

Of Monsters and Men, Wild Roses

wild roses on a bed of leaves
in the month of May
I think I wrote my own pain
don't you?

down by the creek
I could sleep
so I follow a feeling
sounds like the vines they are breathing
I've seen the way the seasons change
when I just give it time
but I feel out of my mind
all the time

in the night
I am wild-eyed
and you got me now

oh roses they don't mean a thing
you don't understand
but why don't we just pretend we don't you
before I closed my eyes I saw a moth in the sky
and I wish I could fly that high
don't you

a serpent on a bed of leaves
in the month of May
what do you want me to say
that you keep me still
when all I feel is an aimless direction
when I think I am losing connection
I see you

in the night
I am wild-eyed
and you got me now