

Black Rose

The Magic Numbers

Blood on the road
Tales of the life
Countless old pictures
So blue in my mind

I've been here before
I fell throw the same door
I was meant to remember
Your name

It all chipped away
Made room for a sign
Counting the days
We were all left behind

The violence that shakes
The truth from my hands
As I land to walk away

Black rose, mark my words
I'll return

Silence in place
A deafening sound
It turns on a house
And it's felt miles around

The dance of the willow
All withered inside
Has it heard every word
In my bones

If I wanted to run
We choose to be blind
Still hear the wind
As it carries my cry

We've been here before
I've closed all the doors
Yeah I'm staying to walk alone

Turns to stone late
So love, I'll return

Black rose, held so close
I never known
What it means to be real
Turns to stone late
So love, I'll return