

## 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