
Black flowers will bloom
For you and I can't deny
Our love got up and walked out of the room
Sat here with these strange lies, strange nights

But no one can do
All these things that you do
No one can do
All these things that you do

If the stars
Refuse all to shine
And have lost it's grip on the moon
There's a sigh then I'm resigned
To accept a new loss, not immune
To all these strange lies, strange nights

But no one can do
These things that you do
No one can do
All these things that you do
No one can do
All those things that you do

Now party is over
You should let her know
To peep out the wizard's sleep
Would spoil the show

Oh-oh

Now the horses hand break
Rest upon your hand
Wake and play the town
Here beige now grey