

# Cherry Ghost, Roses

Blind me with distraction  
Build a frontier cross the void  
All tomorrow been destroyed, in a breath

I moved out to the country  
And I saw the scenery shake  
As a summer parade meets its death  
And Gods assassins rode back into town  
And paved their way upon the cold, cold ground

Roses help me to pretend  
Blushing brides and cosmonauts  
Dont meet their bitter end

Give me grace oh Mother  
I have rumbled quite a feast  
Traced the footsteps of a Priest in the snow

But in my minds picture of every face Ive ever loved  
Travel lightly suck their blood before they go

And Gods assassins rode back into town  
And paved their way upon the cold, cold ground

Roses help me to pretend  
Blushing brides and cosmonauts  
Dont meet their bitter end

Roses, roses, cannot do this any more